The Outlook

VOLUME 96 OCTOBER 22, 1910 NUMBER 8

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS. MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH), FIFTEEN CENTS. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

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The Outlook

OCTOBER 22, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. **HAMILTON W. MABIE**, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

ANTI-VACCINATIONISTS

Our readers, we believe, will be interested in one of the consequences of the publication of a paragraph in The Outlook for September 3. It was the one in which we printed the statement of Dr. Weir Mitchell regarding an epidemic of prejudice against vaccination in Pennsylvania, and reported certain facts, given under the authority of the State Health Department of Pennsylvania, concerning the efficacy of vaccination. Upon the appearance of this paragraph a society devoted to resisting vaccination issued the following circular:

> *To Anti-Vaccinationists:*
>
> The Outlook for September 3, page four, which may be bought at any news-stand for five cents, or may be consulted at any public library, contains an editorial under the headlines Pennsylvania and Smallpox.
>
> Letters of protest against this article should be sent at once to Lawrence F. Abbott, President, The Outlook Company, or Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief, The Outlook, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Theodore Roosevelt is Contributing Editor.
>
> If convenient, duplicate copies of the letters of protest should be filed with the undersigned.

As a consequence of the publication of this circular, The Outlook has received a considerable number of letters. Some of them are prejudiced almost to the verge of malice. It is, of course, useless to pay any attention to these. Some of the communications display interesting forms of ignorance. One of them we reproduce here with the spelling and capitalization as it appears in the original:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Why do you alow such articles as Pennsylvania & Smallpox in yours of Sept 3d Page 4 to apear in the Outlook. Shurly not because you think more of the People than the Corporations & trust's
>
> Resp ———
>
> P.S. Inclosed Please find one of my Leaflets.

This communication, it appears, is from one who regards himself as altogether competent to express an opinion on this rather technical subject, for the leaflet he incloses is a circular addressed to public sanitary departments. Another correspondent favors us with some verse apostrophizing the discoverer of vaccination. The first stanza of the eleven runs as follows:

> Hail, O Shade of once great Jenner!
> Stalk forth from thy place awhile,
> And kindly take the witness stand,
> Vaccination is on trial.

A number of letters, however, come from people who are evidently in genuine fear of vaccination, and whose experiences have led them into honest but false reasoning on the subject. We here summarize their principal arguments. They argue that vaccination puts impurities into the blood; that, in violation of nature and divine law, it gives a person a disease; that it is the occasion of infecting people with other and worse diseases than cowpox or even smallpox; that it results sometimes in deaths (for which newspaper despatches are offered in evidence); that it is a cause (some declare the principal cause) of tuberculosis; that it is unnecessary, since smallpox epidemics are mild; that it does not prevent smallpox; that it should be supplanted by sanitation, which is enough to get rid of any filth disease such as smallpox and yellow fever; that at best doctors are not agreed about it; that it has been abolished in England, has failed to benefit Japan, and has not protected Germany from smallpox epidemics; that it has brought injuries upon American soldiers; that vaccine virus is taken from cows infected with human smallpox; that physicians favor the use of it because of the fees; that physicians cook their statistics; and that the law has no right to interfere with personal liberty, and, particularly, that it has no right to say what any individual shall do with his own blood and his children's.

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VACCINATION OR SMALLPOX, WHICH? The reason why these people can fear vaccination is that they have been delivered by vaccination from the far more consuming fear of smallpox. They do not know what smallpox is, what a horror it has been in past ages. In England in the eighteenth century smallpox caused one-tenth of the entire mortality. It was more prevalent than tuberculosis is now. It was a disease of childhood because almost everybody had it, and after having it either died or remained during adult life immune from further attack. In 1722, out of the 2,515 inhabitants of Ware, England, 1,601 had had smallpox. Then came an epidemic which left but 302 who had never had the disease. In Chester, England, in 1774, only seven per cent had never had smallpox. About a score of years earlier, Boston had a population of 15,684. After an epidemic, during which over five thousand caught the disease, over two thousand became inoculated, and nearly two thousand fled from the city, only 174 people were left who had never had smallpox. The royal family was as susceptible to it as the household in the hovel. So the hideous tale might be extended. Smallpox, unchecked by vaccination, was indeed hideous not only in its prevalence but in its character. What is the difference now? Now it is virtually unknown. There are many physicians who have never seen a case. In Prague, before vaccination, every death in twelve was from smallpox; after vaccination, only one in four hundred and fifty-seven. And the disappearance of smallpox varies in proportion to the extent of the vaccination. Between 1893 and 1897 the number of deaths in Russia, which is not thoroughly vaccinated, numbered 275,502; in Germany, which is very well vaccinated, 287! Since 1874 Germany has had no smallpox epidemic. In Philadelphia, between 1901 and 1905, there were five hundred deaths from smallpox—but not one in a single case where the patient had been successfully vaccinated within ten years. So the figures might be multiplied; they can be obtained. And what, then, of the ill consequences of vaccination? Out of 6,739,902 primary vaccinations there were only 476 deaths which in any way could be attributed to the vaccination—about seven thousandths of one per cent! That is less fatality than accompanies the use of chloroform. In Germany it has been shown that compulsory vaccination involves less danger than compulsory school attendance! As for the conveyance of disease through vaccination, that may be disregarded if the vaccination is done with the same care with which any such slight operation should be performed. With the pure vaccine now obtainable proper care will protect the abrasion made from vaccination as it will protect any other. Newspaper despatches about such matters are as trustworthy as the source from which they are derived, and no more so. Much of the opposition to vaccination is the same sort as is directed against serum therapy. To call the serum or the vaccine an impurity is to beg the question. If it is to give the blood corpuscles greater power of resistance, it is no more impurity than the food we put into our mouths. It is against Nature only in the sense in which all civilized life is against nature. Sanitation prevents smallpox just as much as it prevents yellow fever—that is, not at all. To ascribe vaccination to the desire of physicians for fees does not call for answer. No one can indict a whole people, or an entire profession. As for personal liberty, the community is constantly interfering with personal liberty. It can prevent suicide; it can stop a man from throwing his children before a railway train; it can keep confined any one who throws explosives about. A man's blood is not his own any more than his hands are his own to do with them what he will. If his hands or his blood should become a menace to the community, the community has a right to place him under constraint. This the courts have decided again and again.

The effort of men and women wholly untrained in modern physiological and medical science to substitute their own fears or notions or theories for the results of years of patient research on the part of scientific investigators should be as vigorously resisted as the effort of men and women untrained in engineering problems to decide as to the safety of a great public structure. Let us be thankful, however, that smallpox is so distant an evil that people can actually become excited over vaccination!

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THE COLUMBUS STRIKE Two questions have been involved in the struggle that has had its center in the street car employees' strike at Columbus, Ohio. One question is that of the control of disorder; the other is the question as to the merits of the controversy between the men and the company. Of these two questions, the first is of more immediate importance. In order that we shall not be misunderstood, we here wish to repeat our statement made in the issue of August 27:

> War is barbaric enough, but war is carried on under rules which insure at least some degree of fair and open fighting, and which protect non-combatants. The mob knows no such rule. It is underhanded and mean, and it attacks the defenseless. The primary duty of any government which calls itself civilized is to protect the people from their enemies, and certainly from so merciless an enemy as the mob. . . .
>
> Ohio is not a frontier community. It has not the excuse that a frontier community has, of immature organization. . . .
>
> Whatever action Ohio takes, however, must be taken ultimately by the people of the State as a whole. It certainly must take action if it is to avoid the reputation of being a commonwealth of the mob.

How fully have the authorities done their duty in repressing violence and disorder? The Outlook has already pointed out the difficulties under which Mayor Marshall has worked because of the political hostility of the street car company, but it has also declared that the Mayor and the Governor and the authorities under them have not adequately preserved order. On behalf of the Governor, it has been said that he had no Constitutional right to call out the militia on his own initiative. The fact, however, that he has done so for the purpose of preserving order for a week during the progress of a fair indicates that this argument was not conclusive with him. If he had power to preserve order for a week, or for a fortnight, or for any limited length of time, he had power to preserve order in any exigency. On behalf of the Mayor, more has been said. It is said, for example, that during the first strike in April the riot broke out when two circus parades had drawn all the hoodlums in the city down town, and that the police had the riot in control by noon and kept it in control until that strike was settled; that during the second strike, on the first day of the riot, the police made many arrests and the Fire Department drenched thousands of people; that the next day all the saloons were closed; that on the fourth day the Mayor called upon the Sheriff to use his authority, and, by midnight of that day, upon the Governor for troops; that until the police arrested strike-breakers who were disorderly, as well as strikers, there was nothing but praise for the police; that of the six hundred arrests, one hundred and ten were of strike-breakers; that the police did faithful work from the beginning; that the police who refused to ride on the cars with the strike-breakers when ordered to do so were promptly dismissed; that by the middle of August, when the Governor called out the troops on his own motion, the call for troops was unnecessary; that the task of the Police Department to protect seventy miles of street car tracks and several car barns and power-houses with less than one hundred and fifty patrolmen was an impossible task. The Outlook does not wish to enter into discussion as to the weight of this defense. The fact, however, is that order was not preserved and that the people of the State and of the city have a right to hold the executive officers of the State and of the city responsible. This experience in Columbus illustrates the importance of seeing that responsibility for any particular task is concentrated on somebody whom the people themselves can call to account. If it is true that in Ohio there is no way of determining whether the Governor or the Mayor is responsible for the maintenance of elementary civilized conditions, then the people of the State should see to it that the law and, if necessary, the Constitution are changed so that they can know whom to hold responsible.

* * *

THE STREET RAILWAY DISPUTE

With regard to The Outlook's statement of facts concerning the dispute between the street railway company and its employees, which involved two strikes, a protest has been received by The Outlook from an official of the company. In brief, this officer declares that The Outlook's account is "full of errors of fact." He denies that the company dismissed from its service the seven men who circulated a petition for increase of pay, citing as evidence that most of them were yet in the employ of the company at the time of the second strike, while admitting that the company did discharge a number of men for shortage of accounts, negligence, inefficiency, etc.; he asserts that the first strike grew out of an attempt of the union leaders to compel the company to re-employ union men in violation of the express terms of that compromise; that the offer of the men to submit to the award of the Board was limited to the award on *certain questions only;* that it is misleading to say that the Board decided against the company, for the Board partly sustained and partly failed to sustain the complaints; and that the men went out on their second strike before there was any possible chance for the company to attempt to comply with the suggestions of the Board. This official declares that the real controversy throughout has been one between the open shop and the closed shop. This statement, coming officially from the street railway company, has not convinced us that our account was in any material respect erroneous. It is true that seven men who circulated the petition for more pay were reprimanded and then one by one discharged. The fact that most of them were in the company's employ at the time of the second strike does not prove that they were not discharged. That is due to the fact that those men, with others, had in the meantime been reinstated. This official does not explain why, if the men were discharged for shortage in accounts and negligence resulting in accidents, they were restored to their old positions. The facts, as given, seem to supply a reasonable ground for the men's suspicions. The company declares that the strike was called in violation of the express terms of the agreement. The men, however, claim that it is the company that violated the express terms of the agreement. This is one of the differences which brought about the second strike. As to the dispute involved in the second strike, we cannot accept the allegations of either of the interested parties, and we do not have to reach an independent conclusion ourselves, because we can refer to the award of a Board of Arbitration which represented the State. This Board declared that the testimony did show discrimination on the part of the company, and it specified the cases. As to the statement by the company's officer that the offer of the men to submit to the award of the Board was expressly limited to certain questions only, we simply need to quote the offer of the men "to abide by the finding and the award on the condition that the company sign, in writing, a similar offer to submit to the award of this Board." If the company has at any time accepted this offer of the men, we should like to know it. The Outlook presents this point of view, which has been expressed officially by the company, for the sake of fairness. We cannot, however, leave this question without stating that, when there is a public board of arbitration, the findings of that board must be accepted by the public as against the assertions of either party to a dispute. And The Outlook furthermore takes this occasion to emphasize the necessity in every community for such laws or ordinances as will enable the public to establish such a board and to require all disputants whose contention affects the public welfare or convenience to submit themselves to its findings.

* * *

THE FRENCH STRIKE

For a long time French railway employees have been dissatisfied with their wages. The general increase in the price of food throughout the world and the particular increase of the cost of living in France, owing to the failure in grain, potato, and wine crops, culminated last week in a strike on all the railways of France, which for a time appeared to threaten the stability of the country. The trouble broke out, first, on the Northern Railway, one of the most important of the French systems, and, like all the rest but one, having its terminal in Paris. The other railway lines, in their geographic order, are the Western, the Orleans, the Southern, the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean, and the Eastern. The connection of the Government with these railways, resulting from the law of 1883, leaves the principal lines in private hands, but under strict Government control. When the railway charters expire, half a century hence, the entire railway property will pass to the State. The State guarantees a minimum dividend to stockholders, and in the event of the road's inability to declare such a dividend, advances the required sum; with accrued interest, it goes to make up the debt of the railway to the State, payable from the profits in succeeding years. The connection of the State with the railways is further emphasized in compelling the employees to be members of the military reserve. The Government, therefore, has the right to summon them to duty in the latter capacity, in which they will be subject to military orders. Last week's event will be marked in the history of labor, not only because of its extent, but also because of the connection of the strikers with the Government. As to extent, the entire transportation of a great country has been paralyzed, for the employees on the other roads went out too. In the west of France trains were held up, signals destroyed, rails ripped from the ties, telephone and telegraph wires cut. The damage to commerce has been great. Many stalled trains were carrying food supplies which had become unfit for use. There was a consequent advance, up to twenty-five per cent, in the price of eggs, butter, fish, and meat, and many towns were actually threatened with famine. The chief town of all, Paris, has apparently been saved from such a fate by the very river which last January threatened to destroy the city. With praiseworthy promptness of action, the Government immediately made arrangements to rush food supplies from the sea to the capital, requisitioning all tugs, boats, and barges on the Seine. Moreover, the river has been of particular use to Americans in transporting American mail and passengers to and from Havre. The other American ports of call, Cherbourg and Boulogne, have not been so fortunate, as the Americans whose trains were stalled between Paris and those ports can testify. The Government's attitude with regard to the strikers was admirable. M. Briand, the Premier, did not hesitate at once to characterize the movement of the railway men as not so much a strike as an attempted revolution. He issued a decree mobilizing the railway forces, although it is asserted that the law contemplated such action only in case of war. The workmen had quit work as railway employees; now, as military reservists, they were to be, they knew, ordered back to the very work which they had left. What would be their action? If they obeyed the Government's orders, they felt that the strike would collapse. If they refused, they knew that they would be guilty of insubordination, and, under the law, could be imprisoned for a year. They adopted neither course, alleging that the law grants them fifteen days of grace before responding. Whether their future attitude will be one of obedience or disobedience, the moral effect throughout France has already been disastrous, in so far as a temporizing policy in response to the Government's military demand reveals military inefficiency.

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THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC RECOGNIZED

It was fitting that last week the first recognition of the new Portuguese Republic should come from the Republic of Brazil. By far the most valuable colonial possession of Portugal was lost to her when, in 1822, Dom Pedro was crowned Emperor of a free and independent Brazil. In 1889 Brazil became a republic. By a curious combination of circumstances, the son of Fonseca, the republican "Deliverer" of Brazil and head of its provisional government, is now President-elect of that country; and this son, on the very eve of the Portuguese revolution, was entertained one day at Lisbon by King Manuel, and on the next by President Braga of the new Republic! If the history of the Brazilian Republic be taken as an earnest of the future, the Portuguese Republic ought to live and establish a not altogether unenviable record.

It will be interesting to observe, however, whether the founders of the Portuguese Republic have the practical good sense which distinguished the founders of the Brazilian Republic. Be that as it may, the Brazilian Government has now formally recognized the new Portuguese Government. The second government to take similar action was the Swiss. It has notified the provisional government at Lisbon of its readiness to enter into official communication. The first week of the provisional government's existence has been marked by prompt action in carrying out its already outlined programme. In particular it had promised the separation of Church and State and the suppression of the religious orders. In pursuance of this policy it published last week a decree ordering all religious orders in Portugal to leave the country within twenty-four hours. This was done by virtue of the old law of 1834, when all religious orders were dissolved. The law was never actually repealed; but as it was not stringently carried out, several orders returned to the country, and eventually acquired such local standing that the Government in 1901 found it necessary to legalize the situation. This was done by a law recognizing such religious orders and congregations as were then established in Portugal; but only under condition that there must be no novitiates and no vows. As these conditions have probably not been observed, practically all the congregations are now liable to summary expulsion. Unfortunately, however, inspired by the Government's decree, a mob battered down convent doors, wrecked the interiors, broke furniture, tore images and statues from their niches, desecrated altars, and carried off vestments. The Government is thus between two fires—the reactionaries and monarchists on one side, and a band of ruffians and anarchists on the other. Only in so far as it gives no countenance to the disturbers of peace will it now commend itself to the world at large.

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THE CENTENARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

The University of Prague, founded in 1348, is the oldest university in Germany, and belongs to the great period of university building at the close of the Middle Ages. Heidelberg, Cologne, and Leipsic were founded within the next sixty years, Leipsic growing out of the secession of about five thousand students and teachers from Prague. There was at that time great hostility between the German and Bohemian students. The next period of university building in Germany followed the revival of learning, when nine new institutions were founded, the most prominent of them being Freiburg, Tübingen, and Basle. The great movement of the Reformation, which stirred German life so deeply, bore fruit in another group of universities, partly Protestant, partly Roman Catholic. Again Germany was deeply stirred by the Napoleonic wars, and one result of the movement of national feeling was the founding of the University of Berlin in 1809, an institution which has produced results of the first importance not only in university teaching in Germany but throughout the Western world. The celebration, therefore, on Wednesday of last week, of the one hundredth anniversary of this leading German university, at which many generations of American students have been educated, was an event of the first importance in the academic world. The most notable feature of the exercises was the address by Emperor William, who announced that the work of the University would be broadened further by a foundation for scientific research, and that he had collected from private individuals nearly $2,250,000 for the endowment of the school for research. Addresses of congratulation were made by President Hadley, of Yale, who spoke for the American delegation, and who emphasized the great obligations of the United States to German scholarship, and bore testimony to the definite influence for good of the international exchange of professors. Lord Strathcona presented the congratulations of Great Britain and the colonies, and Austria, Holland, Scandinavia, the Slav and Latin countries, Greece, and Japan brought their good wishes through their various representatives. At the conclusion of the exercises a Latin hymn, after the good old German fashion, was sung by choirs. There was a generous distribution of titles by the Emperor William among many members of the University faculty. The Americans recognized on this occasion were Professor Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard, by the medical faculty; President Hadley, of Yale, and Dr. Thomas Lawrence, President of the Normal and Collegiate Institute at Asheville, North Carolina, by the philosophical faculty; and Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court, and Dean Burgess, of Columbia University, by the faculty of law.

* * *

ORGANIZING THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA

The organization of the new Government of United South Africa has necessarily been a long-drawn-out process. The first step was the sending out of Viscount Gladstone—better known as Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and long chief Liberal whip in the British House of Commons—as Governor-General. The next was the election of the Senate in April last. The third step was the formation of a provisional government under the leadership of General Botha, of the Transvaal. The fourth was the popular election of the members of the House of Assembly in September; and the fifth and final stage in the preliminaries to the establishment of the new Government will be reached on November 4, when the Duke of Connaught, acting for King George V, will formally open the new Parliament at Cape Town. The South African Parliament consists of two houses, the Senate and the House of Assembly. There are forty members in the Senate. Prior to confederation there were four Parliaments in the British colonies which now form United South Africa; and it was provided by the Act of the British Parliament which embodies the new Constitution that the first Senate should be partly nominated and partly elected. Eight members were nominated in May by the Governor-General. The other thirty-two members—eight for each State—were elected in April last at joint sittings of the upper and lower chambers of the Parliaments of Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony, which have now passed out of existence. The more prominent South African statesmen—the men whose names are best known outside South Africa—preferred to seek popular election to the House of Assembly. General Delarey is the only really well-known man who was elected to the Senate. He was chosen as one of the representatives of the Transvaal; and the Transvaal sent to the new Senate the only representative there of the South African Labor party. The man who has this distinction is Mr. Peter Whiteside, who until quite recently was a locomotive engine driver in the service of the Central South African Railway—the railway which prior to confederation was owned and operated by the Transvaal and the Orange River State.

* * *

THE ELECTION OF THE NEW HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY

There are 121 members of the House of Assembly of the new Cape Town Parliament. Here representation is based on population, with the result that at the popular elections in September fifty-one members were chosen in Cape Colony (the oldest and largest of the South African colonies), thirty-six in the Transvaal, and seventeen each in Natal and the Orange River State. All the elections took place on the same day, as in this respect United South Africa, like the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Dominion of New Zealand, has not followed the outworn British procedure under which a general election and all the turmoil it necessarily entails drags along for two or three weeks. But there are many remote constituencies in all four States—rural constituencies with no telegraph facilities; and although the elections were held on September 15, it was September 22 before all the returns reached Pretoria, where the executive departments of the Government of United South Africa are established. When all the returns were at hand, they showed that in the new House of Assembly General Botha will have a plurality over the Unionists of thirty, and a majority of thirteen over any possible combination of Unionists, Independents, and Labor party. The Labor party, moreover, is more likely to throw in its lot, at a crisis, with General Botha and the Nationalists than with Dr. Jameson, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, and the Unionists. Parties in the Assembly consequently stand thus: Nationalists, 65; Unionists, 37; Labor party, 4; Independents, 13. The Nationalist party is as yet almost exclusively the party of the Dutch. It has been organized since confederation by General Botha, and it is the Premier's object to make it non-racial—to make it a party into which every man shall be welcomed who intends to make South Africa his home. Most of its members in the new Parliament are farmers or country lawyers. The Unionist party draws practically all its strength from the coast towns of Cape Colony and from Johannesburg and the Rand, where British South Africans are most numerous. In Cape Colony the dividing line between parties was always town and country. This meant that the Dutch were usually on one side and the British from the coast town constituencies on the other. Despite General Botha's efforts for a non-racial dividing line, it would seem that there will be a similar cleavage for some time to come in South African politics. Dr. Jameson, whose name is known all over the world from the "Jameson Raid," was returned unopposed for the Eastern Province of Cape Colony—the constituency he represented in the old Cape Town Parliament. Dr. Jameson is at the head of the Unionist party, and he will naturally gravitate into the position of leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly. The Labor men are from Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Durban, in which cities there has long been a labor movement in politics organized on much the same lines as the labor movement in England. The Independents are nearly all from Natal, where among the British population—except for the labor movement—there are as yet no party lines such as exist in Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the Orange River State. There were some surprises in the elections to the House of Assembly. General Botha and two members of his Cabinet failed of re-election. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, who was prominent in the agitation which culminated in the Boer War, defeated the Premier in one of the Pretoria constituencies. It is almost certain that General Botha will become member for Standerton, the constituency he represented in the old Parliament of the Transvaal; for members of the new Parliament need not be resident in the constituency they represent at Cape Town. But resignations cannot be accepted nor can writs for new elections issue until Parliament meets on November 4, so that General Botha will have no seat in the House of Assembly when the Duke of Connaught from the throne in the Senate formally opens the new Parliament.

A CENTURY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

The centennial of the oldest foreign missionary society in our country—the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—was celebrated with enthusiasm at Boston, October 11–14. It commemorated a heroic venture of faith in a great undertaking, with meager equipment and in unpropitious circumstances. Our foreign commerce had been ruined by the spoliations which later brought on war with England in 1812. In the midst of hard times at home the Congregational churches of Massachusetts dared to embark in the enterprise, urged by five students in Williams College, for the Christianization of the world. Public opinion was adverse. In 1812 the Massachusetts Legislature refused to charter the Board appointed by the associated pastors in 1810, and granted the charter in 1813 only after a stubborn opposition which argued against "exporting religion when there was none to spare at home"—an argument still on foot. During its first year the Board raised $1,000. In its second year it sent out two missionaries, with their wives, arrested as soon as they reached British India. This year the Board, eldest of nearly a dozen such since organized by American churches, reports a million dollars contributed, an army of over five thousand workers in its field, and "achievements in the Christian conquest of the world of which the originators of the movement did not dare to dream"—for instance, the Board's twenty-six institutions of higher learning for young men in eight great countries. To commemorate the great venture of a faith thus far so fruitful, and in pledge of purpose to follow where it leads, a day was given to dedicate its memorials on historic ground. At Andover a great boulder bearing a bronze tablet now marks the spot where the five seminary students, whose zeal induced the formation of the Board, were wont to confer and pray together in the "Missionary Woods." At Bradford, whither four of them walked to present their petition to the associated pastors, a massive monument on the site of the old meeting-house now records that there the Board was born.

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FOR THE MAKING OF NATIONS The treasury of the Board was at first supplied by the comparatively poor. The first legacy to it came from a servant-girl. Its present scale of operations calls for large gifts. One such of $100,000 has been announced. Two million dollars are needed to endow the institutions where leaders of the new spirit now awakening in Asia are being trained. Colleges there need endowment as do our own, only more; and the relative influence of an educated Christian there is reckoned as a hundred times greater than here. Not to speak of China, which Christian missions are rousing from lethargy with their stimulating sociological work, there is the strategic center of the Mohammedan world in Turkey, in which the Board's eleven schools for higher education are diffusing a light that draws students thither even from Russia. The portrayal of such needs and opportunities gave emphasis to the appeals of veteran missionaries returning from the field to call young men and women to the colors for a strong advance. The great audience rose to its feet to greet Dr. Tasuku Harada, President of the Doshisha, the largest Christian university in Japan, who brought the testimony of Prime Minister Katsura to its effective influence on the character and manhood of the young men of Japan. Two prime essentials for the effectiveness of Christian missions in the Orient were pointedly emphasized. Mr. John R. Mott, President of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, declared from a wide experience there that Christian unity at home is a necessity. Our denominational divisions are a grievous stumbling-block to progress, a scandal constantly alleged against the Gospel we proclaim. The other scandal, said Dr. Jefferson, of New York, is the spectacle of the present impotence of Christianity to prevent the so-called Christian nations from arming to the teeth for war with each other. Efficiency for the international peace that is more than an armed truce is essential to efficiency in Christian missions among non-Christian peoples. Over against all hindrances the great fact stands forth at the end of the century that where Christianity was an exotic it has become indigenous—for instance, seven hundred churches in Japan. In many a place the native pastor and evangelist releases the foreign missionary for foundation work in fresh fields, and for the educational work essential to mold a Christian civilization. This is the new aspect of the great enterprise. Its success, so tardy in beginning, now advances in an almost geometrical ratio. Its great opportunities call for a revival of the heroic faith that dared attempt it against fearful odds. Of the National Congregational Council, meeting coincidently with the Board's anniversary, and still in session, we shall speak hereafter.

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THE INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS The wisdom of taking the foreign delegates to inspect American institutions before the session of the International Prison Congress in Washington was seen in the ready acceptance of principles in practice in this country which heretofore had been looked at a little askance from over the seas. The few vainglorious persons who saw in the final votes of the Congress a "victory for America," as it was called by the daily press, were far outnumbered by the serious-minded, who rejoiced rather in the triumph of principles of world-wide application. That we have experimented with them here with enough success to commend them to other lands is because, as a people, new things appeal to us as they did to the people of Athens, and we love to experiment. But each country will make its own attempts at prison reform in its own way, and American methods will not be adopted simply because the modern principles of reform in the field of penology were first enunciated here. These principles were enunciated as far back as the Prison Congress of 1870, in Cincinnati. Other Governments have adopted many of the ideas suggested in that famous Declaration of Principles, prepared by Dr. E. C. Wines, Mr. Z. R. Brockway, and a few others, but it remained for the International Prison Congress of Washington to reiterate them as its own, after discussing them at each of the seven preceding Congresses. It was certainly significant that in a great gathering in which nearly forty different countries were represented such advanced principles should have been adopted with practical unanimity: the indeterminate sentence, the extension of probation, and juvenile courts. It was also interesting that Dr. F. H. Wines, the son of the man who was among the first to advocate the principle of the indeterminate sentence, should have helped to guide the discussion in Washington. The four sections of the Congress deal with penal law, prison administration, preventive measures, and juvenile work. Four questions are discussed by each section. About one hundred and forty papers on the various subjects were printed in advance and distributed in French to the members all over the world. Sixteen reviewers of these papers summed them up and presented a résumé of each, along with resolutions to be adopted founded on the ideas advanced. The discussion of these resolutions by the respective sections and their adoption by the general session afterward constituted the work of the Congress. The debates were conducted with great vigor and earnestness, and it was not wholly easy for the chairman of any section to quell the ardor of half a dozen persons of as many nationalities desiring to speak at once. One of the chairmen was a chairwoman, Dr. Katharine Davis, of Bedford Reformatory. She never once made shipwreck of parliamentary proceedings, and as the three official languages—French, German, and English—were hers to command, she greatly helped the fourth section in its deliberations. The chief recommendations of the Congress, in addition to those already mentioned, were that parole boards should be composed of at least one representative of the magistracy, one of the prison administration, and one of medical science, and that all outside influence should be excluded in granting parole; that there should be separation for prisoners awaiting trial and for those sentenced to short terms; that parents should be made responsible for the wrong-doing of their children; that deserting fathers should be compelled to support their offspring; that illegitimate children should have their rights guaranteed; and that little ones might be taken from unfit homes and properly placed for training and care. It was further urged that there should be treaty agreements between civilized states whereby each should receive from the other notice of sentence pronounced by foreign courts against its citizens. No details are suggested in any of the resolutions adopted. The Congress limits itself to pronouncing principles. Afterwards each representative makes his report to the country from which he was delegated, and the principles, it is hoped, will be put into practical form according to the genius of each land. The next Congress will be in London, with Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise the President, Dr. Charles Richmond Henderson yielding the gavel to him after his own successful presidency.

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THE EAST SIDE AT THE NEW THEATER

An interesting and praiseworthy arrangement has been made by the New Theater of New York City under which its best dramatic performances may be seen by the working people of the city at a moderate cost. The first of these so-called East Side subscription performances last week crowded that beautiful building to its utmost capacity. In the founders' boxes were many men and women prominent in the settlement and social work of New York City, as well as a number of the founders of the theater. It was stated that nearly forty thousand applications were made for the two thousand seats of the theater; the prices ranged from ten to fifty cents, and the seats were sold by subscription under the direction of the University Settlement and various other organizations at work on the East Side. There will be other performances given on the same basis on Saturday evening, December 24, Saturday evening, February 5, and Monday evening, March 13. The next play to be presented will be "The Merry Wives of Windsor." No happier introduction of the New Theater to the working people of New York could be devised, nor could the purpose of the theater be better served and its aims more clearly defined than by this wise and rational endeavor to make it the theater of men in all conditions of life. The house, by reason of its size and beauty, involved the expenditure of a large amount of money, and it was promptly called a rich man's theater. These performances will go far to destroy any impression of this kind that may have gotten abroad. Very wisely, the New Theater gave its East Side audience of its very best; for Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," upon the presentation of which The Outlook made some comment last week, is one of the most poetic and imaginative of modern plays, and its appeal to this audience found an instant response. Many of those who were present had never been inside a theater before, and it was to them like an introduction into fairyland.

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MR. DE MORGAN'S CONFESSION

A distinguished historical writer of thoroughgoing habits of investigation and thinking, in revising an important historical work which long ago found its place as an authority, discovered that he had introduced lemon trees into a certain locality two hundred years before they were actually in bloom there. He comforted himself with the reflection that no one had noticed the blunder. There are very few books which deal in any way with facts, processes, or, comprehensively, with the details of other periods, which are entirely free from blunders. These are often made much of by people of microscopic eye. Of course conscientious writers take all possible pains to avoid blunders, but when errors of details are found in books of high-class fiction like "Ivanhoe," "Romola," "A Tale of Two Cities," or "Henry Esmond," the reader who has any perspective of values does not attach great importance to them. The essential thing is fidelity to the spirit of an age. Mr. William De Morgan, in a recent confession of some minute blunders, which, if they have been noticed by his readers, have evoked a smile, claims that "it is an author's privilege to be inaccurate—within reasonable limits." So long as a writer is as true to human life as is Mr. De Morgan, errors of description are of small account. The offense which weighs heaviest on Mr. De Morgan's mind is his reference to the "sheets" of a vessel in the passage which reads: ". . . she leans over in the breeze, and the white sheets catch it full—so near you can hear the boom click as it swings, and the rattle of the cordage as it runs through the blocks—and then she gets her way on her and shoots off through a diamond drench of broken seas." Not all readers of this passage knew that "sheets" are not sails, but ropes. An American reviewer, Mr. De Morgan reports, commented on his statement that Fenwick in "Somehow Good" is represented as inspecting mining tools at an engineer's at San Francisco to use in the Klondike. Can any one tell why tools to be used in the Klondike should not be inspected in San Francisco? Mr. De Morgan decided upon Toronto as Fenwick's residence in Canada, and afterwards changed his mind and substituted Ontario for Toronto, so that Fenwick was declared as living *at* Ontario instead of at Toronto. The trouble was with the word "at," which had been overlooked in making the changes in the proof. Mr. De Morgan remembers his early map-drawing, and was very much hurt with the supposition that he thought Ontario was simply a town. He may make as many minor errors as he chooses so long as he can touch life with such a sure and sympathetic hand.

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LIBRARIES AND READERS

Public libraries have become so much a feature of American village and city life and are being capitalized on such a great scale that any estimate of their value and efficiency from an authoritative source is worth attention. There are skeptics who believe, or affect to believe, that the money invested in these libraries for the popular distribution of books is money wasted; that the serious books are left on the shelves and the frivolous books are distributed by the hundred thousand, and that the sum total of the library influence is to cultivate a habit of promiscuous reading, with the allied habit of loose thinking. Dr. Kenyon, Principal Librarian at the British Museum, in a recent address before the Library Association at Exeter, takes a very different ground. He holds, as do American librarians, that the guidance of the reader's taste is one of the chief functions of the library, and that these libraries are not only flexible instruments for the diffusion of knowledge, but, what is still more important, the most available and accessible instruments for the maturing and ripening of the mind. He declared that the charge that the free library led to a " washy state of intellectual anæmia," because its chief activity is doling out inferior fiction, is effectually disposed of by statistics which show that in Great Britain the proportion of fiction called for at the public libraries is less than twenty-four per cent of the total output of the libraries, and that of this twenty-four per cent of fiction much the larger part is sound, wholesome, and excellent material for the reading of people at large. He also pointed out the great interest in scientific, historical, political, and sociological books as shown by the large number of books in these fields drawn from the libraries ; and he expressed his strong conviction, based on his experience and on statistics, that the free libraries are adding materially to the higher culture of the nation, and are therefore to be counted among its chief educational resources.

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THE MINNESOTA FOREST FIRE

A terrible fire raged last week in Minnesota along the border between that State and Canada. The area burned comprises many hundred square miles. A hundred persons are believed to have lost their lives, and about a thousand were injured by burns or are missing. The financial loss will reach several million dollars. The district is known as the Rainy River region. The Rainy River is about a hundred miles long and is navigable in part. It discharges into the Lake of the Woods, and divides Minnesota from Canada. The Canadian town of Rainy River, a lumbering center, lies about a hundred and fifty miles southeast of Winnipeg, and is on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. Across the river on our side are the smaller towns of Beaudette and Spooner. The country about these towns is covered with timber, and the settlers live by getting out logs, pulp wood, and ties, and also by farming in a small way. The present year has been, it is said, the driest in half a century, and the result such as to add enormous fuel to any little flame started in the forest. Last week's conflagration was presumably started by a spark from a passing train or else by the carelessness of some settler, either in the manner of burning his débris or in not having burned it at all. Certainly the event calls renewed attention to the necessity of legislation in both of these directions. In the first place, railways should be held responsible for damage from fires caused by them. In general, the starting of fires by sparks from locomotives may be prevented by the use of spark extinguishers. In the second place, settlers should be held accountable for the slash and débris resulting from their logging operations. The severity of a fire and the resultant damage are generally directly proportioned to the amount of dry débris on the ground. The disposal of tops and brush and other débris is insisted on by older countries than ours ; we must have similar mandatory powers. We should insist that piling should go on as logging proceeds. The burning of brush piles should, of course, occur only when there is no danger of a spread of fire ; it should generally be confined to the season of snow or rain. Last week's event calls attention not only to the causes of fire, but also to the large proportion of loss of human life and of physical injury. There has been, we are glad to say, a ready response in supplies and contributions ; and it is particularly inspiring to note that these came immediately from Canada. The international barrier was forgotten. On its part, the Treasury Department at Washington telegraphed to the Collector of Customs that Canadian donations of emergency food and clothing should be admitted free, thus repeating its similar order at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. This was not especially magnanimous, but it certainly was sensible ; for to " protect " the prosperous at the expense of the starving and suffering by a strict application of the tariff law would be protection gone mad.

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AN EFFICIENCY-AND-ECONOMY COMMISSION

The work of the so-called "Keep Commission" is still animatedly discussed in the Government bureaus at Washington. Its members were Charles H. Keep, James R. Garfield, Frank H. Hitchcock, Lawrence O. Murray, and Gifford Pinchot. It was appointed by President Roosevelt to obtain information which might lead to a more economical administration of the departments. It brought to light many interesting facts concerning the Government's mechanism. President Taft is now continuing that investigation, and has found an effective aid in his private secretary, Mr. Charles Dyer Norton, who as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had begun such a work on his own account. In his effort towards a more economical administration and the institution of more scientific business methods the President's plan is to have a commission of experts to be headed by Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland, Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research of New York City and already employed as a member of the White House staff. These experts are to investigate means for co-ordinating administrative methods, curtailing expenses, and avoiding duplications. Furthermore, in each department there is to be a sub-commission of three members to co-operate with the central organization. The result should be, if not a standardization of all forms of administrative activity, at least a proper comparison of the cost and efficiency of the same forms of activity in the various departments. In particular, however, there should result the institution of a budget, a statement to be submitted to Congress of contemplated receipts and disbursements by the executive departments. There should certainly be an opportunity to compare proposed appropriations with those for the previous year, and, in general, a statement of affairs so simple and orderly that the man in the street may understand. If the new commission shall inaugurate efficiency and economy in the transaction of public business, it will deserve well of the country. It will also add to the President's prestige by being the third needed commission appointed by him, the others being the Tariff and the Railway Securities Commissions.

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THE MASSACHUSETTS AND MICHIGAN CONVENTIONS

The Republican and Democratic Conventions just held in Massachusetts and Michigan were significant of political moods and methods. In Massachusetts methods certainly were emphasized—that is to say, Republican businesslike despatch and Democratic dilatoriness, delay, and, according to some observers, inability to grasp a victory within sight. The Republicans renominated Governor Draper by acclamation. Their platform commends Mr. Taft's Administration, especially mentioning his part in securing the enactment of the railway rate, the safety appliance, the bureau of mines, the land withdrawal, and the postal savings acts. The platform admits that the present tariff has increased duties on many articles, but asserts that these were mostly luxuries. The Democratic platform demands downward tariff revision, freer trade relations with Canada, the income tax, a parcels post, the passage of an eight-hour labor bill, shorter hours of work for women and children, the initiative and referendum, direct nominations and primaries. This is all very well; but when the Democrats came to nominating a candidate for Governor, they found their forces embarassingly divided; indeed, at this writing one of the most peculiar situations that ever arose in American politics faces them. The principal gubernatorial candidates were Charles H. Hamlin, Eugene N. Foss, and James N. Vahey. Riot reigned at the Convention. Unable to agree, the Convention appointed a committee. But the committee has also been unable to agree! What indication is here presented of Democratic capacity for self-government? The spectacle seems all the sorrier as with Mr. Hamlin as candidate the Massachusetts Democrats would have followed the brilliant political example of their party fellows in the Connecticut, New Jersey, and Ohio nominations for Governor. In Michigan the Republicans nominated for Governor Chase S. Osborne, a Progressive. The Michigan Republican platform indorses the Taft Administration and the recent sessions of Congress, declaring that "in no other Congress have more and better laws been enacted for the welfare of our people." The Michigan Democrats, on the other hand, declare that the present tariff repudiates Republican promises, adding that "the trusts and combines that wrote the schedules of the tariff through the control of the Cannon-Aldrich machine must be driven from power," but congratulate the country "upon the acceptance of the Democratic doctrine of income taxation, as evidenced by the pending Constitutional amendment."

THE REAL ISSUE

In no State is the political struggle more acute, in no State is there need for clearer thinking or sounder moral judgment, than in New York. Such issues as that which the voters in New York State will have to decide are not made by platforms or pronunciamentos, but by the course of events. Party platforms may or may not correctly express them, candidates may or may not discern them, but they are present, nevertheless. Whatever the candidates, the official declarations, or the unofficial newspaper organs of the parties may say, it is indubitable that, if the voters decide one way, the political, social, and even moral life of the State will follow one course; if they decide the other way, it will follow another course. No appeals to voters on personal grounds, no discussions of unessential matters, no amount of excitement over irrelevant questions, can change that fact.

What is the situation in New York on which the voters, whether they form opinions about it or not, are going to render a decision?

For four years there has been a bitter struggle in that State. It has been more than a political struggle. In a party sense it has not been political. It has pre-eminently been a moral struggle. On the one side has been the Governor, a Republican, supported by the moral sentiment of the great majority of New York citizens. On the other side has been the bi-partisan combination familiarly known as the "Old Guard." The history of that struggle need not here be rehearsed in detail. The Governor has made his attack on conditions in which favoritism to the powerful, blackmail of the rich, profitable exploitation of vice, and irresponsible political power, exercised to satisfy selfishness and greed, have flourished. In that struggle the Governor has met many a temporary check, but he has scored larger and more lasting victories. In every battle which he has fought he has found new strength in his practice of going to the people, pointing out the alignment of the forces, stating clearly what he wished to do in order to win, and making it evident to the people that upon them rested the final responsibility. In this Governor Hughes has not been primarily a Republican, but a citizen of his State and an American. And it is because he has been as strictly non-partisan in the formation of his moral judgments as his opponents have been bi-partisan that he has won the approval of fair-minded Americans beyond the confines of his party, beyond, indeed, the confines of his State.

Because he is a Republican, however, Governor Hughes has felt special responsibility for warring against the Republican element in the bi-partisan Old Guard. He has thus not only helped to weaken the power of the Old Guard as a bi-partisan organization, but he has specially helped to weaken the power of Old Guard Republicans in his own party's organization. He has done this in his own way and after his own fashion. That has been almost exclusively by the slow process, very effective for his purposes, of influencing public opinion. By virtue of his insistence the Legislature controlled by Republicans set to work to uncover the corrupt practices of Republicans. The Allds investigation is still fresh in the public memory. That was the work of a Republican Governor on behalf of his own party as well as on behalf of the State.

In this work of hunting out iniquity in his own party Governor Hughes has found, unfortunately, little, if any, emulation among Democratic office-holders. Moreover, in another task over which parties, as such, had not divided, and to which both are now pledged, Governor Hughes found the Democratic party as an organization by no means co-operative. He attempted, by urging the adoption of direct nominations, to secure greater responsibility to the people in public officials; in this attempt he received the support of the Republican majority, but encountered the opposition not only of the Old Guard in his own party but so overwhelming a majority of Democrats that his purposes were defeated. This is a fact which all good citizens of New York ought not merely to deplore but to remember; for it has a bearing on the issues which they will have to decide next month.

Such was the situation in this State when Governor Hughes announced his forthcoming resignation and virtually withdrew from activity as a political leader. Thereupon the Old Guard Republicans saw their opportunity. An election was approaching, and they made plans for controlling their party organization. That they were frustrated in their plans is due to the fact that, in response to urgent requests, Mr. Roosevelt took up the leadership, and, as Temporary Chairman of the Republican Convention, secured concerted action on the part of all in his party who were working for honesty and freedom from the bosses. As a consequence, the Republican party, by its official action, not only pledged itself to fight against corruption, but actually put the Old Guard Republicans into a position of ineffectiveness.

Here was the opportunity for the Democratic party to do the same thing; to put its Old Guard out of the way and to make the fight against corruption a non-partisan fight. No good citizen, whether he be Republican or Democrat, can have any other feeling than that of keen disappointment that the Democratic party did not take this opportunity. There is a large and, we believe, growing number of Democrats in New York who are working to rid their party of boss rule and corruption; but, although they have taken counsel together, they have not as yet cleansed their party; although they successfully impressed upon the boss the advantage of nominating for Governor a man unconnected with the Democratic Old Guard majority, they did not weaken the hold of the boss, or even fight his forces in the open. As a consequence, aside from the nominee for the Governorship, every Democratic nominee for State office is a candidate of the Tammany boss and his Old Guard machine. Moreover, there is every prospect that, if the Democrats win the Legislature, the bi-partisan Old Guard will not only be in control of the Legislature, but, what has not been true for two years, will, under the leadership of Senator Grady, be in control of the dominant party.

Let the voters place beside this record the arguments presented in opposition. It is said that the tariff—which is purely a Federal question not to be decided by Governor or Legislature—is the issue; that the Republican plank on the tariff (which Mr. Roosevelt did not write, and which he could not have successfully opposed) is not consistent with Mr. Roosevelt's speeches in the West (a statement that no one has denied and no one will deny); that in some way the nomination for the Presidency in 1912 is involved; and that the Democratic nominee for the Governorship and a Tammany State ticket can secure, from a Legislature controlled by Tammany, economical appropriations. There are some people who believe these statements. Let them decide whether it is important, or even right, for the sake of recording their belief in these statements, to reward with power a party that has been inactive in the presence of oligarchy and corruption, and to penalize a party that has committed itself to the struggle for cleanliness.

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WHICH PUBLIC?

There are few forms of deception so demoralizing and so steeped in falsehood as the plea, so often put forward to justify bad things, that the public demands them. There is no public in the sense in which the publisher of the corrupting book, the editor of the sensational newspaper, the theatrical manager who puts the vile play on the stage, use the words. There is no big public which includes the entire body of men and women; there are a dozen publics. There is a public which wanted the revolting spectacle at Reno, but there is a vastly larger public which loathed and hated it. There is a public which is anxious to read "Three Weeks," but there is a far greater public to which such a story is as disgusting as an open sewer. There is a public which enjoys the sensational newspaper, with its outrageous invasions of privacy, its contemptuous indifference to morals and manners and the decencies of life, its lying exaggerations and perversions of fact, its hypocritical sympathy with the poor for strictly business purposes; but there is another public to which yellow journalism is the meanest of all the forms of making money out of the weaknesses and ignorances of human nature. There is a public which enjoys the prurient play, saturated with sensuality and trembling on the edge of open immorality; but there is another which loathes the appeal to passion for commercial ends.

The defense of the purveyors of vulgar books, yellow newspapers, and immoral plays that the public demands them and will support nothing else is an unblushing falsehood, a piece of cheap humbug. What these gentlemen mean is that the public they wish to attract cares for these things. They have a choice of publics, and they choose the public of uneducated or vulgar taste, the unfortunate public that does not know that its evil instincts or its ignorance of good standards are being played upon by those who care more for the pockets of their patrons than for their souls.

People who would like to be decent and to follow high aims and be loyal to fine standards are often deceived by this specious plea that the public must be given what it wants and that it wants the worst. But no man can cover his disloyalty to the best that is in him by this disingenuous plea. The man who is eager for success, and therefore for popular support, is never forced to compromise with his standards; he is compelled to choose to which public he will appeal. But this choice does not exhaust his responsibilities. He may also choose to which side of his public he will appeal. There is a finer side to every public, there is a possible saint in every man. One may always choose whether he will speak to the worst or the best in his fellows, and the best responds as quickly as the worst. The finer nature in every man hears gladly the voice that speaks to it and for it; and, while it may be lulled into silence for a moment by the voices that express its lower instincts and its relaxed moods, it holds in honor only those voices which speak to its finer possibilities. There is no more contemptible business than that which trades on the meanness and ignorance, the passions and prejudices, of men; and the prosperity of the vulgar book, the immoral play, the sensational demagogic newspaper, is a mockery of true prosperity and a shame to those who profit by it. If success could be secured only by trading on the infirmities of men, failure would become the only real success.

Young men especially are beguiled by the specious falsehood with which the panderers in society try to justify themselves, and are made to feel that a man must compromise in order to win; that he must lower his standards in order to be "practical." Nothing could be more false, and the strong man is he who does not allow himself to be imposed on by this cheap plea of those who have sold themselves and wish to justify the transaction. What society really wants is the best in every man; it honors, not those who cringe to it and make themselves its slaves, but those who are brave enough to lead it. The man who entertains it finds, when the critical hour comes, that his voice is unheeded; and he who plays the slave's part has a slave's wages for his pains. Many a man has changed the atmosphere of his age by following his convictions with loyal steadfastness; and the illusion of impregnable opposition to the truth fades as he advances. It is not the vulgar book that the man who has read it wants in the hour when he becomes aware that he is a spirit as well as a body; it is not the immoral play that the man who patronized it wants when he longs for real refreshment; it is not the sensational newspaper that the man who has found a certain pleasure in its vulgarities and inanities wants when a real question penetrates his consciousness and will not be silenced. There is no greatness in life that does not rest on a service of men which makes them better; there is no real success that does not rest on spiritual integrity; there is no lasting influence that is not based on respect for the possibilities of human nature. Every man chooses to which public he will appeal, and that choice determines his character.

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THE TARIFF: WHO SHOULD REVISE IT?

In all the confusion of this fall's complicated campaign there are two topics on which there is a fairly distinct issue joined between the Republican and Democratic parties: the tariff and the New Nationalism. In this article we propose to define the first issue, next week the second.

There is a considerable number of men who desire to see no meddling with the tariff. Among them are manufacturers who are getting special advantages from the present tariff, wage-earners who fear, not wholly without reason, that a reduction of the tariff would mean a reduction of their wages, and business men who measure all policies by their immediate effect on business and who dread the disturbance to business which further tariff revision might produce. Nevertheless, it may safely be affirmed that the majority of the voters, both Democratic and Republican, favor some further revision of the tariff. That Democratic voters generally favor revision may be assumed; the evidence lies in the vigorous denunciation of the present tariff by their leaders, platforms, and party organs. That a majority of the Republican voters favor revision is evidenced by the fact that a Republican Congress has created a Tariff Board which is already gathering information as a preparation for such revision. The difference between the parties is not on the question whether there shall be a revision, but on three questions:

What shall be the purpose of the revision?

What shall be the method of the revision?

To which party shall the work of revision be intrusted?

I. The Democratic object in tariff revision is somewhat difficult to define; because in America in all parties local interests more or less modify general principles. General Hancock's statement that the tariff is a local issue is not as funny as it sounded when he made it. Generally Democratic sugar-growers believe in protection to sugar, Democratic tobacco-growers in protection to tobacco, Democratic wool manufacturers in protection to woolen goods, and so on through all the schedules from A to Z. Nevertheless, if we accept the utterance of the more advanced and disinterested of the Democratic leaders, it may safely be said that their party looks forward to a tariff for revenue only as the ultimate result of a radical revision.

The Republican party has clearly defined in its platform its tariff principle, though Republican legislators have not lived up to it. That principle is, "Such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries."

The first question for the voter, then, in so far as the tariff is to determine his vote, is this: Does he wish to enter upon a policy which looks to tariff for revenue only, or does he wish to maintain the protective principle in so far as it may be necessary to keep up American wages to a high standard?

The sympathies of The Outlook are with free trade. We should like to see all taxes for the support of all governments collected from the land and its contents, and from the great franchises, and trade between the nations of the world as free as it now is between the States of the Union. And we believe that even now America could afford to give to any European Power as free a trade as that Power would give to America. We need not fear labor competition with Christendom. The readjustment would involve some temporary hardship, but it would be only temporary. But to compete with the wages paid in India, China, and Japan would be impossible. In some cases American wages would fall; in other cases the American manufactures would cease. Wages at three or four dollars a day could not be long kept up in competition with wages at twenty-five, fifty, or even seventy-five cents a day. Oriental wages would rise a little; American wages would fall a great deal. The Outlook believes that America has no more important task than to convert wage-earners into profit-sharers; that it can do this only by encouraging large wages and shortened hours; that to do this for a continent is a huge undertaking; that to do this for the world is at present an impossible undertaking.

Therefore The Outlook believes in the Republican, not in the Democratic, *object* in tariff revision.

II. The Democratic party proposes, not a mere readjustment of schedule, but a radical change in the tariff; it therefore proposes to call on Congress at its next session to enter upon such a revision. The Republican party proposes, not a radical change in the tariff, but a readjustment of schedules; it therefore proposes to submit the preparatory work to a non-partisan Tariff Board of experts, which has been already created. This Board is to gather information respecting wages, selling prices, profits, etc., for the purpose of ascertaining what duty, if any, in each case is necessary to prevent foreign manufacturers from underselling American manufacturers in the American market, and so compelling the latter either to lower their wages or go out of business.

Revision by a non-partisan Tariff Board of experts appears to us to possess several advantages, one of which is pre-eminent and conclusive. Congressional revision of the tariff in the past has been accomplished by barter between the special interests affected. They have combined to support each other. Congress has been too absorbed in protecting the American manufacturer to pay much attention to the American public. If a non-partisan board of experts can take up the separate schedules, gather the information, and present to Congress a scientific conclusion, *perhaps* this process of barter may be brought to an end. We say *perhaps*, for the Board cannot legislate; it can only report to Congress for its information, and barter might then begin again. Against this there are two protections: the report would be made to the American people as well as to Congress, and public opinion could be summoned to sustain the Board's report; and as only one schedule would be reported on for action at a time, the temptation to barter would be certainly lessened, and possibly entirely removed.

For these reasons The Outlook believes that the Republican *method* of tariff revision is better than the Democratic method.

III. As to which is the better party to intrust with the work of tariff revision there is not much to be said. Probably the special interests are to-day somewhat more strongly intrenched in the Republican than in the Democratic party, because the Republican party has been in power in National politics for so long a time, and where the political power is there the special interests gather together. But it is also true that the war against the domination of the special interests is more vigorously waged in the Republican than in the Democratic party, and that if the Democratic party became possessed of power, and proposed to use it, the special interests and their lobby would be as much in evidence as they ever have been.

Fully recognizing the fact that neither party will do all that it promises or all that the country might well hope from it, The Outlook believes that it is wiser to intrust the revision of the tariff to the Republican than to the Democratic party, because both its aim and its method are the wiser.

THE UPPER ROOM

When the first day of unleavened bread came, Jesus sent Peter and John into the city, and told them that they would meet a man whom they were to follow and who would show them a room in which the passover could be eaten. "He will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us. . . . When the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him." No scene in history is more simple in its setting, none more memorable. It has been described with beautiful and reverent eloquence; it has been painted with supreme skill by a master of the art; it has been rehearsed times without number in many different forms, according to the most diverse rituals; it has been observed as a simple breaking of bread and pouring of wine, and it has been celebrated at blazing altars by richly vested priests; but its innermost significance can never be entirely expressed in any worship nor formulated in any creed. The beauty and wonder of it lie on the further side of any kind of language which men have fashioned to give ease to their souls.

But one great fact stands out in this wonderful scene: the upper room was the place of meeting between the Christ and his Apostles! It will remain forever the symbol of the communion between God and man; the quiet place, hidden from the world, where man meets God and is fed by the bread of life; that food by which the soul lives, bestowed only by the hand of God. The world is full of men and women who have eaten the fruit of every tree except the tree of life, who partake of everything that gives vigor to the body, but never sit at the invisible table where that bread is spread which makes one stronger than death. Among all the manifold ironies of life there is none so terrible as the well-nourished body and the starving soul. As there are beautiful faces in which no spirit irradiates the mask of bones and flesh, so there are prosperous men and women whose lot awakens the envy of their fellows whose outward success is without spiritual dignity or meaning. Men can exist without the words that proceed from the mouth of God, but they cannot live without them. They build themselves palaces and lay the skill of the world under contribution to make them stately without and luxurious within, but they provide no upper room. They open their doors wide and entertain their friends lavishly, but there is no place for God under the roof. There are magnificent rooms where guests are welcomed with royal splendor, there are great galleries into which are gathered the treasures of many ages and countries; but there is no upper room.

The activities and rewards of the time are so engrossing that many high-minded and pure-hearted people find no time for meditation and communion in the upper room. Many of them are so bent on helping their fellows that they forget whence cometh their help; they are so eager to share the sorrows of their fellows that they forget Him who bore the cross up the steep way to Calvary; they are so drained by the duties they take up that they lose the inspiration which makes duty the channel through which love pours itself out; they listen with such passionate attention to the cries for help that come from the world around them that they no longer hear the still, small voice of the Father of all men. In the house of the generous and self-sacrificing, as in the houses of the selfish and hard-hearted, there is no upper room.

And yet no man can live without God! It is true, he comes in a thousand forms and speaks many languages; but it is also true that men must make ready the room in which they can meet him face to face. Where there is no upper room, the house, however nobly appointed and dedicated, may remain a place of courage and arduous endeavor, but it ceases to be a place of contagious hope, of that vision which enables men to look at the sorrows of the arid lives without losing heart in the infinite love. For those who give themselves to works of mercy and stand ready to help in the highways, no less than for those who feed their bodies and starve their souls, the upper room is not only a place of refuge, it is a necessity of the higher nature; and the more exacting the work becomes, and the greater its interest and reward, the more pressing is the need of the upper room where the tumult of the world dies into silence and the ambitions of the world shrink into the rewards of a passing hour, and man talks with his God.

DOWN SOUTH AND BACK AGAIN

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

THE train, which had stopped for a moment at the small country station, starts on. The crowd, massed about the rear platform, surges after it, small boys running to keep up, men and women holding up little folks to see (and especially to be seen). As the end of the train passes the station a negro mammy catches sight of the single figure on the rear platform, and, clapping both hands to her knees and bending double in ecstasy, cries out, "There he is!"

Along the road through gently rolling country covered with fertile fields pours a stream of automobiles. Thirty, forty, fifty of them flash by at a pace that ignores speed regulations. At one point a narrow, flimsy, but patriotically colored strip of calico is stretched across the road from tree to tree. Beneath it at one side stands a woman with a boy and a girl crowding against her skirts. As the first car whirls up the woman looks sharply at it an instant, drops one hand to hold the smaller child closer to her, and points with the other, crying, "There he is!"

The cars have slowed down to turn into a broad field. They range themselves inside the low fence, behind which a grand stand hundreds of feet long is black with people. In the middle of the field a small crowd surrounds some object of white fabric and slender wooden frame. In a moment blades begin to whir, the object begins to move along the ground, rises on a gradual slant, and reveals itself as a biplane with two figures seated between its planes. As it rises about the heads of the crowd, a tense murmur runs along the grand stand—"There he is!"

In the early morning, along the almost deserted streets of a big city runs a big red touring car. Ahead gallop a squad of mounted police, their drawn sabers an unaccustomed detail to Eastern eyes. As the little procession whirls around a corner, two small boys idling on the curb eye it indifferently till one recognizes a face in the car and pipes out, "There he is!"

There is the keynote of the reception which Theodore Roosevelt has received on his second trip through the country since his return from Africa. The thousands that thronged meeting-places, filled halls to overflowing, lined streets and roadways, and spilled off railway platforms were there for one purpose, to see one man—to hear him if they could, to touch him if they might—but anyhow to see him, and the signal of the realization of their purpose unconsciously took a stereotyped form, "There he is!"

His first trip took him West to the Rocky Mountains and into the great Northwest. This trip took him down South to Atlanta and out to St. Louis, through Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Arkansas. Back again was another story, for there in Indiana and New York politics was the game, and political crowds belong to a species of their own.

And the South was nothing behind the West in the welcome it gave. The trip began on Thursday afternoon, and on Friday morning the first stop was made at Bristol, Tennessee. From an open stand in the center of a vacant lot, reached by strenuous efforts through a pushing, heaving mass of friendly people, Mr. Roosevelt made his first speech, or rather preached his first sermon. For in the South as in the North, in the East as in the West, he preached those simple doctrines of good citizenship which those who fear him sneer at as platitudes, but which the people who listen to them receive with shouts of applause. And the sermon was punctuated with the characteristic high-pitched cheer of the South which is the descendant, toned down a little doubtless by forty years of peace, of the "rebel yell" of war time.

At Bristol he told them a story. It was not the first time that he had told it, but it was the first time that they had heard it, and it hammered home a point which they liked. Mr. Roosevelt was pleading for justice to every one, even to corporations, and warning his hearers not to put into office a man who should pledge himself to serve the people by doing injustice to big corporations. "For," said he, "you can trust a man who would promise to serve the people by doing injustice to corporations, just as soon as the temptation came, to do injustice to the people for the sake of the corporations."

"When I owned a ranch in the West," he continued, "at the round-up we used to brand each calf with the same brand that the mother bore. The calves which escaped branding then were known as mavericks when they became yearlings; and any maverick which was found was branded with the mark of the range on which it was found. I had hired a new cowpuncher, and one day, when we were riding over the range, we came upon a maverick. We roped and threw it, and, taking out the cinch-ring, heated it to run the brand. The cowpuncher knelt down to run the brand, and at once I noticed that he was beginning to put on my brand. 'Hold on,' I said, 'it should be the thistle brand, for we are on that range.' 'I know my business,' he replied; 'I always put on the boss's brand.' 'My friend,' said I, 'you ride right back to the ranch house and get your time.' 'What's that for?' said he; 'I was putting on *your* brand.' 'Yes,' said I, 'and if you will steal *for* me, you will steal *from* me!'" His hearers liked the story and seemed to like the application.

At Knoxville the Appalachian Exposition was in progress. The presence of the Eleventh United States Cavalry, the picturesque surroundings of the Exposition, the broad steps of its principal building running down to a winding lagoon, a parade of flower-decked carriages of all sorts driven by brightly dressed women, a band of cowboys, whose leader was greeted by Colonel Roosevelt with a "Howdy, Zeke?" and whose girl riders made their horses bow to him as they stopped before the steps—all these elements made of the occasion a brilliant spectacle, but the main feature here too was the presence of the man the people had come to see, whose approach they greeted with the eager "There he is!"

At Rome, the next morning, Mr. Roosevelt found himself in Georgia, his mother's native State. There he spent the morning in a visit to the Berry School, an institution in the aims of which he has a profound belief. It is a school for boys of the Southern mountaineers, the pure American stock which has fallen on evil days since the war. The school was founded and is carried on by Miss Martha Berry, the little Southern woman who used to be known as the Sunday Lady of Possum Trot in the days when she used to drive every Sunday up Possum Trot Creek way to hold Sunday-school. It offers a new hope to the young Southern Highlander, and teaches him not only how to be a better worker, but how to be a better citizen.

That audience of eager, earnest young fellows, dressed in their working clothes of overalls, flannel shirts, or whatever it happened to be, just suited their visitor; and he gave them an inspiring sermon on good citizenship. Not a word did they lose, not a point did they miss, and their parting cheers surpassed, if that were possible, the warmth of their welcome. Colonel Roosevelt was evidently their kind, and they certainly were his.

At Atlanta that afternoon it rained and rained hard, but the streets were lined, three or four deep, with people just the same, as the automobile passed along behind a company of regular infantry. The shrill Southern cheer passed like a wave down the lines, and the chill rain only threw into bolder relief the warmth of the welcome. Two speeches there were at Atlanta, one on Conservation, the other on Uncle Remus, but both of them drifting inevitably into the New Nationalism. "The New Nationalism," he said, as he has said again and again, "is merely the application of old moralities to new conditions." Hardly a revolutionary programme, that, or at least so the Southerners seemed to think, for they applauded the statement.

Sunday was a day of rest, with nothing planned but travel, from Atlanta to Memphis. But between Chattanooga and Memphis there were fifty stops, and at every single one a crowd, larger or smaller, as the case might be. And at every stop Mr. Roosevelt, kind of heart and loth to disappoint any one, stepped to the rear platform, now for a mere wave of the hand or a scant word of greeting, now, when the stop was longer, for a brief exposition of the essentials of good citizenship. Time after time the scene was repeated, with small variations in the message, variations only of size in the audience, no variation whatever in the reception.

The train stops. The wave of men, women, and children flows about the rear platform; the thin, treble cheer goes up.

"I am glad to see so many of my fellow-citizens, especially those carrying little citizens in their arms." Laughter and cheers.

"You know my views on the baby question." Loud laughter and cheers.

"I like all your crops, but I like your baby crop best." Cheers.

"There are three essentials of good citizenship. The citizen must be honest; that is the foundation. He must have courage; I haven't much use for the good man who is timid. I hope we shall never come to a time when on one side of the community we have all the good men and on the other side all the courageous men. But those two qualities aren't enough. If a man's a natural-born fool, you can't do anything with him. To honesty and courage must be added the saving grace of common sense."

The train moves, hands clap, throats cheer, babies are lifted high to catch his eye, the characteristic smile from the rear platform has its response on every face. And so on to the next station.

At one stop a committee clambers over the rail and its chairman addresses the traveler, "We don't agree with you on all things, but we're just as glad to see you as if we did." A frank and graceful welcome, and quick as a shot comes back the rejoinder, "On the essentials of good citizenship we can all agree." There is no dissent, and the next statement, "A good American is a good American anywhere," brings out the cheers.

Then on into Arkansas, where thousands of people at a State Fair strain their ears to hear him speak under well-nigh impossible speaking conditions (as the conditions at State Fairs usually are). They hear little, but they can see him and cheer him, and read what he has said to-morrow in the papers.

If the evidence of threescore stops in four Southern States, and the welcome of threescore crowds, ranging in size from a corporal's guard to an army division, is of any value, the South likes Mr. Roosevelt just as does the West and the Northwest, and the East (outside of Wall Street and its sphere of influence). The South likes the man, it comes out to see him, it cries out, "There he is," when he appears, it cheers him, waves at him, smiles at him. And the South likes what he has to say, which is just the same that he has said in every State of the Union in which he has been in the past four months. This trip down South has been an impressive confirmation from the least likely quarter—the solid South—of the evidence given by the Western trip that Mr. Roosevelt's popularity knows no sectional lines.

At St. Louis, after a breakfast given by the older business men, and a luncheon given by a group of younger business men, the political half of the trip began. At both breakfast and luncheon hearty applause had greeted Mr. Roosevelt's declaration, "I am doing the best thing I could do to help the honest business man when I attack the dishonest business man." At the luncheon the banquet hall rang with gay songs, the guest of honor occasionally joining in the chorus and quite evidently thoroughly enjoying himself.

Then the aviation field was visited, and before any one could think twice about it, Mr. Roosevelt was up in the air with Mr. Hoxey, in, as he said later, "an American machine with an American pilot."

Politics began in the evening with a speech before a vast crowd in the Coliseum. As Mr. Roosevelt entered, every man and woman in the house waved a pair of flags, until from floor to ceiling the building was a waving field of pink and blue. The speech was a political speech, or better, perhaps, a political sermon.

For while the method was different, as it must be in a political speech, the matter was in essence the same as in the speeches which he had been making everywhere on behalf of civic righteousness. His other speeches had been couched in the abstract, here the subjects were treated in the concrete. But the fundamental principles were the same—honesty and decency, war to the knife against corrupt politics, corrupt business, and the deadly alliance between the two. And the Missourians welcomed the message and greeted the man who brought it as a leader they were glad to follow.

At Peoria, Illinois, at a banquet given

by the Knights of Columbus, a Catholic order, eleven hundred diners and seventeen hundred others in the gallery listened to the same message—unpolitical this time. They thundered applause at the declaration in favor of religious tolerance from the man who as President had appointed two Catholics to his Cabinet and many Catholics to other positions of trust, "not because they were Catholics but because they were the best men for the places." He declared that as President he had tried to treat his Catholic fellow-citizens as he would like to have a Catholic President, if there should be one, treat his Protestant fellow-citizens. Another application of an old morality, distasteful perhaps to those who dislike platitudes which run counter to their prejudices, but apparently making a powerful appeal to the plain citizens who listened to him.

Then a day in Indiana; a day of political speeches, fourteen of them before the night comes. Again the abstract principles of honesty and decency are applied concretely to local political conditions, and the people of the State are exhorted to uphold a public servant in the person of Senator Beveridge, who has stood unflinchingly for those old moralities as applied to the new conditions. It is a day of terrible strain and stress, without a moment for rest; but entered upon and carried out with indomitable will and smiling endurance.

Then on to New York, to his own battle-ground. In New York the issue is clean cut—the party which "has turned its own rascals out" against an unblushing alliance between Wall Street and Tammany Hall, the best possible example in the concrete of the alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics against which he is preaching every day in the abstract. Without gloves he attacks Tammany Hall.

This, said Mr. Roosevelt, "is in no sense a mere party fight. We have a right to appeal to every man who prizes the honor of the State of New York and the good name of America to help us. We stand squarely for the elimination of special privilege, for the separation of business and politics, for honesty in public life." He went on to describe the Democratic Convention at Rochester, where "the delegates represented no one—least of all themselves." The Convention was held nominally in the convention hall where the delegates met to vote; but actually in a room in a near-by hotel, numbered 212, where sat Charles Murphy, the boss of Tammany Hall. "The only indication that any member of the Convention received of the part he was to play in the Convention was in the form of a peremptory message:

"'You are wanted in Room No. 212!'"

That message was sent to every man, delegate, candidate, or outside wielder of influence, who was marked out either for favor or for discipline.

And now, when the Democratic candidates have been selected, the Democratic platform written, in Room No. 212, "Mr. Murphy, as the ally and agent of Wall Street, sends to the people of the State of New York the message, 'You are wanted in Room No. 212.' Are you going? I think not."

Ten speeches in New York, fighting speeches to great crowds in opera-houses, about stands in parks and open spaces, surging around the end of the train. The man who fought the corrupt and the reactionary elements in his own party and brought them to their knees is now fighting for his party against the same forces aligned upon the other side. He loves a fight when it is a fight for righteousness and decency and civic honor; and he fights with a spirit which cannot be defeated, no matter what temporary disaster may come on November 8. There is one man at least who will never answer the call, "You are wanted in Room No. 212."

So, on his second tour in his own country since leaving the Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt has gone down South and back again. Where there has been peace he has preached his message of honesty, courage, efficiency, and common sense. Where there is war he has fought; and what he preaches he fights for. Everywhere he has been greeted by thousands, thronging, cheering, applauding, smiling. For his smile is contagious, his spirit is infectious. And North and South, East and West, if their actions do not belie them, they like him.

HAROLD J. HOWLAND.

THE SPECTATOR

"FATHER, I want to be an artist." "Yes, my son, I see. And I have just secured for you a nice job down at the corner grocery, where you can cultivate art to your heart's content in tying up packages of coffee and sugar and possibly in keeping books." It was the old story of Cimabue and Giotto and Lord Leighton—the Spectator is not quite sure of the names, but they will do as well as any others in the perennial story of the art-loving boy and the practical parent—repeated twenty years ago in central Ohio. And the practical parent had his way, as he usually does. And the boy had his way too—as he usually does also, if he has the right stuff in him. Only, in this case, the boy's way was a different way.

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It was the American way. Tied down to his job in the grocery, where was the chance to make pictures? How could he ever go to Paris, Rome, or even New York, to study in the *ateliers* of the masters? He gave that up. But not the pictures. He saw them everywhere. How to reproduce them? The only thing within his means was a cheap camera. And just then came a bicycle race, which promised to be full of interesting subjects. He bought the camera, went to the race, pressed the button, and the thing was done.

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Not quite. If this had been the ordinary boy, the pictures would have been the ordinary product of the kodak factory. But this boy knew by instinct just when to press the button, and how to go to work to make the result a thing of beauty. Perhaps he "fogged his plate," perhaps he put a little "hypo" in his developer. At any rate, he got the result he was looking for, and it was different. And he kept on the same line of experimentation whenever the grocery business would let him. After a while he began to show his pictures, and the discriminating ones said they were real pictures and not merely photographs, and then the medals began to come in, and people said his was a new school of photography, and wondered if it was art. He didn't wonder, he knew that it was. And so the boy at last left the grocery business for good—his good and possibly the grocery's—and went into photography as an art and incidentally as a business. He had followed the rainbow till he came to the pot of gold.

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Perhaps photography is an art, and perhaps it isn't. The Spectator thinks that it is like everything else in the graphic line—it may serve as a medium of an artistic faculty, or it may be used in an utterly mechanical way. It is like a paintbrush, which may be used either to daub a fence or to execute a masterpiece. If a man has the artist's eye, he can make pictures in any medium—if he knows how to use his medium. And if he knows also how to tell others what he has learned, he can help them to see the same vision.

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So, twenty years after (the same being the present season), the Spectator went—why longer conceal the name of this boy become a man and a world-famous photographer of the new school?—to Clarence H. White's class in art photography at Five Islands, Maine. It wasn't so easy to get there. After you left the train you had to take a small steamboat that plies amid waters and islands that remind you of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. But when you had reached the journey's end, you found that the artist had selected the right place; the very name he had given his local habitation, "Little Good Harbor," was of the essence of the Maine coast. You were in full possession of all the delights of that peculiarly picturesque coast—the rocks, the surf, the open ocean, the land-locked harbors, the quaint villages reached by woodland roads, fishing trips, sailboats, motor boats for those who like them (the Spectator doesn't), and the Maine "natives." All these things you could freely use as raw material in your photographic work, except perhaps the natives. They are a bit shy of the camera, as befits dignified and independent citizens conscious of the fact that their best clothes are in their closets and not on their backs on working days; but with a little tact the most retiring of them may be persuaded cheerfully to acquiesce in your designs.

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It was amid these alluring surroundings that the class met and labored. Most of the pupils were what are known as advanced workers. An advanced worker in photography is one who scorns the ordinary snap-shot as merely a "record," and who has begun to look for "pictorial" subjects to be treated by methods that are different from the ordinary or commercial way of producing a photograph. The pictorial subject, he holds, ought to have in it the same elements of composition that the artist in oil or water-color demands. There must be the proper placing of the subject on the negative, correct spacing, balance of light and shade, proper convergence of lines, a decorative pattern if you will. All these things Mr. White brought before the class in much the same way that an artist brings them before a sketching class, and enforced them by kindly but searching criticism of the pupils' work, and at times by illustration from the prints of well-known pictorial photographers. Besides this there was much instruction, in an original vein, about technical matters.

❖

"Read carefully the books about photography," said our mentor, "and then, as a rule, don't do what they say. They say never to photograph against the sun; some of our most charming effects are obtained in that very way. They say use fresh, strong developers; we use very weak solutions. They say be sure not to stir up your platinum mixtures and to strain the scum off carefully; we regard the scum as the most valuable part, and always 'shake well before using.' They say get your paper as fresh as possible; some of us like to have it a year or two old. They say buy a high-priced anastigmat lens; we say don't, but use a comparatively cheap uncorrected lens that won't focus sharply. The books are all right in their way, but they are to be read with discretion when you are seeking pictorial effects."

❖

Mr. White puts the emphasis on the genuinely photographic side of his art. To him it is no recommendation of a print to say of it, as an enthusiastic amateur once remarked in the Spectator's hearing of a peculiar effect, "Isn't that fine! There is nothing photographic about it!" He likes straight photography—the production in your negative, as a result of the action of light and of chemicals, of what you are to get in your print. And when one questions whether the "faker" does not get finer results, he points back to the beginning of photography, to the work of a Scotch artist, Mr. D. O. Hill, who in 1840–50 produced by the primitive methods of those days photographic portraits which have admittedly never been excelled, even from the standpoint of the most advanced worker of to-day.

❖

Simplification of processes and results was another theme much dwelt upon. Holding up two vases, one elaborately ornamented, the other simple in form and design, the critic contended that the simpler one was the more beautiful and the one that was preferred by the best artists and connoisseurs. So in picture-making. Don't get too much on your negative. Don't try for strange effects in monochrome; black and white prints are best, without the doubtful chemical results that come with the use of sepias, blues, and greens. Don't put on a conventional evening costume and pose as Niobe in the woods, an alien in unaccustomed surroundings, but get one of the fishermen to sit on his native rocks and photograph him, even as Corot painted his gleaners and reapers in Barbizon.

◆

And when the party went out fishing, and one of the young women caught a sixty-pound cod, and had a relapse from pictorialism and wanted to be photographed in the conventional way with the fish hung up beside her to show its length, what a good-humored rebuke she invited from her instructor—a rebuke that had such an effect that she became perhaps the most serious and successful worker in the class. "Here was an opportunity," was the critic's comment, "for you to do something good in still-life work, such as has made many an artist famous. And you want to get merely a record showing the size of the fish! What are we here for?"

◆

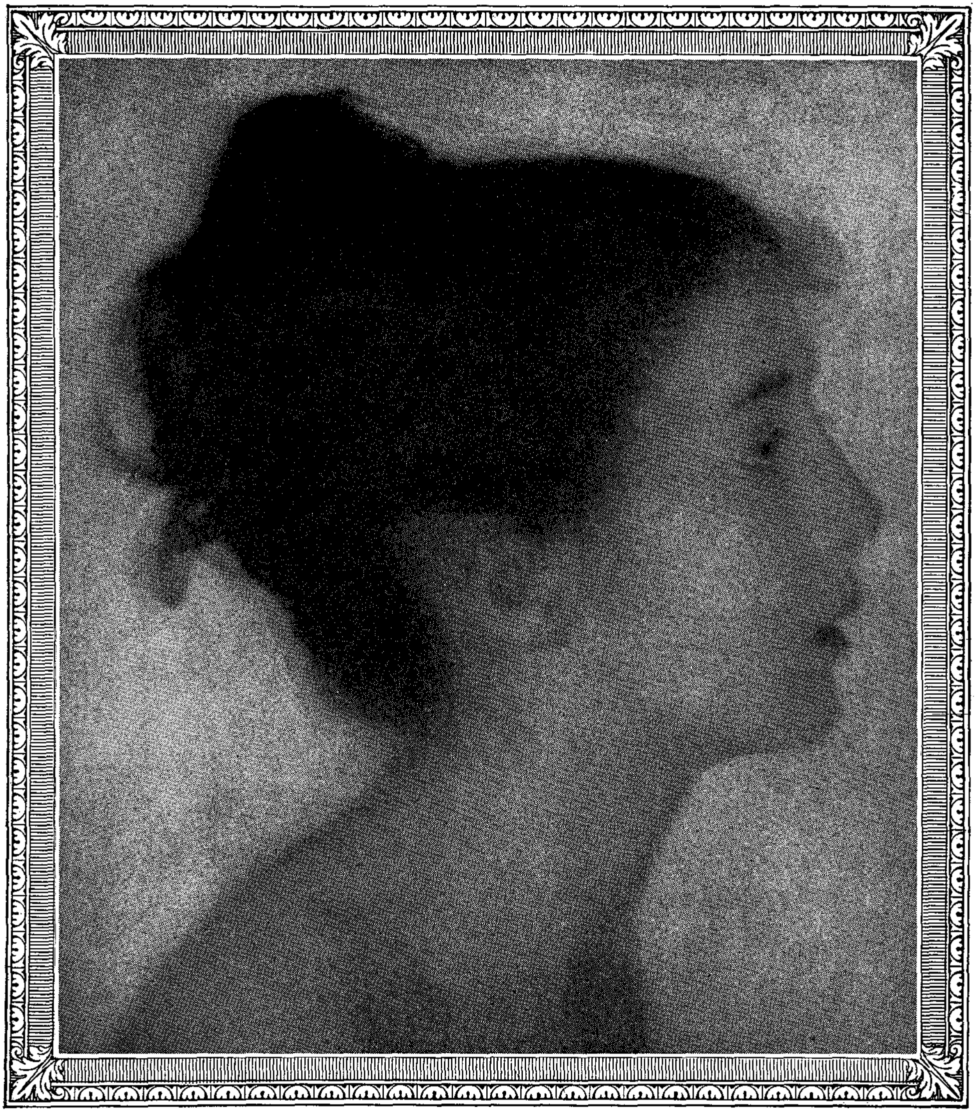
As a rule, though, the class did not waste its energy. It tramped industriously over the rocks till its shoes were worn thin, risked its numerous lives in getting surf pictures among the cliffs, searched out the haunted houses of the island, made innumerable portrait studies, penetrated deep into the mysteries of "gum prints," "gum platinum," "hand-coated platinum," "glycerine development," and other advanced and more or less novel methods of printing used by the art photographer; and held an exhibition of its work at the end, greatly to the edification apparently of the other guests at the hotel, who all along seemed to be envious of the absorbing pursuit of the camerists, for they never had a moment of *ennui* or of wondering what they could next find to amuse themselves withal.

◆

For their work, though serious enough in some respects, had its amusing side too. With all the natural hilarity that develops in a three weeks' acquaintanceship of congenial spirits, there was subjoined much opportunity for mirthfulness in making the best of the somewhat limited facilities of the first season at a seacoast resort for dark-room work. There was the boy who was to carry water for washing the plates, and who struck after one hour's work, for which he was to get twenty-five cents, because he could make six dollars a day picking blueberries! On a kindly analysis of this amount by the Spectator, however, it appeared that his certain return from this source would foot up only twenty cents; and he concluded to hold on to his "sure thing" and not to gamble in futures. There was the native who had a "lady friend" whose picture he wanted to have taken, but who went away disappointed on learning that the class did not produce tintypes. There were other well-meaning natives who wanted to take the photographers to grand places for picture-making with "black rocks forty foot high." There was the woman humorist of the class, a semi-professional photographer, who, when asked if her business paid well financially, said, "It depends upon how much work I do. If I have a slack season, why, I don't lose very much, for my expenses are small then. But if I have a rush of custom, my losses are apt to be pretty heavy." Then there was the man humorist—but his jokes were not as good as the young woman's, and they shall not be reported. His one serious remark, however, may be quoted, for it had the approbation of all the picture-making company: "Never mind our little troubles about frilled plates and crowded dark-rooms and hypo in the developing trays," he said; "we are surely having the best time of our lives. Look at that picture! Not yours, but mine!"

◆

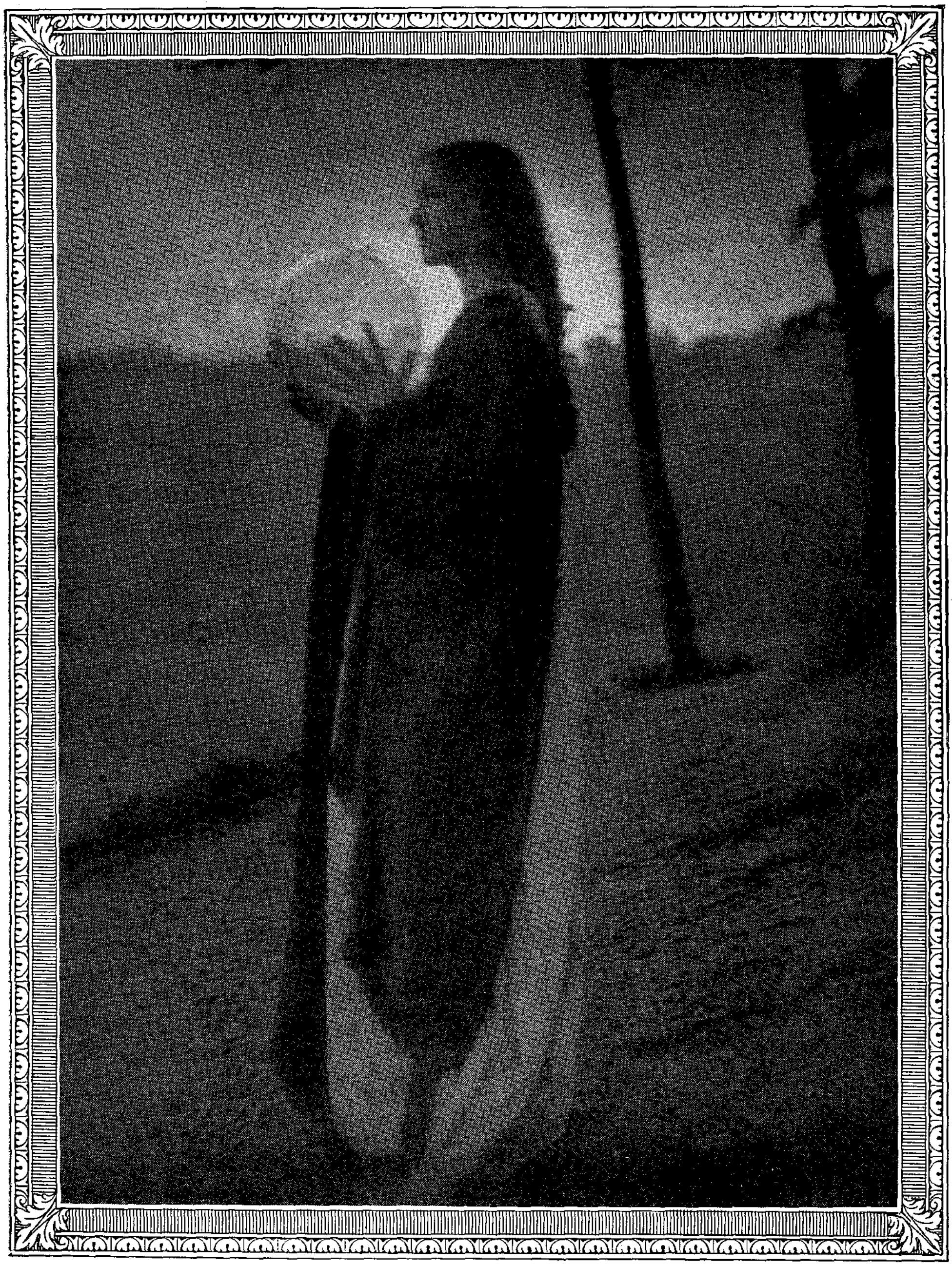
The Spectator's readers will be interested in seeing on the following pages some characteristic examples of Mr. White's photographic work, and will gather from the reproductions some idea of the beauty of the original prints, and of the enthusiasm which they inspired in pupils who were attempting like things.



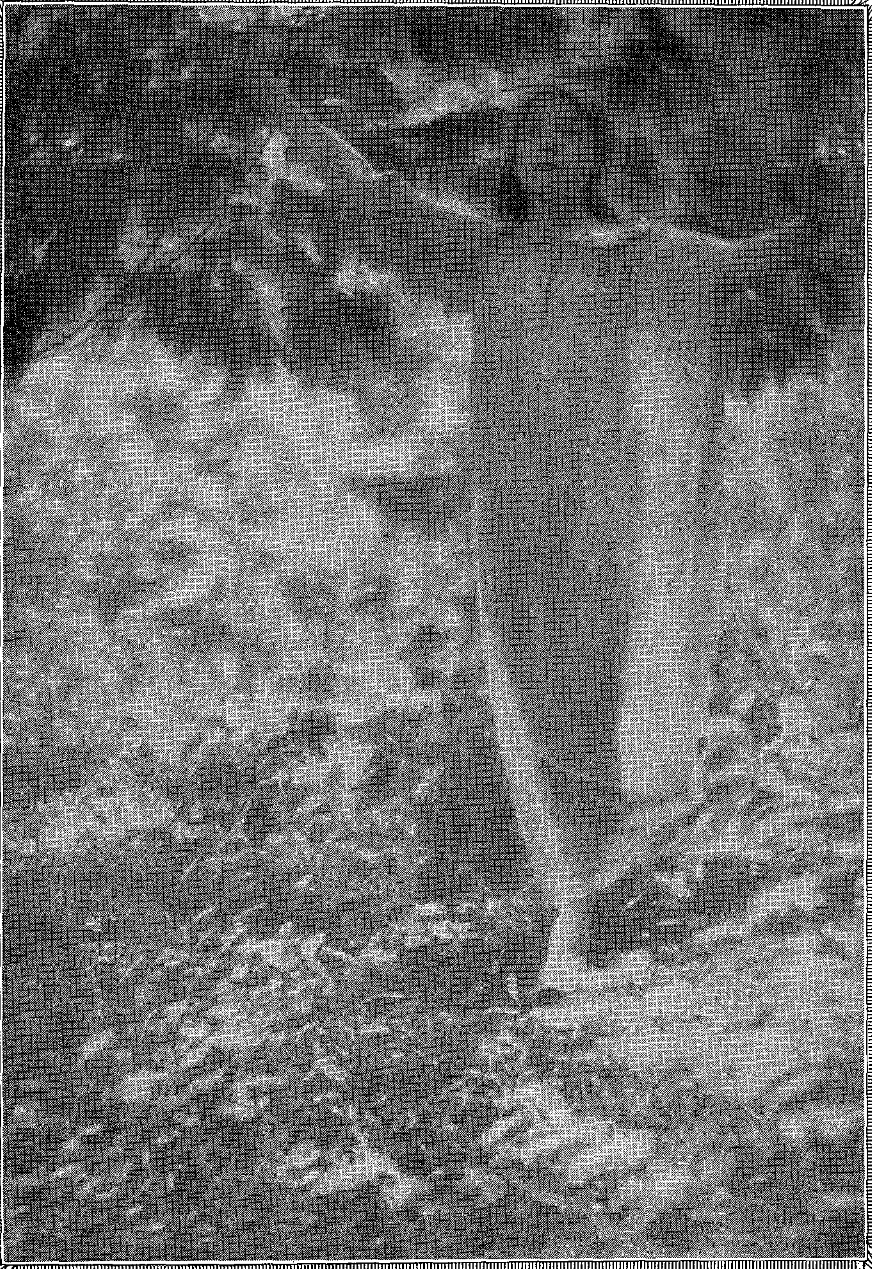
STUDIES OF WOMEN

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CLARENCE H. WHITE

AUTUMN



TWILIGHT



MORNING

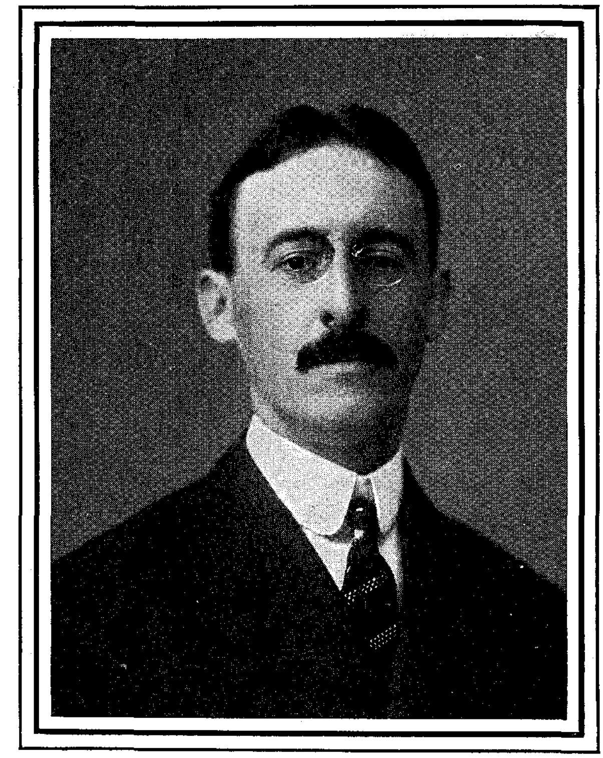
In the Political Field

Sergeant Stimson, a Good Soldier

Several years ago, during the Administration of President Taft's predecessor, a young New York lawyer went to Washington on business. Finding himself unemployed in the afternoon of a dull and drizzly spring day, he took a horse and rode out into the Rock Creek Reservation. As he was riding along alone on the road which follows the bank of Rock Creek he suddenly heard his name dropped apparently from the skies. He looked about and could not discover any one, but heard his name called again. He then discovered two figures standing on the opposite bank of the creek.

Again a voice hailed him, "Stimson, come over here," and a second voice, high and thin, added, "The President of the United States directs Sergeant Stimson of Squadron A to come at once to his assistance, by order of the Secretary of War." Squadron A, it might be added, is New York's crack cavalry troop; and it was in the law office of the Secretary of War that "Sergeant" Stimson gained his first legal experience.

Drawing himself up and giving the most soldierly salute of which he was capable, Sergeant Stimson quietly replied, "Very good, sir," and put his horse at the wall which lines the bank of the creek at that point, hoping, as he afterward confessed, that the horse would refuse to take it, for the creek was in full flood, its waters loaded with mud and débris. The horse, however, proved obedient, and in a moment Mr. Stimson found himself and his horse beyond their depth in the rushing current and being whirled and tumbled about. They were being swept swiftly downstream when he saw the President standing on the bank, his face white and his arms upraised, adjuring him to go back. There was precious little chance, however, for horse or rider to go any way but where the stream carried them, even if the wall over which they had leaped had not been impassable. In a few minutes they had been carried well downstream and swept in toward the shore, where they found a break in the wall through which the horse was able to scramble. A little below there was a bridge, which Mr. Stimson crossed. Riding up the opposite bank, he was met by the two men running rapidly toward him and looking like a pair of school-boys who had been caught in some naughty act. Again drawing himself up and saluting, he said, quietly, "Sergeant Stimson begs to report that he is here ready to offer assistance." The President, a little at a loss for once, hesitated a moment, and



HENRY L. STIMSON

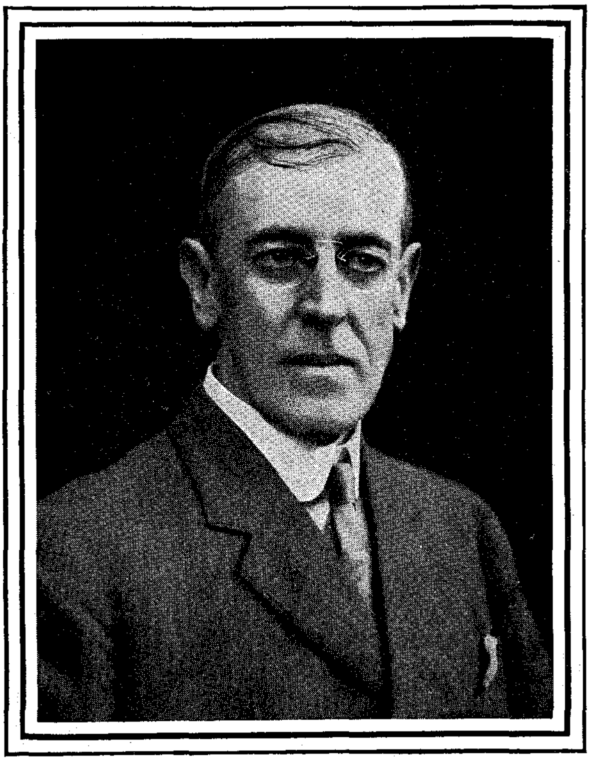
then said, "When I heard that order given, I did not think it would be obeyed. The wall on our side was impassable." Again Mr. Stimson saluted, and said, "Mr. President, when a soldier hears an order, it is not for him to consider whether the way is impassable or not." Once more the President stammered a little and then said, "Well, I am glad you did it, but now ride home as fast as you can and drink all the stimulants you can lay your hands on." Some time later, when the office of Federal Attorney for the district which includes New York City was vacant, the President recalled the incident and appointed Henry L. Stimson, with the remark, "I guess a man who wasn't afraid to swim that creek in response to an order would be a pretty good man to go after those fellows down in New York."

How "Sergeant" Stimson has justified his appointment is history. His successful prosecution of the Sugar Trust, which brought back into the United States Treasury from the Trust and other sugar companies over three million dollars and sent to jail not only the men who committed the frauds with their own hands but men "higher up;" of the New York Central Railroad for rebating; of the New York "Herald" for printing indecent advertisements; of Charles W. Morse for his achievements in the realm of "high finance," have been some of the best strokes that have been struck in the campaign against corrupt business.

Quiet efficiency, unflinching courage, an insatiable appetite for work, aversion to the spectacular, and what Mr. Roosevelt at Saratoga called "truculent integrity" are distinguishing characteristics of the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. Governor Hughes could have no more appropriate successor.

A College President as Candidate

Sainte-Beuve would have found much in Dr. Woodrow Wilson's background to explain the man. He is, to begin with, a Virginian by birth, and those who know him find in him much that recalls the vigor, courage, and the large ability of the early men of that great State. He went through Princeton, where many young men from the South have found their college opportunity. The University of Virginia instructed him for two years in the knowledge of the law, and Atlanta, Georgia, gave him for the same length of time a chance to show what he could do before the courts. But the young lawyer had other ambitions than that of immediate success at the bar, and he was soon studying jurisprudence, history, and political science at the Johns Hopkins University, then newly started on its eminently useful career as a university with a staff of unusually able teachers and a great spirit of work among its students. His thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on "Congressional Gov-



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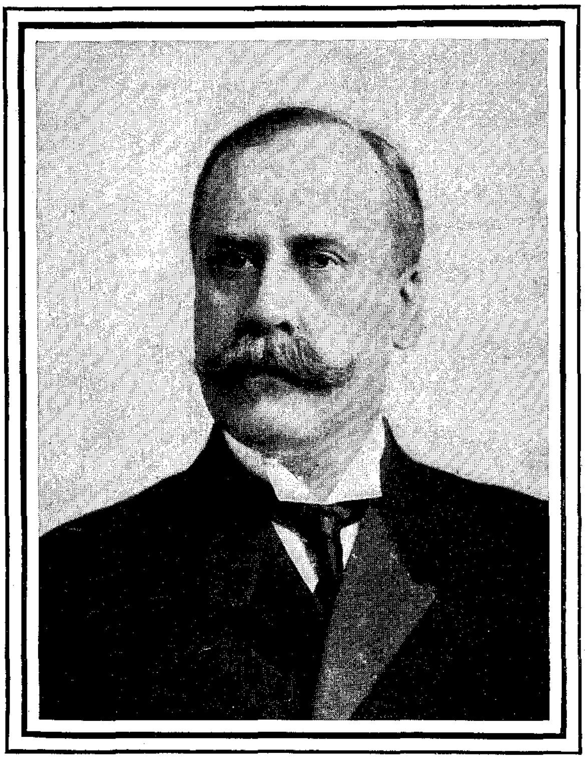
ernment" was so well done that it has become a text-book, and it is to be reckoned among the little group of studies of the American political structure which are really illuminating. The ability shown in this book fastened attention upon the young scholar. He was called to an associate professorship of history at Bryn Mawr, thence he went to Wesleyan University, and in 1890 became Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton. His method of teaching was fresh and vital, his personality deeply interested his students, and the air of his lecture-rooms was free from any touch of dry-as-dustism. Eight years ago, on the resignation of President Patton, he became President of Princeton University; and it is not too much to say that in the last eight years no college president in this country has done more to reinvigorate intellectual life in the Eastern colleges or to re-establish intellectual standards among undergraduates than Dr. Wilson. He has made study respectable, and has persuaded students that it has some place in the college curriculum, whatever they may think to the contrary.

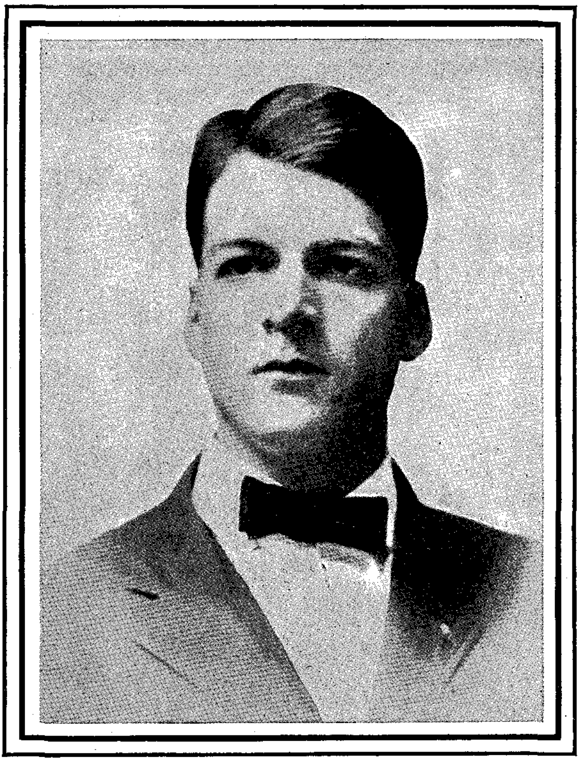
A student of the theory of government and the science of politics, Dr. Wilson has amply reinforced his theories with a knowledge of history. His studies of Burke have brought into his style something of the capacious quality of that great man's expression and much of the dignity which goes with large ideas. He has respect for literature as well as for law, and his volume of papers on "Mere Literature and Other Essays" shows undoubted gifts as an essayist. His study of Washington is a capital picture of the old-time Virginia gentleman emerging from the care of a great plantation into the handling of an army and the conduct of a new nation. His "History of the American People" is widely known, and has secured very considerable popularity. Dr. Wilson is much more than a scholar in politics. He has a mind trained to the consideration of public questions. A lawyer by education, he has been in an unusual sense a student of public affairs. He is a Democrat of the old-fashioned type, but in many respects he has traveled far from the old-time positions, for he is very free-spoken, and he is not afraid of new things. As a public speaker Dr. Wilson has an impressive manner and an eloquence which borrows nothing from the tricks of oratory, but much from the charm of literature. He has also the habit of saying pungent things and the power of turning an effective aphorism.

The Democratic Governor of Maine

An interesting figure among the newly elected Governors this autumn is the first to be elected, Colonel Frederick William Plaisted, of Maine. He is a man of distinguished appearance, and is an effective speaker. He is a Democrat. A Democratic Governor of Maine! We have to go back thirty years to find another, and



FREDERICK W. PLAISTED



SYDNEY ANDERSON

under the Sturgis Act, it was partially enforced. Mr. Plaisted should have no reason to doubt the strength of this particular issue which has elevated him into gubernatorial office, for the Democrats elected thirteen out of sixteen high sheriffs in a supposedly ruggedly Republican State. It has indeed been Republican hitherto. Its pluralities for Republican Presidents have usually been impressive. But for Governor the majority which was once on a par with that for the President has gradually sunk until, in 1908, Governor Fernald was elected by only a comparatively small majority. "I am going to make good," declares the vigorous new Governor. In order to do that he must make his legislators wipe out the Sturgis Act and submit the prohibitory clause in the State Constitution to the people for their judgment. As the new Legislature is Democratic and

who should he be but Frederick Plaisted's father! Family traditions count for something in an old State like Maine, and Colonel Plaisted will doubtless enjoy considerable prestige from his father's occupancy of the office to which the son has now been elected. But Governor Frederick Plaisted has a prestige of his own, for Governor Harris Plaisted, serving in 1881 and 1882, was not elected on a straight ticket; he was carried into office by a fusion of Democrats and Republican greenbackers. Frederick Plaisted, on the other hand, was elected on a straight Democratic ticket. The new Governor of Maine has abundant qualifications for the place, for he has been an excellent Mayor of Augusta, and a mayoralty is a proper stepping-stone to a governorship. Moreover, he is a man of vigorous personality and a thorough believer in the particular reform which led to his election, namely, the overthrowing of a State-wide liquor prohibition law. Maine people have long been tired of that law when it was not enforced, and they became still more tired of it some years ago when,

elected to do those very things, the intelligent people of Maine will now have a chance to reconsider State-wide liquor prohibition, and substitute therefor the sensible system of local option.

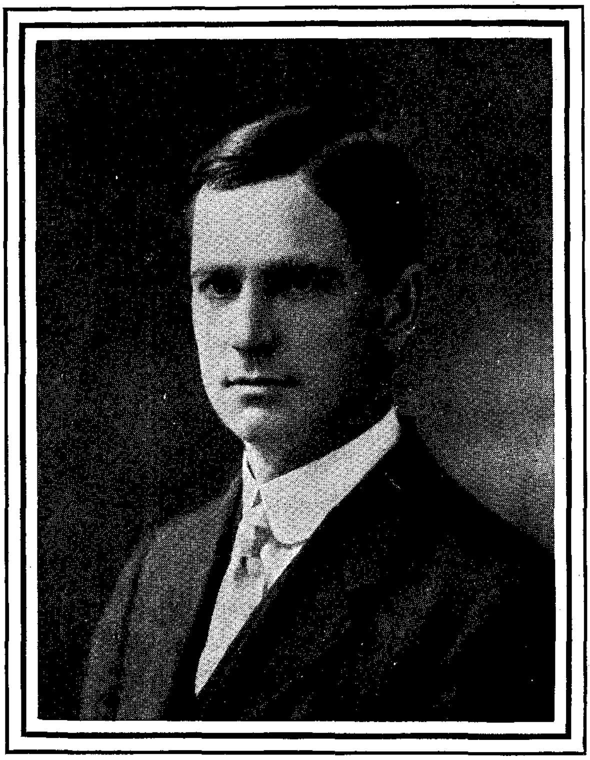
A Progressive Who Won

Sydney Anderson, the young man in Minnesota who defeated Mr. Tawney in the struggle for nomination to Congress, seemed indeed a David besides his Goliath opponent, for the Hon. James A. Tawney is Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the National House of Representatives. He is well known as an authority on all subjects dealing with the National budget. He has been trusted and admired for this quality by politicians, independently of party. His narrow views, however, in other directions gained for him the enmity of the Progressive Republicans, and these nominated, as opposition candidate, Mr. Anderson. During his short campaign he had the great advantage of assistance from such magnetic orators as Mr. Gifford Pinchot and Mr.

Francis J. Heney, and the special advantage of unexpected Democratic support. The victory of Mr. Anderson was emphatically one of Republican Progressives over Republican reactionaries.

For the Square Deal

Robert Perkins Bass is a smooth-shaven, quiet-looking young man of medium height. He impresses you right away as having a lot of reserved power. He is only thirty-seven years old. He is a descendant of one of the families who early settled in New Hampshire. He lives in the town of Peterboro, a community quite characteristic of the State's general quality of population. His older brother, John Foster Bass, is the well-known war correspondent who saw service in the Greek, Spanish, and Japanese wars, the Cretan, Philippine, Boxer, and Macedonian uprisings. Robert Bass is a Harvard man—doubly so, for he is a graduate both of the University and the Law School. He is a Republican. His political appearance occurred four years ago, when Governor McLane appointed him on the State Forestry Commission, a position well deserved, as Mr. Bass had been among the first to show practical appreciation of modern forestry methods, and had always labored enthusiastically for the establishment of a National forest in the White Mountains. When he went into the State Legislature, he became largely responsible for the enactment by it of a more progressive State Forestry Law. But, what was yet more important, he became a leader in organizing the Progressive Republican forces. He was twice elected to the State House of Representatives, and last year was elected to the State Senate. He framed a direct primary bill, introduced it, and had the satisfaction of seeing it passed, thus giving to New Hampshire a peculiar and enviable distinction among Eastern States. This year, under the first direct primaries ever held in New Hampshire, Mr. Bass was logically made the nominee for Governor. This nomination rested primarily on Mr. Bass's accomplishments in the House and Senate—the passage of the Anti-Pass Bill, the Regulation of Lobbies, the Railway Employees' Pay, and the Taxation Equalization Bills, in addition to the Forestry and Direct Nominations Acts above mentioned. In addition, Mr. Bass favors certain measures which unfortunately have not yet passed, such as, for instance, the bill providing for the limitation and publicity of campaign expenses. In all these struggles for a "square deal" Mr. Bass had to lead forces comparatively unorganized, in distinction from those of the "machine." And yet the unorganized forces conquered. Mr. Winston Churchill made somewhat the same fight two years ago, but without the same success, because of the absence of present conditions. He has said that the New Hampshire people may be depended upon to fight for the right man if they are once given the chance.

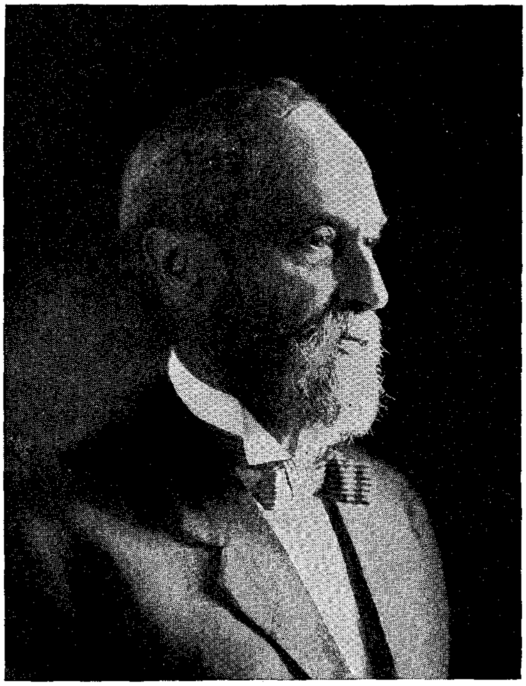


ROBERT P. BASS

The Direct Nominations Act did give them the chance, and Mr. Bass won in the primaries by nearly two to one. He won in the Convention also. It may seem strange that in a State supposed to be corporation-controlled a very young man should win the Republican nomination for Governor, and many people are asking, "How did he do it?" The best answer is that he had the ability to do it. It may not be generally known that, when a young man, Mr. Bass's father conducted the second campaign for Abraham Lincoln. The young campaigner had asked Lincoln for advice concerning the work. Lincoln replied, "If you can do it, you will know how to do it." So Robert Bass felt that he could win and knew how. For a month he vigorously stumped the State. That was enough to disclose the fact that the supporters of his "standpat" Republican rival for the nomination were the railway attorneys, the free-pass holders, and the politicians who were in sympathy with the corporative control of the State Government. On this disclosure public sentiment and sympathy turned rapidly to Mr. Bass, and his opponent's campaign became more than ever of the "gum-shoe" order. Thus both in legislation accomplished and in victory won over his party reactionaries Mr. Bass has put New Hampshire well to the front among Republican progressive States.

A Jurist in Politics

If Mr. Bass is the youngest, the oldest in point of years of this autumn's gubernatorial nominees is Simeon Eben Baldwin, Democratic nominee for Governor of Connecticut. He is seventy years old. Mr. Baldwin is a Yale graduate, and studied law at Yale and Harvard. He has spent his life as a lawyer, pure and simple, and not as a politician. In his profession he has attained an international reputation. He is one of the first jurists of our time. He has risen to the highest judicial dignity in his own State, having been for a long time Associate Justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors, and since 1907 the Chief Justice of that Court. For many years he has also been Professor of Constitutional and International Law at Yale, and his reputation as a teacher is hardly second to that as a jurist. His various works have also acquired great repute: his "Connecticut Digest," his "Cases on Railroad Law," his "Two Centuries' Growth of American Law," his "American Railroad Law," and his "American Judiciary." He has been President of the American Bar Association and of the International Law Association. Because of his State's Constitutional provision that no judge may hold office after attaining the age of threescore and ten, Judge Baldwin now turns from expounding the law to become very probably its administrator—certainly to dignify a political campaign. He is thus a striking example of the man who first attains great distinction and long experience in his own profession



SIMEON EBEN BALDWIN

before going into political life. In that life, however, he should have equal success. His course as lawyer and as judge shows that no lobby could do business with him as Governor at Hartford, the Connecticut capital. Indeed, one might safely predict that, if he is chosen Governor, any Hartford lobby will be driven from the halls of legislation as the money-changers were once driven from the Temple at Jerusalem. It may also be predicted that, if Judge Baldwin becomes Governor, the great railway corporation which gridirons Connecticut and the other public service corporations will be paying their just share of taxes, whether they do now or not. Simeon Baldwin is an old-fashioned Democrat. He belongs to that type made illustrious by Tilden and Cleveland, and is not in the least suggestive of Bryan rhetoric and flamboyance. In contrast, he is rather austere and cold. But he inspires instant confidence and respect. Should he become Governor, it will be interesting to see whether he will give the State the kind of administration given by his father, Roger Sherman Baldwin. Roger Baldwin also represented Connecticut in the United States Senate. Going back another generation, we find Judge Baldwin's grandfather a justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court, and his great-grandfather, Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

THE AIRMAN

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

I was born for open spaces,
  Which the wandering tempest fills;
Not for me the secret places
  In the deep heart of the hills;
Neither sea nor plain enthralls me,
  To a lonelier vastness vowed;
'Tis the upper air that calls me,
  And the white breast of the cloud.

With the empty blue above me,
  With the gale beneath my wing,
I must woo the void to love me,
  Teach the silent air to sing.
As the wanderer knows the highways,
  As the sailor knows the sea,
So the shifting, trackless byways
  Yield their mysteries to me.

Where the great wind-currents hold me
  In their treacherous, chill embrace;
Where the curling mists enfold me,—
  There my heart has found her place.
As the wild air-tides are riven
  Where I press my burning flight,
To their charge my life is given,
  And my soul to their delight.

TEOFILO BRAGA

The First President of Portugal

Teofilo Braga, a poet, philologist, and philosopher, President of Portugal! And yet it was shrewd on the part of the revolutionaries to put at their head not only the stanch republican of fifty years' standing but Portugal's one scholar of international reputation, a sedate, peaceful, kindly man of high character, one who has spent his life in study. For thus they redeem themselves, they think, from the charge of being wholly a band of agitators and grafters and non-intellectuals. No matter how many Anarchists and rascals are taking refuge under Senhor Braga's skirts, it is undeniable that the act of making him provisional President instead of giving that office immediately to Senhor Machado, the real head of the republicans, has had a quieting effect. Certainly its psychological value, expressed in terms of politics, has been considerable, both in Portugal and abroad. Teofilo Braga is sixty-five years old. He has written about a hundred volumes, twenty of which comprise a history of Portuguese literature. He has been generally referred to by the press of our day as the most eminent man of letters in Portugal. His prestige in this regard assuredly adds respectability and dignity to the republican triumph. But the questions with every one are: Will Braga prove a man of action? Will he preserve a proper poise and balance? Even if he does, will not the habits of a lifetime prove too much for him? Will he not long, after a while, to abandon the bustling men of practical political experience who now surround him and leave the seething center of government for his great quiet library and his choice circle of learned cronies? We shall see. At all events, his entrance into political activity was apparently satisfactory to his republican friends.

The Flight

By Edmund L. Pearson

"LET'S run away!" said Ed Mason. Really, it seemed the only possible suggestion. When you have simply got to reduce your hard-hearted parents to contrition, milk-and-water methods are useless. A blow must be struck—sharp and decisive. Then they will recognize your value, be properly humbled, and come around to a correct view of things.

Our situation called for desperate remedies. A side-show was responsible. The circus was due in town on the morrow, and for two weeks we had studied the posters. Whether the hippopotamus would in very truth have a mouth somewhat larger than the door of the barn to which his portrait was affixed; whether the head of the giraffe would actually soar above the clouds, as represented; and whether a beautiful lady would indeed stand on the tip of an elephant's trunk and airily juggle three baby lions and a Japanese parasol—these problems had vexed us for fourteen long days. Charley Carter stuck out for the literal accuracy of the posters. "'Cos if it wasn't so, they wouldn't dare to print 'em—it's against the law." This was his argument in rebuttal. Truth to say, none of us were strongly inclined to oppose him. We were more than willing to accept the pictures as photographic.

This point decided without further discussion, we could devote our meditations to the circus itself. We could lay our plans and dream our dreams in all felicity. Rob Currier would rise, it seemed, before three o'clock on the morning of the great day, and go with his father to watch the unloading of the circus. Our desire to join in this expedition subsided when Jimmy Toppan related his adventures at a similar treat the year before. It was true that he had observed the dim but mountainous forms of elephants and camels outlined against the dawn, but he had also slipped on the car track and so sprained his ankle that he had to forego, not only the great street parade at 10 A.M., but the show itself in the afternoon. The possibility of any such tragic occurrence made Ed Mason and me decide to let the circus unload as best it could without our assistance.

But on this, the very day before the circus would exhibit, we were smitten by an unexpected grief. Charley Carter started the ball of trouble rolling. "Are you fellers goin' to the side-show?" he asked. And he added, complacently, "*I* am."

We had not considered the matter. We supposed we were going. The pictures representing the attractions of the side-show recurred to us, and straightway it became an imperative necessity that we find out if we were going to see these wonders. We repaired to our respective homes, but were soon back at the place of meeting (Charley Carter's garden) with dolorous faces. The parental mind in the House of Edwards was at one with that in the House of Mason. The street parade in the morning we should see, and we should be suitably provided with red or green balloons for the more complete enjoyment of the spectacle. To the afternoon performance we should go, pockets filled with the peanuts of Mr. Mazzoni, who sold much better peanuts than the half-baked things supplied by the circus venders. These we might share, if we felt so disposed, with the elephants. Pink lemonade we should *not* imbibe, as it was "miserable stuff." And the side-show we should not enter, as it was "vulgar."

Such were the terms of the ultimatum. To article one, concerning the street parade and the balloons, we signified our assent. To the second article, *in re* peanuts, we also assented. Article three, which forbade pink lemonade, was accepted with the understanding that we yielded to *force majeure*. But to the final article, prohibiting the side-show, we entered an indignant protest. It was promptly overruled.

Can one conceive a more irrational position? What was this thing, vulgarity, which before now had stood in our path?

Had the extra cost of admission to the side-show been the cause for the refusal, we could have understood, even while regretting, the parental attitude. But vulgarity—what was it? To us the different exhibits of the show, as portrayed upon the posters, were both curious and wonderful. Were we not men and philosophers, passengers through life, and observers of the human show? Was it not our bounden duty to see all that was strange and marvelous in this great world? Well, then, by what right did our tyrants act? We were of the human race, and held none of its members alien. Though it might be questioned if the dog-faced boy, the genuine mermaid, the lady with a body like a serpent, and the man of india-rubber skin, came unreservedly into the category of human creatures—still such objections were mere quibbles. A golden opportunity for delight and self-improvement was being denied us, and for the flimsiest of reasons, so we straightway raised the standard of revolt and nailed it to the mast.

Running away from home is at once the boldest of strokes and the most subtle form of revenge. It asserts your independence at the same time that it reduces your parents to humility. We decided upon it, and then and there fixed the hour of five that afternoon as the time of our departure from home and kindred. We would sever all the ties that bound us to civilization, and plunge into the trackless wilds.

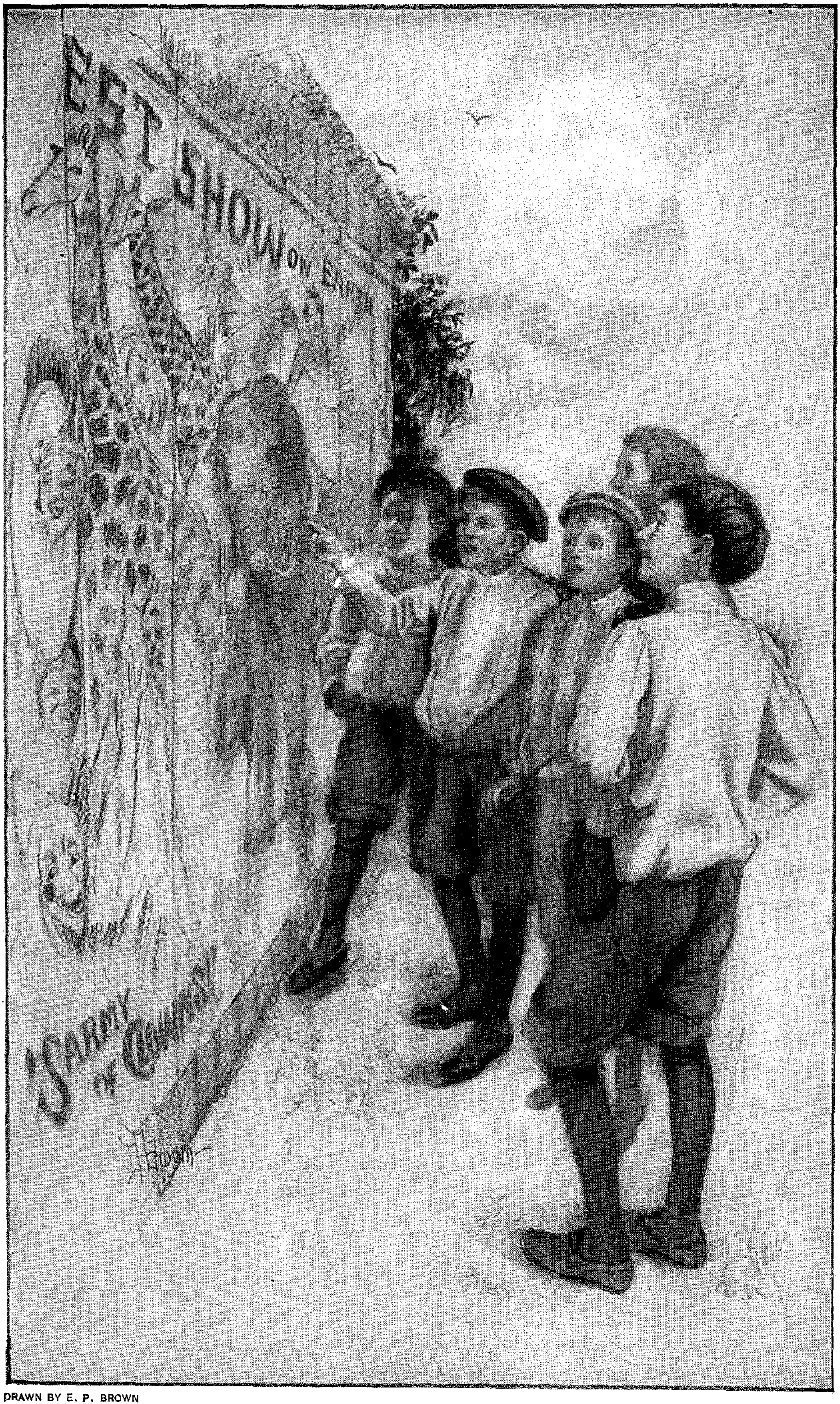
Prompt to the hour, I met the resolute Mason on the farther side of the frog-pond. He was simply yet appropriately equipped with a cap-pistol, and two bananas for provender while crossing the trackless wilds. I carried a light sling-shot and a package of soda-biscuit. Game—partridges, antelopes, and other creatures—might be slain *en route;* while our thirst could be slaked at the brooks and streams. We set out in silence, as became our high purpose. In a little over an hour we had penetrated the desert as far as Brown's ice-house, and there we decided to camp for the night. We had encountered no antelopes, buffaloes, nor other animals, except a herd of cows belonging to Mr. Haskell. They were being driven home by a small boy.

In a little grove of trees back of the ice-house we sat down and made our supper of bananas and soda-biscuit. The ice-pond provided water to wash down the meal. We faced the west, and received full in our eyes the rays of the sun, now rapidly approaching the earth.

For a time we beheld the spectacle of the sunset, though our minds were not upon it. We conversed upon the possibilities of adventure in the Far West, upon the circus which we were leaving behind, and most of all of the excitement probably now rife in our homes. Ed Mason, it appeared, had left a note behind him to inform his family of our departure, of the utter folly of any attempt at pursuit, and of the fact that our first stopping-place would be Omaha. Why he fixed upon Omaha, except that it is remote from our home on the Atlantic coast, I am unable to explain. By this time, we agreed, our families had begun to wish that they had treated us better in the matter of that side-show.

Some low hills rose upon the western horizon, and the sun disappeared behind them not long after we had finished supper. It cast a golden outline on a strange procession of dark-gray clouds which now came out of the north and moved slowly across the place lately occupied by the ball of fire. They followed one after the other like uncouth animals—the dromedary with his hump was there, the elephant, and other figures, longer and lower, like serpents and lizards. We watched them in silence. A faint breeze moved the branches of the apple tree over our heads. It was perceptibly darker now, and not easy to make out the details of the fields and meadows. Two men passed along the dusty road on the other side of the stone wall. They did not notice us, but we heard them discussing a dog after they had vanished from sight. The sky in the east and north turned rosy, and its colors were reflected in the pond. A man with a lantern moved about Mr. Brown's barnyard for a while, then disappeared indoors, and presently a light shone from one of the windows of the house.

The glow in the west; the pageant of clouds, whose fiery edges had grown dimmer; the immensity of the overarching


EST SHOW ON EARTH
'S ARMY OF CLOWNS!

DRAWN BY E. P. BROWN

"AND FOR TWO WEEKS WE HAD STUDIED THE POSTERS" sky, still turquoise-colored—all these, together with the disappearance of the familiar landscape, conspired to make the two buffalo-hunters under the apple tree feel rather diminutive. The swallows had ceased their flight and gone to bed. Two or three robins screamed excitedly for a while, and darted in apparent hurry from tree to tree. Finally they became quiet, except for an occasional outburst of twittering. Two bats began to flutter about, with their high, thin, squeaking cries like the opening and shutting of a new pair of scissors.

The darkness was far advanced; three or four stars were visible, and the pink tint had faded from the sky. The pond gleamed like silver, but its banks were black and mysterious.

Ed Mason suggested that, as we had to be on the road early in the morning, it was time now for us to turn in. I agreed; but we sat still for a few moments without moving. Then it occurred to us that we had neither blankets, pillows, nor any covering, so we discussed the propriety of getting some hay from Mr. Brown's barn. After considering what the best hunters, trappers, and outlaws would do in the circumstances, we decided that while sleeping in the barn itself was inadmissible, it was quite correct to make a secret levy on Mr. Brown for some hay.

With this purpose we arose and started cautiously for the barn. Before we had taken five steps in that direction, a voice spoke. It was a deep, resonant voice, charged with authority and menace. The word or phrase that it uttered was not, it seemed to us, especially relevant, but there could be no mistaking the import of its accent and tone. It came from the earth, from the sky, from nowhere in particular and from everywhere in general.

It said: "*Ker-r-rum!*"

Having said this, it was instantly silent. The final syllable ended suddenly, but yet with a twang as if some giant had touched the string of a great instrument. The hush that ensued was appalling. I had sat down, as if struck to the earth, the moment I heard the awful sound, and now I tried to address Ed Mason, who was leaning faintly against a tree. But I made three efforts before my vocal apparatus responded.

"Wh-what was it?" I asked.

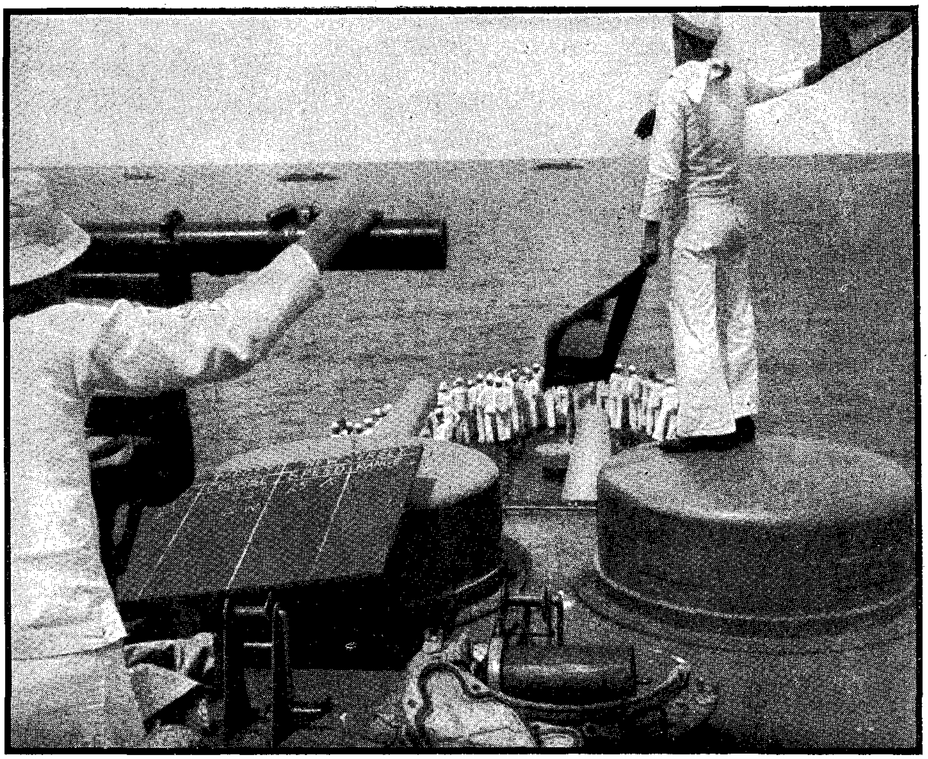
He turned toward me, and said something in a whisper, which I could not make out. I sat still for a moment longer, then hitched myself toward him and repeated my question. But he could not answer me. Neither could he say whence the sound came. That was the horrible part of it—the vague immensity of the note. We remained motionless for what we thought a long time. Then Ed suggested that we move our camp. Immediately the problem arose: in which direction should we move? While we deliberated, in whispers, suddenly again, ominous and terrible:

"*K'r-rum!*"

That sufficed. In three seconds we were over the wall and running at full speed along the highway. At the cross-roads, an eighth of a mile away, we saw the lights of a buggy. It contained certain male relatives.

"Hello, boys! Going home?"

We admitted that that was our destination.



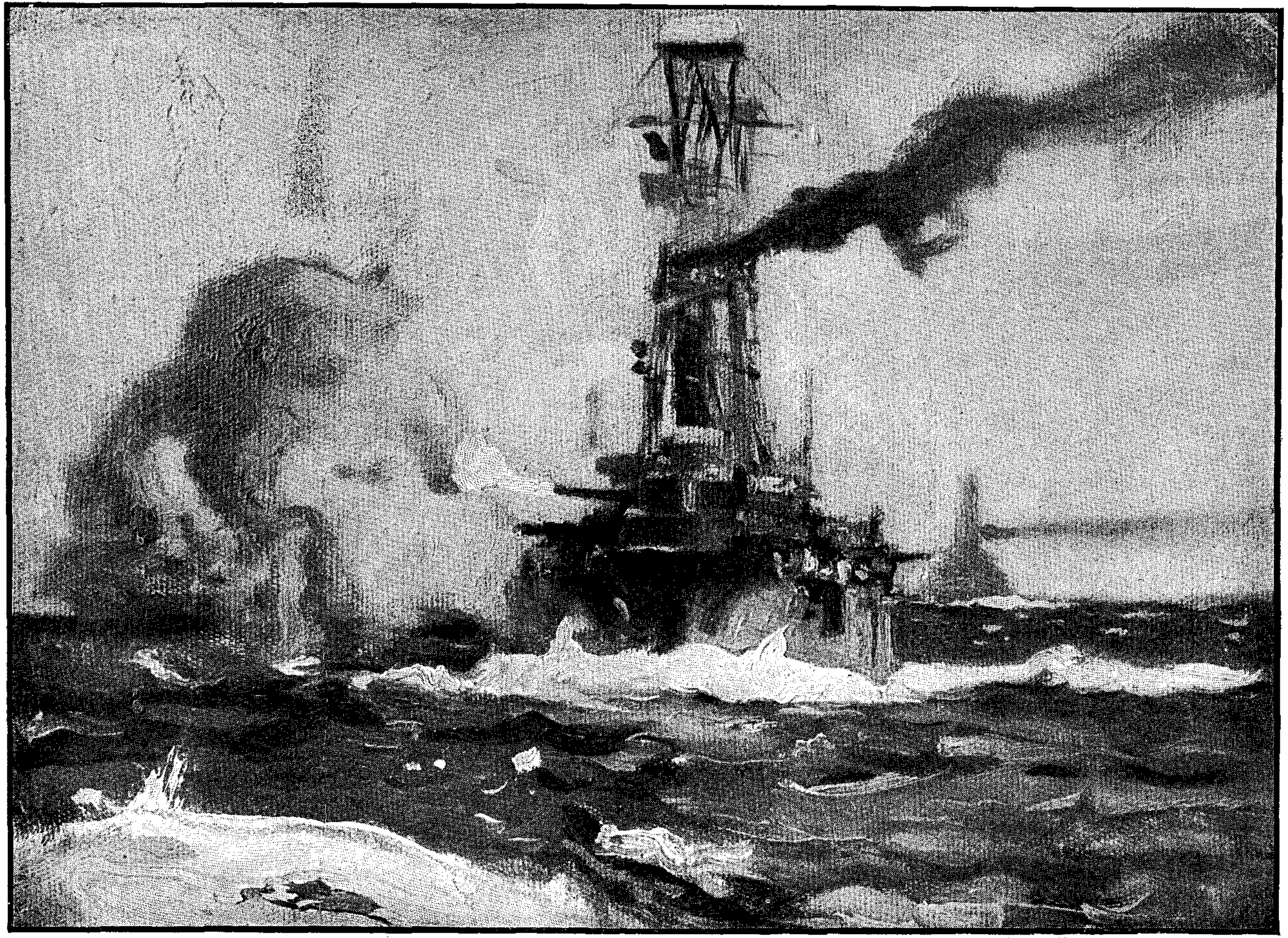
APPROACHING THE TARGETS TO OBSERVE THE NUMBER OF HITS MADE

The Gun-Pointers

By Henry Reuterdahl

A PATCH of the ocean forty miles square and right off the Virginia Capes is the drill-ground for the sixteen gray-walled ships of the Atlantic Fleet. One division (four battle-ships) operates together in the annual battle practice which is the final chapter in the yearly game of hits per gun per minute where the fighting value of each ship and its personnel becomes a mathematical certainty.

The game is just started, but a gale is swatting the seas, and the ships roll and pitch with the wind whistling through the skeleton masts, and the navigator's anemometer is whirling around recording a wind strength of thirty-nine miles. The new Dreadnoughts are steady as churches, but the older ships roll merrily, with the porcelain flying off the mess-table, and the small tugs are veritable submarines tumbling about as if on a scenic railway and making short cuts for smoother water inside the Capes. In spite of the weather, the ship is a nest of cheerfulness. All hands have drilled to a standstill—every one is ready and at concert pitch. But the storm has put a kink in the programme, and almost everybody is idle. In the wardroom conversation buzzes, the regular wardroom argument starting with the usual "I *don't* know anything about it, but it is *so*," and strenuous talk on hand-loading, "dope" about fourteen-inch guns and oil fuel, disturbs those who are sprawling on the sofa reading the "best sellers." The Naval Constructor has consumed all the light literature on board



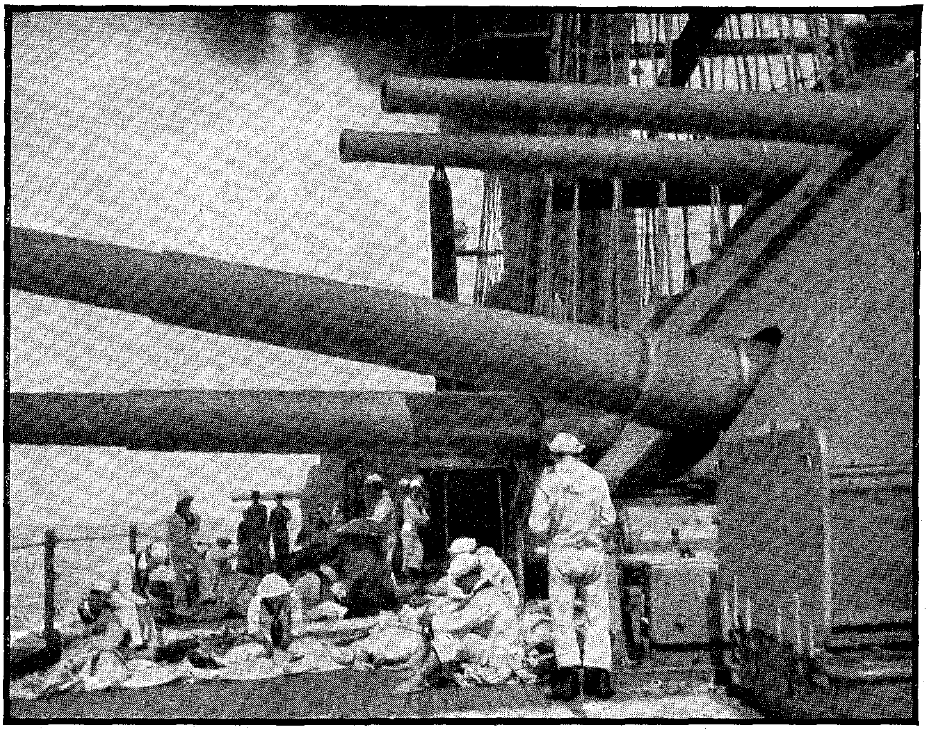
THE GEORGIA ON THE BATTLE RANGE
Painted by Henry Reuterdahl during the September battle practice of the Atlantic Fleet

and has been driven to international law. In a corner there is a swapping of stories, and the yarns of the inspector of target practice outshine Munchausen. Umpires from other ships are blessing the weather which delays the firing but gives them a chance to make up for lost sleep; the army observer thinks of his office desk covered with reports which red tape demands him to sign, and wishes that he were back on terra firma. There is no mail from shore, but the wireless intercepts the messages of the press people with the fleet, who for lack of excitement inform the country that a shell hit a liner, although not a gun has been fired for three days. All of which, with the last baseball scores picked up in the air, makes for enjoyment while the gale howls outside.

It should be understood that a sea like this does not stop the ship from firing. The fleet purposely conducts the practice in the open so as to have the shooting correspond to battle conditions. But the heave of the swell makes the handling of small boats an impossibility, and it becomes dangerous to work on the target rafts on which the canvas screens have to be hoisted as a point of aim.

The spectacular and imposing part of the game is the division battle practice, when four ships bang away at the target with their hulls hidden under the clouds of smokeless powder, which rises upward, obliterating masts and stacks. The blast of the guns smites your cheeks, the concussion raps your ear-drums, and the decks shake under the recoil as the turrets jerk back. There is a roar and a thunder in the air, a fierce yellow gas shoots forth, and a flame, wicked-looking in color, rolls out over the waters as if it came from an inferno. The gray, grim color of the ships, the smoke pouring out of the funnels into which the powder-clouds blend, the sleek flanks of the guns, the blue-curled rings which the air-blast ejects from the muzzles after firing, the terrific force of it all, grips you—the three other ships behind are firing, the turrets belching forth ten, twelve-inch shells—it all stirs your feelings, your patriotism, and your pride in the fleet. And you wish that the good people who don't believe in a navy, but who ask for help when phantom fleets pass their front porch (as they did in the Spanish War), could see this, because it cannot be painted or translated into language, and, besides, it might change their point of view.

When a Dreadnought like the Delaware steams over the range, the personal element is hidden; the decks are bare; the men are behind the walls of the turret or in the depths of magazines or handling-rooms. But it is when lying alongside the target raft that you feel the human touch of straining backs and pulling biceps —a return to the old days when sailorizing meant fighting the elements with life hanging in the balance. Here you have a raft made of heavy timbers tossing in the trough of the sea; a swarm of men naked to the waist are toiling to erect the masts which are to support the target screen. A couple of bluejackets flat on a projecting beam are trying to pass a halyard through an eyebolt. One minute they are under water, holding on tight; their heads bob up again, but a comber washes them out into the sea; they swim back, hook on with their knees, and finally secure the line. The canvas is hoisted and bellies out like a frigate's mainsail—with a loud report the masts break, the gear parts, and in a second the whole is a wreck. There is sulphur in the air, but it is with a grin—it is all part of the game. The lieutenant in charge, the chap who not long ago rushed into the hold of a burning powder barge and saved it, has peeled off his uniform and is working side by side just like his own men—soaked to the skin. A sea smashes the whale-boat against the raft, water pours into the hole, and a midshipman, seasick but alert, casts off his coat and stuffs it into the hole until a lead patch can be put on. These are the "darlings of the ball-room," as one of the papers put it, toiling shoulder to shoulder with their own people, just as wet, just as tired, working like beavers, risking life and limb. For the danger is great; to fall off the raft and get caught between it and the rolling tug alongside may mean instant death or a smashed leg. It is just one phase of the spirit of the service. "This ain't so bad if I had only had breakfast," shouted one of the men, and he had been on the raft since day-break. Four times the target was rigged,

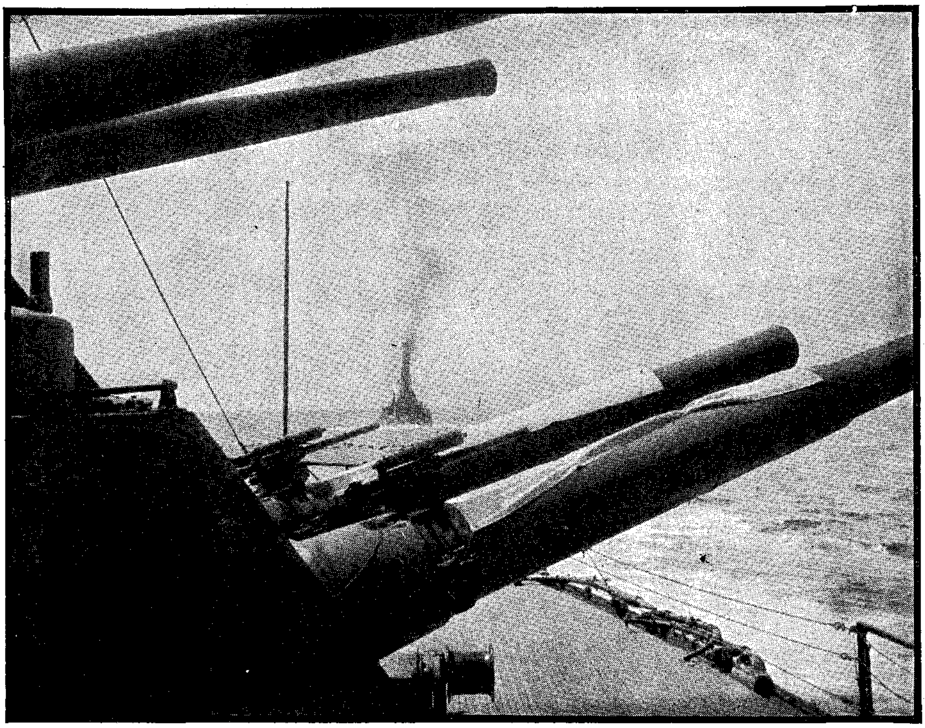


REPAIRING THE TARGET SCREEN

four times it was smashed by wind and sea; and the fellows who rigged it were the ones who later had to shoot at it, for the rules demand that the firing ship rig its own targets.

We are a bragging nation; each time we launch a ship it is the best, and our last destroyer is always the fastest, although a dozen foreign torpedo-craft have made better speed. We licked the Spaniards at Santiago, shouted over our own prowess, we went into hysterics over Manila, when in reality it was bad target practice against a stationary enemy, and at Santiago our ships fired 9,000 shots and hit the enemy 123 times—but nevertheless our gunners were, as usual, "the best in the world." This atmosphere of braggadocio stood against the navy's development in straight shooting. But with President Roosevelt came our naval renaissance, and it was not until he had taken official action that the shooting began to improve. To convince himself and to prove the uselessness of the old training system, he ordered the ships to sea and the fleet fired against a condemned lightship, with three hits as a result. It was these three hits that established the present method, which is bringing forth a marksmanship comparable with that of other great navies. Now we have a right to be proud; the brains of our officers have made gunnery training an individual competition and target practice a sport; our gun-pointers of to-day train with the same enthusiasm as if they were going into a football match. We now know the results, the cold, hard facts; the holes in the targets are there; we must not say we are the best, but, according to the information received from the naval attachés abroad, we hold our own.

The method of training which has accomplished such a score as the battle-ship South Carolina made recently—sixteen shots and sixteen hits out of one turret—does not cost the country one penny for ammunition. Instead, a highly ingenious attachment is applied to the gun simulating the action of a moving ship, and the gun-pointer points his gun in the same way as if he were firing under actual conditions. A small card bearing the outline of a target is attached to the gun itself in such a manner that when its bull's-

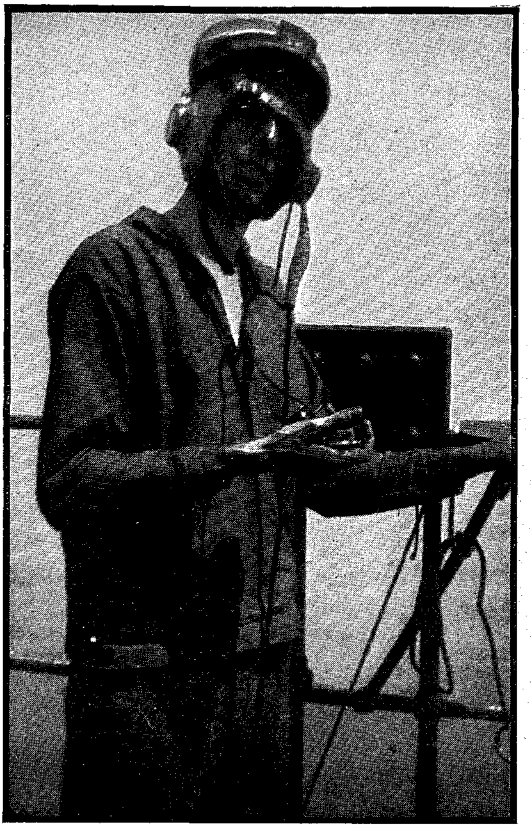


COMING UP THE RANGE FOR DIVISION FIRING

eye is in the cross wires of the telescope (the lens of the telescope has a vertical and horizontal line across it) the pointer's pressure on the firing-key releases a hammer which dots the target card and registers the accuracy of his aim. This process goes on and on until expertness is reached.

It should not be supposed that good gunnery depends alone upon the skill of the pointer; he is only one part of the human machinery which Admiral Erben christened as "the man behind the gun." It rests upon the successful team work of the whole crew; and it is not only accuracy of fire but its rapidity which counts in naval warfare, and rapid hitting rests upon how fast a gun can be served with powder and shell. The firing pointer has to keep his gun "on" the target, so that he is always ready to fire upon a signal in the buzzer which hangs on his chest. He must allow for the firing interval, the period of time consumed from the moment his hand acts upon the brain impulse of pressing the firing-key until the projectile leaves the muzzle. The trainer, the man who swings the gun from left to right, must also keep "on" the target as well, and the sight-setter should in three seconds set his sights according to the orders which he hears in the telephone strapped to his ears. No pointer can make a score in hits per gun per minute unless the crew is capable of rapid loading; twelve hits per minute have been made with a six-inch gun—the twelve-inch have a rate of two and a half shots a minute. To gain this speed with medium calibers a loading machine is employed, a replica of a gun breech, in which the men train to throw in powder and shell with express-train speed. Twelve charges per minute is a common record for the seven-inch loading machine, each shell weighing 165 pounds.

This is all preliminary, just a prologue to the elementary target practice during which each pointer qualifies for his certificate. He then fires a certain number of rounds at a moving target, the ship, of course, being under way, and his qualification depends upon the number of holes in the target screen. To him it is not only a matter of glory, but it also means increased pay. Then there are money prizes for the best turrets, also for the broadside guns. The winning crews have a right to paint the navy E, meaning excellent, on their turrets or gun-shields, and when you see a bluejacket on the street with the letter "E" on his sleeve, he is the sure real thing. The President's prizes, handsome bronze trophies, are also given to the best-shooting ships. The elementary practice includes torpedo-firing and mine-laying, which are carried out usually in Cape Cod Bay. The ship which makes the best score with torpedoes, lays her mines the quickest, and shoots the best in her class is awarded the Presidential trophy. And such competition establishes ship spirit—all hands pulling together; a year ago the cruiser Washington stood lowest in her class—to-day she holds the trophy. The elementary practice establishes the personal hitting ability of the pointer under conditions which are naturally not those of battle but of competition; but the ship as a fighting unit and its percentage of hitting efficiency are measured in the battle practice.



THE GUNNERY OFFICER

In the fire-control top during battle practice the telephone strapped to his ears places him in communication with all the guns

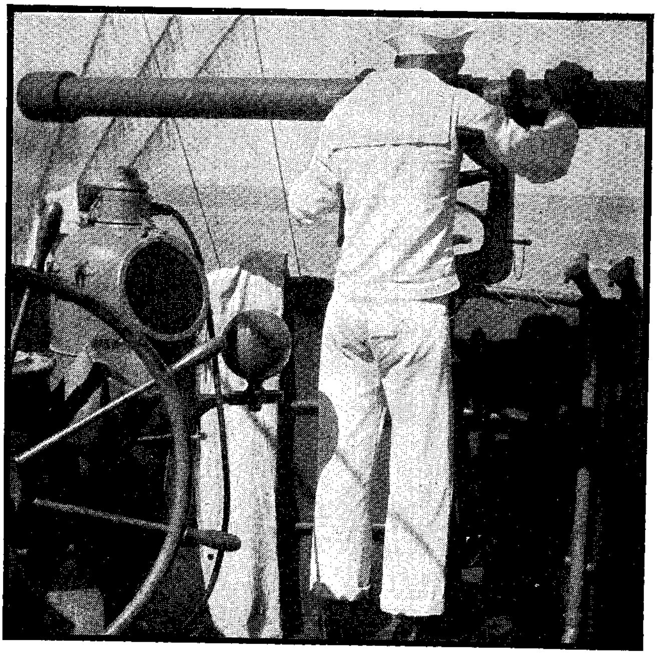
Gunnery is not alone a matter of skill on the part of the pointer or of the rapidity of the gun crews. The ship's gun-fire has to be properly directed and controlled, and this direction—the science of fire-control—is the great fundamental in successfully defeating an enemy's fleet. The pointer may be ever so accurate, but unless the sights of the gun are set to give the correct distance, the pointer's skill counts for naught.

A naval action of the future will be a matter of minutes. The fate of the Russians in the battle of Tsushima was decided in less than three-quarters of an hour, and the Variag was sunk in Chemulpo Harbor in forty minutes; hence the shots have to hit fast—they must be "bunched," for at ten thousand yards no first-class armor is penetrable; it is only when the distance drops down to six thousand yards that the gun is the master. A fleet hoping to win will try to paralyze the enemy by a galling fire as soon as the action opens, aiming to destroy his morale and by constant hammering try to get through his armor-belt, all of which can be accomplished by proper fire-control from the very beginning of the battle.

Fire-control and its details are one of the great secrets of every navy, and, as it is highly technical, only a brief outline of the process can be given as it is worked out during battle practice. In the top of the forward skeleton mast is a group of officers, the fire-control party, which, by means of telephones, voice-tubes, and electric indicators, is in communication with the guns. The range is first obtained by a range-finder, an optical instrument which is approximately accurate. One of the turrets fires two ranging shots, so as to check the distance given by the range-finder. The "spotters," by aid of powerful glasses, note where the projectile strikes the water. Should it fall short of the target, the spotter may order through his telephone, "Up three hundred, two right," which means that the sight of the firing gun should be raised three hundred yards and carried two knots to the right; this order is sent over the wires to the central station of the ship, below the water-line, whence it goes direct into the telephone strapped over the sight-setter's ears. The next shot may go above the target, and the spotter telephones, "Down fifty," making the range correct, so that when the broadside salvo is fired the target is hit. It is comparatively simple to hit an anchored target, but the battle targets are towed and their speed is unknown to the firing ship. This speed must be ascertained and the change of its rate sent to the guns every fifteen seconds. This is done by means of several systems, and with instruments which are confidential and cannot be described. The gunnery officer who is in charge of the ship's artillery controls the salvos, and the guns fire upon his signal. It is all a matter of seconds. It takes thirteen seconds for a twelve-inch shell to reach a target of ten thousand yards. Seven seconds are allowed the spotters for their observations and to communicate changes of range, and the sight-setters must set their sights in three seconds, while the gun is loaded, primed, and ready to fire, which is all executed while the first projectile is in the air and before it has struck its aim.

The alarm gongs are sounding general quarters, the conversation stops, and the yarn about how McCalla fired a shot across the bows of the French gunboat in Guantanamo during the war is split in two by the bugle calling the officers to their stations. The commander, the executive officer, slides across the deck, taking a ladder two steps at a time for the bridge, while he buckles on his revolver-belt. The torpedo defense control officers are running to their posts and their men are climbing up the searchlight towers and control stations. A searchlight is accidentally turned on, and a strong voice from aloft sings out, "Douse that light." The switches of the lighting circuit are thrown out, it is dark everywhere, all ports are covered, and only the battle lanterns glimmer, shining like glowworms in the blackness. Below, every water-tight door is closed, each fire-room is isolated, so are the engine-rooms, just as it would be during torpedo attack, which the night battle practice simulates, except that the target representing a destroyer is anchored. With the modern torpedo, having a range of six thousand yards, the battle-ship dreads the destroyer; while a successful torpedo attack may not mean the sinking of a ship, for a Dreadnought is so subdivided as to be practically unsinkable, it may cripple the ship, filling several compartments, so that she cannot hold her place in the line and becomes temporarily useless.

No fighting ship while steaming and with her torpedo guns intact has ever been crippled by a torpedo, but five de-



THE RANGE-FINDER, BY WHICH THE INITIAL DISTANCE IS OBTAINED stroyers attacking a battle-ship have more than an even chance to get in their work, and on a rainy or foggy night the ship is practically helpless, as the searchlights will not penetrate the atmosphere; so night firing becomes a very important phase of the practice. Its conditions cannot be made ideal, as there seems to be no method to simulate a moving torpedo-boat. In a Utopian navy there may be volunteers willing to man a destroyer and make an attack under fire, but as we are not in Utopia, and as an automatically driven craft is hard to devise, our ships are compelled to fire at a stationary object.

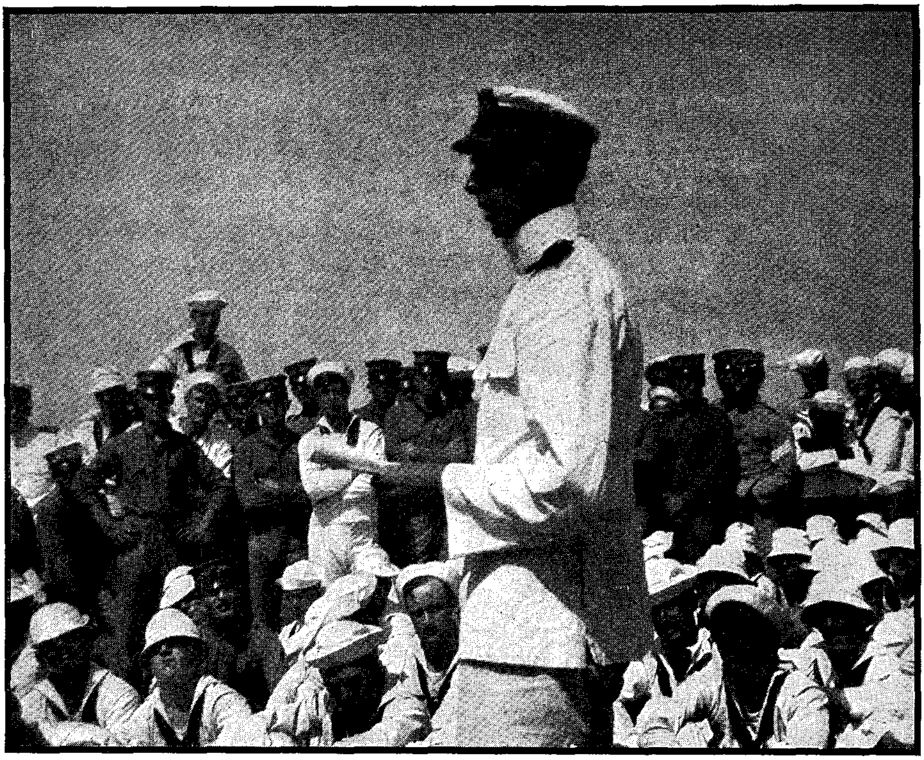
The guns of the torpedo defense battery have been manned, the pointer works the elevating gear, wipes off the telescope lens, and the midshipman in command takes a last look to see that everything is ready and that all lines of communication are working. Some one asks for a chew of tobacco—none of the gun crew have any—the officer in charge runs over to the gun opposite and gets the "baccy," because he realizes that his pointer is steadier and can fire better with a cud in his cheek. It simply illustrates the ties which bind our officers to the men and which never react on discipline, but nevertheless exist in no navy but our own. The shell man is standing on tiptoes waiting for the command to load, and balances his shell so that he can instantly throw it into the breech. Behind him are the powder men, standing like runners, powder bags in their arms, waiting for the word. The pointers are bending over their telescopes, and the last warning is, "Don't fire until you are 'on;' we got to smear it all over the North Dakota" (the sister ship).

The searchlights are swinging in their arcs trying to locate the targets, one on each side of the ship. "I found her," comes from above, and you see the target in the rays of the lights looking no bigger than a finger-nail. A blast of the bugle is the signal to commence firing, the ranging shots boom out, and the flashes intermingle with the soft light from the searchlights. The face of the pointer is strongly illuminated; he bites his lips and wrinkles his brow as he turns the wheel of the elevating gear. The second the breech is closed he fires, and you know that the shell hit the target because the rocket light in its base traces it in the flight, and in the searchlight rays the falling shells look like fireflies against the geysers of water thrown up by the projectiles.

The run is over; the bugle sounds "Cease firing," and then "Secure." The lights are turned on, the fire-control people climb down from aloft, and the ship steams up to the target to note the damage. A whaleboat is lowered and the target screens are brought on board; the umpires search for the holes and give the ship twenty hits, thirty per cent of hits made in two and a half minutes—a splendid record for a new ship just commissioned, and one which has never fired an aimed shot. And, incidentally, the North Dakota is "smeared," and so are the other ships of the division, which includes the high and mighty flagship, old veterans in the shooting business and full of "hand-picked" talent.

To-day is battle practice. Four targets float in single file in tow of the Kansas; on each there is a painted outline of a ship, of which the middle turret is the supposed point of aim. The firing division is getting under way, and the procession of targets is disappearing in the morning haze, led by a battle-ship as a pacemaker.

The gunnery officer has assembled the pointers on the quarter-deck, and gives them a shoulder-to-shoulder talk as final instructions. The Admiral's order that all hands should have bathed and dressed in clean underwear has been rigorously complied with—as it would be before going into battle. The signalmen have spread their flags in the lee of the turrets, where the battle signals are hoisted just as they would be when the "real thing" comes, and they are in telephonic communication with the conning-tower, the station of the captain. Through its narrow opening he has to observe the supposed action and act accordingly. With him is the navigator; but the commander, the second in command, is below in the central station, on the theory that should the captain be killed in the conning-tower during battle he can take command. The doctors have their instruments spread out in the dressing stations behind armor, with



"FIRE WHEN YOU ARE ON THE TARGET"
A gunnery officer addressing the pointers before target practice

the stretcher-bearers and the first-aid parties ready for any emergency.

The umpire has opened his letter of instructions and informed the captain what course shall be steered. The signal flags indicating the course snap in the breeze, the only gay color in the scene, and the signal is repeated down the line until it reaches the last ship. From the turrets come rumbling noises—the ammunition hoists and rammers are again being tested. The silhouettes of the towing ship and its tow are on the horizon, and the targets look no larger than playing-cards, and you swear that it is pure luck if the ship makes one solitary hit.

The range-finder registers eleven thousand yards. Two ranging shots come from the forward gun, and the next minute up comes the signal to commence firing. You brace yourself; keep your mouth open; your ears are full of cotton; your cap is off—the blast would send it skyward. The Number Three turret fires; the crash and the roar shake the ship; the searchlight tower on which you are perched vibrates like a reed—the blast knocks you off your feet, and your sketch-book is kiting down the deck. Through the yellow gases you see the next flash—six 12-inch guns going off at once. You have suddenly become wise, and you are hugging the platform, flat on your stomach, and the blast passes over your head without pressing in your physiognomy. Another flame, red and ugly, springs out in the blue sky, fragments of burnt powder sail by, the air smells of ether, a sheet of gas hits your nostrils; and as you look through it you watch the ship astern, the smoke of her salvos pushing the water before it. Sherman's expression on war passes through your mind, but you have time to note that a signal boy is laughing and stands with open mouth and with fingers in his ears. Vesuvius at its worst could not present a grander and more awe-inspiring spectacle.

Inside the turret the scene changes. The words of command are spoken in quiet tones and the men move about like automatons. The gun is loaded by hand;

the 870-pound projectiles are pushed into the chamber with catapult speed; the powder is also passed up by hand just as in the days of 1812, thrown into the loading tray and slammed into the gun—for here humans are quicker than machinery. The electric motor closes the breech; quickly the plugman inserts the primer in the firing-lock, which he cocks, springing back to his station. With the discharge the gun leaps back in recoil—you unconsciously jerk back from the jar of the turret—there is a whirring sound of the compressed air driving out the burning gases through the muzzle, the breech-plug is opened, the loader looks into the gun, sings out, "Bore clean," and again the projectile is rammed home, followed by the powder; the piece is fired just as "Cease firing" sounds.

The men crawl out of the turrets. "Did you get her?" shouts a pointer, his face an expression of keenness. "Did we? say, that ain't a target, that's a pepper-box, all holes; who says that a rooky ship can't shoot!" Through the glasses we can see her target tottering; the canvas screen is in rags; it looks like a draped shroud with the masts trailing in the water. The ship is one glee, the skipper is tickled to death, and the repair boat's crew pulls over to the raft as if in a boat race. The target is certainly a wreck; the raft, less than five feet thick, has four twelve-inch holes in its sides—some shooting at five miles distance, and that in hazy weather! Congratulations from the other ships pour in over the wigwag and semaphore; even the flagship, which has had a grouch all morning, signals us a pat on the back. And our old man, the first Dreadnought captain in the navy, feels mighty proud.

The remains of the target screen are taken over to the flagship, where the "kings"—the Admiral, as chief umpire, and his staff—determine the hits. The unofficial word is passed, and we are probably to get no hits—according to the rules there have to be holes, but as we made no holes, but a wreck, the decision is reserved, and the hits on the raft don't help a bit, although they would have raised Cain with an enemy's armor-belt. The target screen is finally brought back and spread on our quarter-deck, and the sailmaker's gang work five hours to patch it up, and fifty feet of new canvas replaces the tear; but, according to "Hoyle," there wasn't a single hit. No matter what the flagship decides, the huskies of the Delaware are convinced of their ability to shoot, rules or no rules, and they feel that something must have done the damage, for the target was certainly not poked to bits by hand.

A ship like the Delaware may fire during battle practice twenty-eight 12-inch shells all in four and a half minutes, and if she makes four hits on a target lower than a battle-ship and one-fifth of a ship's length, it is safe to suppose that at the opening of the action she would in five minutes hit an enemy twenty times, with a ratio of hits increasing as the distance became smaller and the spotting more precise. In the ability to hit at long range lies the fundamental of our battle training; the navy firmly believes that the fleet which hits the hardest at the outset of battle has a greater chance to win, therefore our practice at long range is the final goal. Our target practice is young, but it has accomplished wonders. The English led us at first; in fact, we learned their methods, as did the rest of the world. The British navy not long ago gave up long-range firing at moving target, declaring it an impossibility, and Admiral Scott, the father of modern gunnery, says himself that we are now in the lead in this particular phase.

What we have achieved is due to the youth, ingenuity, and enthusiasm of our officers, and to the gameness of our bluejackets, who, true to the American character, are willing to work hard as long as the results are there—it is part of the "fitness to win" which is the whole game. The inscription on the memorial to Midshipman Newman, who perished with his crew during target practice in the Missouri's turret, "They died that battles may be won," stands for part of this fitness to win, which is inherent in the spirit of the fleet, and this spirit is one of our greatest National assets.

U. S. S. Delaware, September 25, 1910.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE AT TINY TOWN

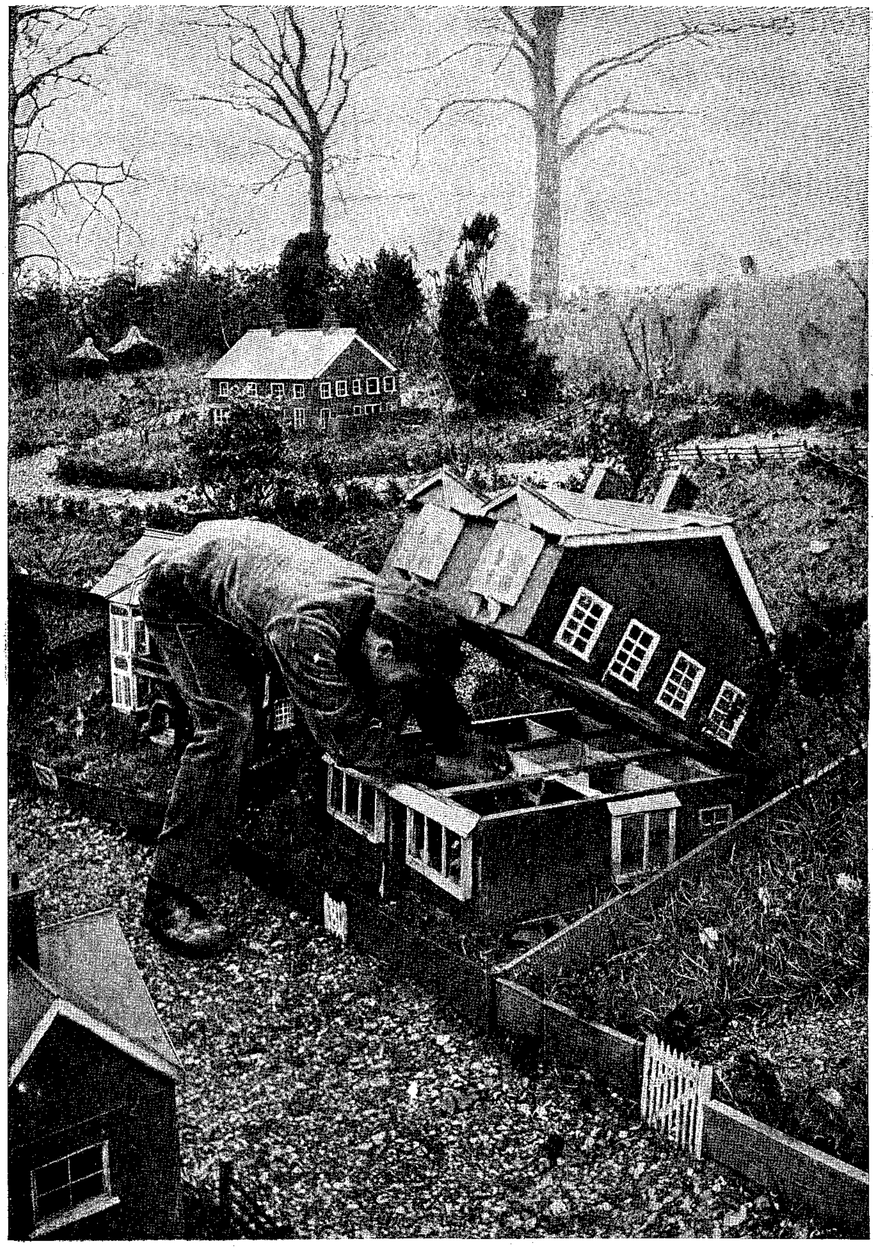
Tiny Town

By Ralph D. Blumenfeld

Editor of the London "Daily Express"

> I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country round appeared like a continual garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. The tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theater. . . . As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance.—*Gulliver's Travels.*

LIKE Gulliver, I went on a voyage to Lilliput. But, unlike Gulliver, I found the place strongly fortified against my approach. There were high palings, wire entanglements, walls of cliff, to keep me out. I took them in a stride, and I found myself in the strangest little city I had ever seen. The houses were about the height of my knee. I flung a leg sheer over the church. Bestriding it like a Colossus, I stopped, and bodily lifted away the roof, so that I could see the pews, the organ, and all things within —a well-appointed church it proved, very neat and handsome. One stride brought me to an outlying farm, another to the railway station at the opposite end of the settlement, with Lilliputian passengers peeping about through my huge legs. I passed down long streets in a couple of steps. I touched the tops of the tallest trees with my hands. Everywhere I walked with great care. Had I swung a foot carelessly I might have destroyed a fine tree or knocked over the best part of a street. Yet, when I hesitated to cross a bridge, I was assured that it would bear a breaking strain of five hundredweight. I remembered then what Gulliver had remarked of the Lilliputians: "These people are most excellent mathe-



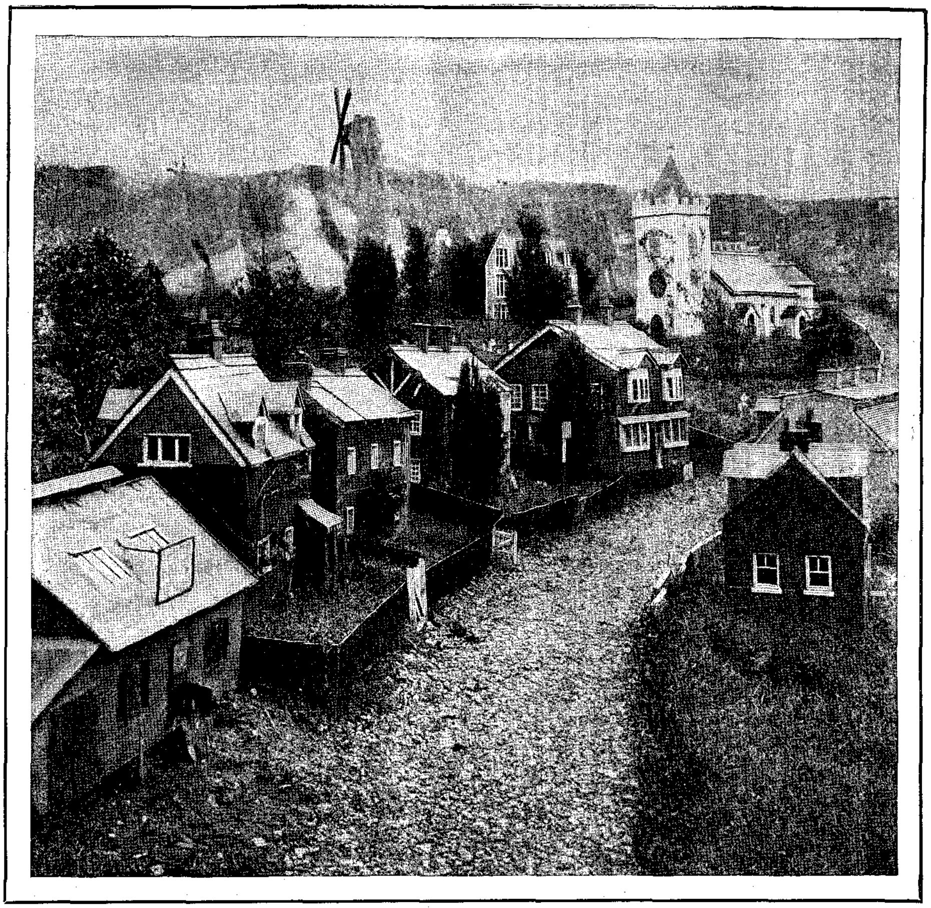
ARRANGING A MODEL HOUSE IN TINY TOWN

maticians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning." For all the world I felt as Gulliver felt—I was "Quinbus Flestrin, the Great Man-Mountain"—a strange enough thing to find yourself, if you are a person of no great magnitude among your own people.

It was a renowned patron of learning, though no emperor, who built the new town of Lilliput: a reverend dignitary of the Church of England. The Rev. Canon Marshall G. Vine, B.A., is the

THE VILLAGE CHURCH IN TINY TOWN

Warden and Resident Chaplain of the Philanthropic Society's Farm School at Redhill, in the county of Surrey. Under his care are some three hundred boys who, in their unregenerate days, were very bad boys—hooligans, we call them in England. Falling into the hands of the police, haled before the magistrates, they were sentenced to a term of school in the hope that education, kindness, refining influences, country air, good food, and pleasant occupations might do for them what prison could never do—rescue them, reform and restore them to society,



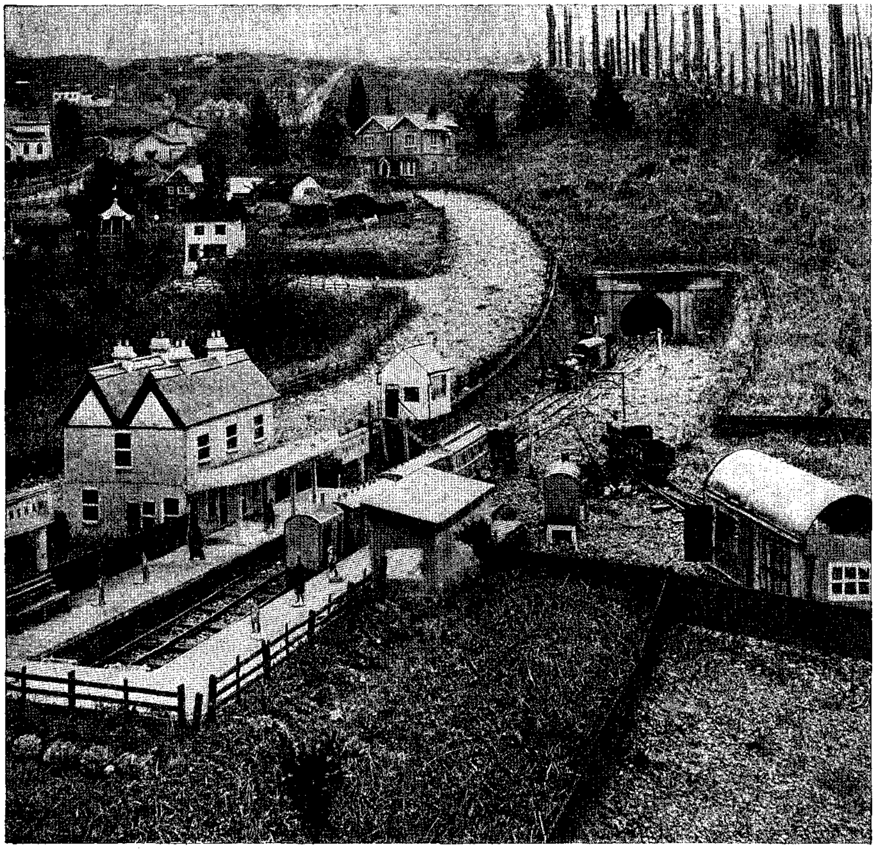
THE MAIN STREET OF TINY TOWN

with new bodies and minds, and with souls within their bodies.

Canon Vine takes classes for the most advanced of the boys in the school. Some two years ago he was looking about for an occupation for his boys which would give them spells of pleasant relaxation from their stiff courses of study. Outside his class-room door was an old gravel-pit. The idea occurred to him to build here a miniature town. Among his pupils were many skilled craftsmen—boys who had been trained in the engineering shops of the school, in the carpenter's shop, in the blacksmith's forge. They set to work with a will to build Tiny Town.

And wonderfully well they did their work. This is no cardboard and paper affair, but a collection of solid iron and wood buildings, carefully designed, well and truly put together, weather-resisting, enduring. The church is the pride of the place. It is an exact model of a church, built scrupulously to scale, as are all the houses. The roof lifts off, so that, when a giant comes along in the shape of a human boy, woman, girl, or man, he or she may conveniently peer within. Inside are bells, clocks, seats, and choir-stalls. There will be seen an organ, a font, an altar, a pulpit, and stained-glass windows. Creepers climb over the white outer walls. In the churchyard are neat gravel paths, gravestones, and trees that reach to one's knees.

The farm is a model farm in every sense, with cattle-shed, brick-yard, and all that a model farm should have. Then the village boasts a fine recreation ground, with a band-stand, but the music must be imagined. There is a squire's mansion, with a fine billiard-room and a billiard-table. A river flows through the town, with locks for control—real little locks that

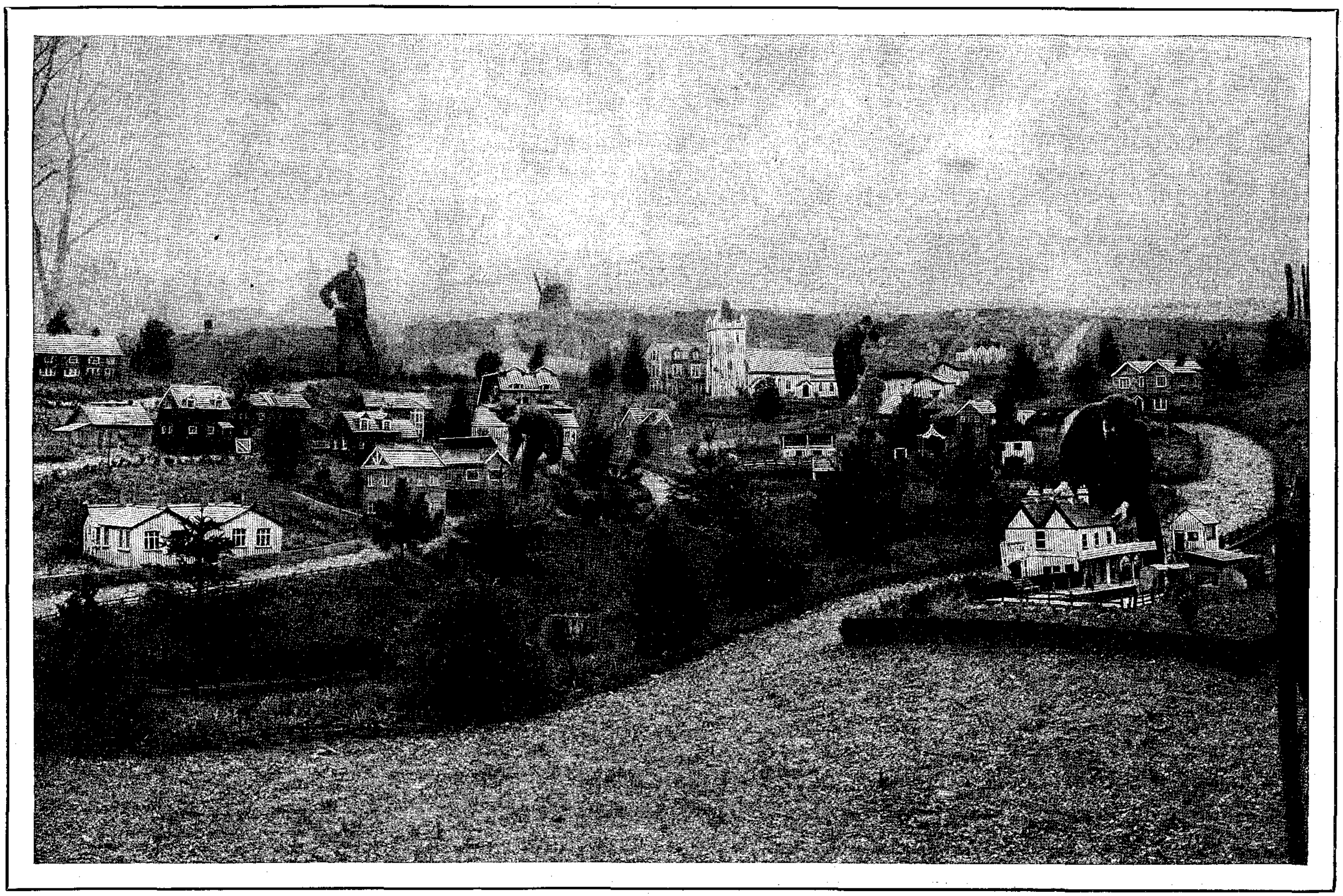


THE TINY TOWN RAILWAY STATION

actually work. As you stand in the station—or over the station—you see trains, a tunnel, a signal-box, platforms, cranes, a ticket office, a water-tank, and a number of ornamental trees. The temptation is strong to ask for a ticket to some haunts of Gulliver's, say, Blefuscu. The vicarage is an exact model of Canon Vine's own residence. On the hill is a fine mansion. Away in the distance you see the ruins of Fountains Abbey, in exact miniature.

The town was completed in two or three months, and the illusion was perfect. In a photograph, the little settlement appears to be scattered over a wide area of country, and a windmill in the background seems to be about a mile from the church. The illusion is due to cleverly planted scenery.

Now, the village had been built only with the idea of providing a light, pleasant occupation to brain-weary boys in the intervals of study. But its fame spread abroad. Photographs were taken and published, making the illusion of a Lilliputian town even more wonderful than it is in reality. The result was that hundreds of people began to flock to the Farm School simply to see Tiny Town. They cared nothing for the great social work carried on at the school—nothing for the rescue, the reformation, and the restoration of the erring and straying youth of England. The Farm School became famous, but only for its Tiny Town. On Sundays people would flock from the neighboring town of Redhill, and, defying all notices, break into the miniature settlement, thoroughly giving themselves up to the enjoyment of feeling like giants. The warden wishes that Tiny Town were at the bottom of the sea. He is very tired of answering questions about it. He much prefers to talk of the good work he is

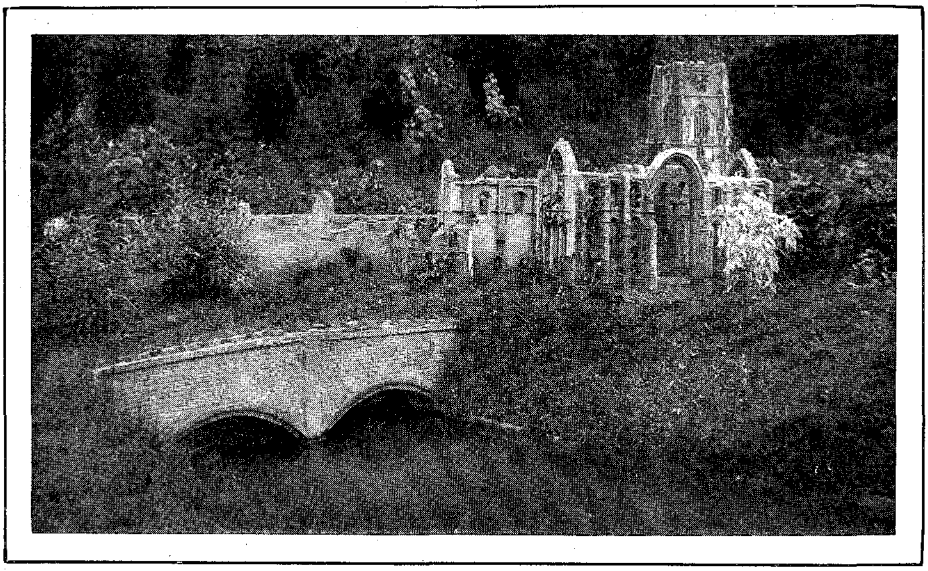


A GENERAL VIEW OF TINY TOWN

doing in turning young criminals into honorable and useful members of society. And it is really a shame that Tiny Town should have eclipsed the interest of this work. It is a work proving that you may take the most unpromising and unlovely human material in the world and turn it into something beautiful and good, if you understand human nature. It proves the fallacy of the cruel English system of prison punishment, which, as figures show, is no deterrent to crime, and only turns the criminal into an habitual criminal. It illustrates like nothing else the sound sense of the idea contained in the three words, "Reformation—not punishment." I will, by your leave, now pass from Tiny Town to some account of this English experiment in the taming of the impossible hooligan.

The beginning of the story is in the Dark Ages. You have read in history of the awful severity of the old-time punishments for crime. Few criminals were caught, in comparison to the hordes that roamed at large, and it was thought that every one caught must be made into a terrible example. History says that in the reign of Henry VIII seventy-two thousand great and petty thieves were executed. This heroic surgery left the disease still flourishing. In every year of Elizabeth's reign three or four hundred rogues were trussed up for death on the gallows. History says further that one hundred thousand persons were sent to the gallows under the Tudors. An uncounted number were whipped till their blood streamed, branded with red-hot irons, had their ears cropped, rotted in prison, or died in slavery in the galleys on the Thames.

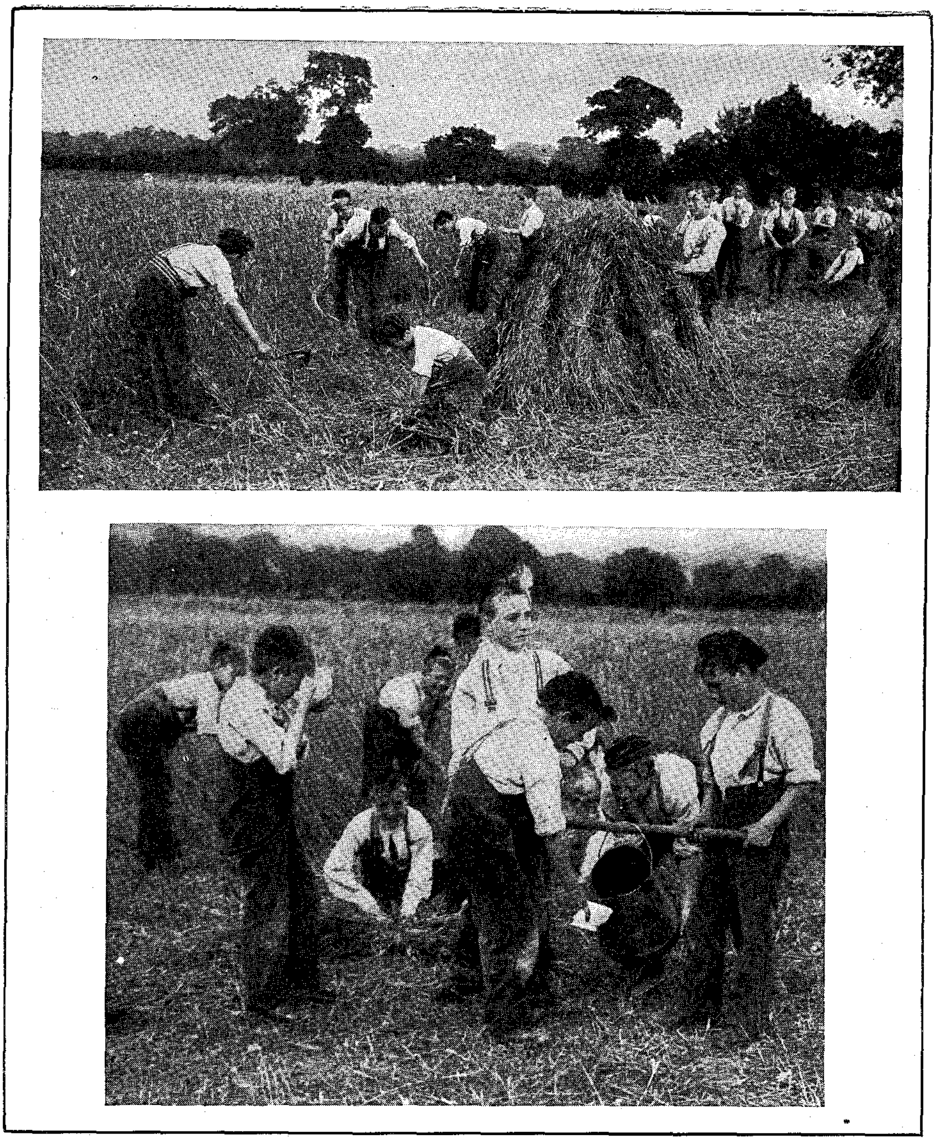
Worse still, the sins of the fathers were visited on the children. There was no hope for the children, no one to save them from a life of crime. Not until towards the end of the dark days of the eighteenth century did society begin to think seriously of saving poor children, criminals' children, or childish criminals.



A MODEL OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORK
Built by the boys at Redhill

More than a hundred and twenty years have passed since the Philanthropic Society was founded for "the protection of poor children and the offspring of convicted felons, and the reformation of children who have themselves been engaged in criminal practices." The work began in what was then the village of Hackney, with the boarding out at nurse of a single infant. Since then the Society has trained and sent forth to the world more than ten thousand boys, and more than ninety per cent of these have been reclaimed.

Men are no longer hanged for stealing a quarter of a sheep, as in the days when the school was founded; but still the chil-



THE REDHILL BOYS ARE EXPERT FARMERS AS WELL AS TOWN BUILDERS

dren of criminals find their inevitable way to the paths of crime. The Society rescues them from the evil influences of their homes, and takes them from slum courts and police courts into the beautiful fields and woods of Surrey. The farm covers upwards of three hundred acres, and all the farm work is done by the boys. They are housed, not in great barracks, but in five separate schools, each complete in itself, and managed on the well-proved system of houses in boarding-schools. Each house is rather a home than a school. The boys spend their time partly at indoor lessons and partly at work, each one taking the full agricultural course, with the chance of learning also the trade of carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, blacksmith, baker, bricklayer, cowman, groom, or domestic servant. So each learns at least one trade, and many could earn a living at three or four trades. The old farm-house is used for offices, and it is a beautiful old place, full of wonderfully carved black oak, dating back to 1500.

When a boy comes to the school, his first thought is to run away, for, as a rule, he is a typical young sinner. He at once finds out all about the boundaries of the estate. He learns, to his surprise, that the green hedges are the only walls of his prison, and that he can run away without any difficulty whenever he pleases. Then it happens that the knowledge that he is almost free to go takes away the desire to go. At any rate, there is no hurry. He decides to stay a while in the school, and enjoy a few days of good feeding. After a few days the good influence of the school takes hold of him. He banishes the thought of desertion, finding in his work a new interest in life.

He seldom has an idle moment, wherein lies the grand secret of taming the hooligan. Hooliganism is the natural result of having nothing to do. Keep your hooligan employed at pleasant tasks and he will cease to be a hooligan. Here is the school's summer time-table:

Rise	5:30	A.M.
School or work	6	A.M.
Breakfast and recreation	8	A.M.
Chapel	9	A.M.
School or work on farm, etc.	9:30	A.M.
Dinner and recreation	12	Noon
Work	1	P.M.
Recreation	5:30	P.M.
Supper	6	P.M.
School and recreation	7	P.M.
Prayers	8:30	P.M.
Bed	9	P.M.

Gymnasium classes are held every morning and evening, in which Swedish drill is taught, and each day there are band classes. The boys are trained to be soldiers, following the army courses in drill, shooting, and gymnastics, so that, if they should enlist, they will be able to pass straight through their recruit's course. It commonly happens that when offering themselves for enlistment they are taken for deserters, so well do they learn their military lessons in school. In the South African War more than three hundred of the Farm School's old boys fought for their country.

On the farm most of the work is done by hand. Spades are used instead of plows, sickles instead of cutters and binders. The land is all the better for this, and fine crops are harvested. Some thirty or forty cows are groomed, fed, and milked by the boys, and the cream of the dairy is sold in London. Five or six horses, when at home, inhabit model stables. The boys make their own bread, their own boots, and, indeed, almost everything that the estate calls for, from gates of iron or wood to hen-coops. They built themselves their own gymnasium, and took a large share in the building of the church.

To see the boys at work or at play, one would never imagine that they were all young criminals, some of whom had been convicted three or four times. For the most part they have been proved thieves. The list of their offenses is curious reading. One is convicted of assault, stabbing, having been previously convicted of stealing. "Parents have no influence over him," says the report. Another stole a diamond ring. Another stole his father's tools, slept out, kept bad company, and was beyond control. One had been charged with begging, house-breaking, and stealing, and had mixed with other young thieves. He had done no work for six months, except occasionally selling flowers. And so the stories run, varied by such entries as this:

"No. 16. Age 14. Stealing a bottle, value 2d. Admits habitual thieving since leaving school. Nearly every member of the family has been convicted. Parents have been summoned about thirty times for children's non-attendance at school. This boy has been three times at truant schools."

But all the past is forgotten at the Farm School. The boys are never even thought of as criminals. They are simply boys who need to be trained into honest citizens. Their future only is remembered. Just over ninety-two per cent run straight after leaving the school. Nor must the remaining eight per cent be regarded as failures. They may have been reconvicted, but this need not mean they have gone back to their old life. If he has ridden a bicycle without a lamp after lighting-up time, it counts against a boy in the Government return.

A paternal eye is kept on each boy for three or four years after he has left the school and a situation has been found for him. Reports show that the average rate of wages earned is 17s. 9d. per week. Three hundred discharged boys were followed through a period of four years after leaving the school, and it was found that two hundred and seventy of them could be described as "doing well, in good situations, earning good wages." Seventy-six had turned themselves into soldiers, sailors, or marines; twenty-five were mechanics or skilled artisans; forty-two were engaged in colonial farm work; others were in different trades; while seventy-two were laborers in regular employment. There was a time when the Canadian Government was inclined to look askance at immigrants coming from a place labeled with the damning word "Reformatory." But now the good character of the boys is recognized, and they are freely received.

The warden does not believe that a boy must be bad because his relations are bad.

"I could produce evidence in abundance," he says, "that character does not depend upon heredity, and that change of environment at an early age most generally effects an entire change of character. Health-giving and bracing surroundings in exchange for vitiated atmosphere soon effect an improvement on human life, and so, generally speaking, character also improves, and evil tendencies are checked and eradicated when a healthier life is encouraged."

The old boys do well wherever they go. One is now the proprietor of a large hotel in Canada. All the colonists are prospering, and the record of those in the army makes wonderful reading. During the South African War twenty-seven Victoria crosses were given to officers and men—equal to one in every 25,000 men; and of these twenty-seven awards "For Valor" four were pinned to the breasts of the Farm School's old boys.

Among the warden's most cherished possessions are his letters from the old boys. I have copied a few extracts which show clearly that, though boys will be boys, and a thief's boy is likely enough to be a thief, there is no need to despair of the young criminal before he is hardened by prison. The letters breathe a cheery optimism. They show that the boys are hard at work, and striving to climb ambition's ladders.

One writes from Saskatchewan, Canada:

> They must be having very hard times in England, and it makes me feel bad to read about the number of unemployed there is, and I thank God that I was sent to Redhill, otherwise I would share the same fate as these poor fellows. My advice to all the boys of the school is to seize the opportunity to go to Canada. I have done fairly well since I have been in this district, and, if all goes well, I will start farming for myself this spring, and I pray the Lord to give me the strength to carry out my intentions. Dear sir, I think this is all at present. I have got to be a cook and a housemaid and a farmer all in one when I start for myself.

Here is a bit of optimism from Londonderry, Ireland:

> I have been very busy during the past six months learning my drills and passing my gymnasium course, and firing my first course of musketry. I am glad to tell you I passed all very well and I am now a full soldier. We have a lovely station here; there are miles of hills all around where we do our training. I am thinking Ireland is a lovely country; we have had sunshine for nearly a month. It is a splendid band here and a good bandmaster. I am fast improving on my clarionet, and he said he would give me every opportunity to get on. We have an engagement nearly every week to garden parties and tournaments, so you see it makes our life a pleasure, and I shall never forget the day you advised me to join an army band. It is a splendid life, full of opportunities of success. I got my second and third certificates about four months ago, and I have been busy working for my first. I hope I shall succeed.

Another writes to his old master from Egypt:

> Hoping this will find you in the best of health as it leaves me at present. We are having very hot weather out here. The natives are celebrating the bursting of the Nile, which overflows once a year and waters the land for miles around. Well, sir, I hope you did well at the London Sports this year? Well, sir, they have issued orders from the Army Council that every regiment in the British army has to go through a course of Swedish drill, and it *is* Swedish drill, too! It don't half make me sit up.

Another soldier, writing from Imtarfa, Malta, gives an idea of what it means to go to school in the British army:

> I had to sit for the first group of my first-class certificate, and of course I passed. The subjects were arithmetic, geography, and military map-reading. I got full marks for arithmetic, getting twelve examples right out of twelve, thanks to the teaching I had when in the school. Now I am going hard at history (William the Third to the present day), composition, and the "Life of Lord Clive," which completes the subjects for the certificate. The latter I find very hard, owing to the fact that I have not done any of it before, and also because of the large amount of Indian history connected with Clive. Still, they say "nothimg earned, nothing gained," and I mean to pass next April.

After that I intend to take up algebra, geometry, and shorthand. My idea is to learn as much as I can. Of course every man in the army gets plenty of spare time, and it depends on himself whether he makes good use of it or not. Some spend it in the canteen, but I think the best plan is to spend it in study. It can do no harm: in fact, on the contrary, it does one a lot of good.

Worthy sentiments, wonderful sentiments, coming from a boy who started his life on a road of crime.

Many of the letters have a reference to the miniature town:

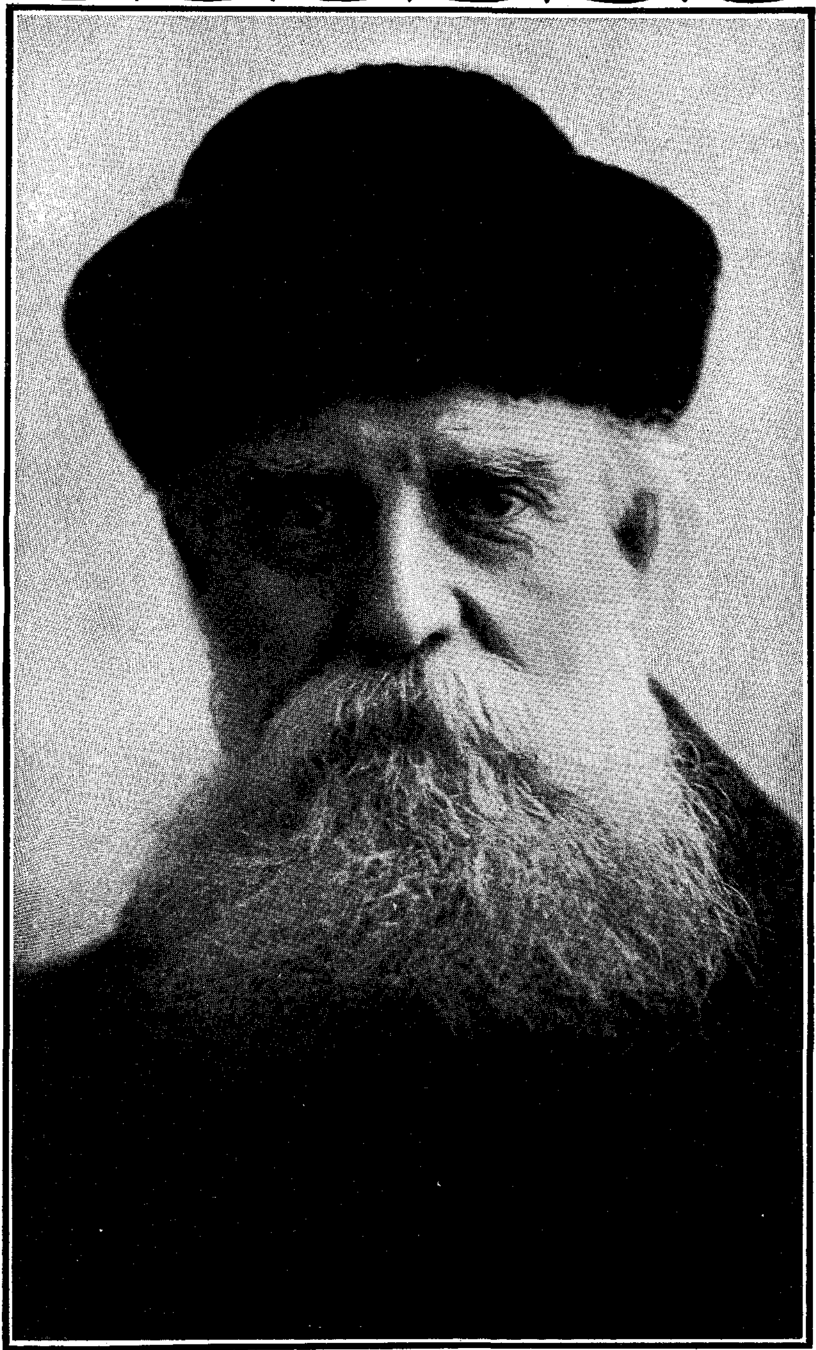
Dear Warden: What struck my memory most forcibly was your little village; it occurred while reading a paper; in turning the first leaf a picture met my gaze which instantly recalled past memories, chief of which was our warden's class-room, in which I received instruction for two years. If my memory serves me aright, the Pygmy Village is constructed in the hollow at the rear of the class-room. The thoroughness of construction, even to details, reflects great credit on the boys, but I must not forget the master brain which conceived the idea, for I know his patience must have been sorely tried during its construction, as I know how the boys require watching, for the best of boys are not angels.

So Tiny Town, or Pygmy Village, has served a good purpose. It has taught many hundreds the great lesson of thoroughness, even to details. If it has been to "the master brain which conceived the idea" a constant source of annoyance, bringing swarms of stupid sightseers and fame of the wrong sort, yet Tiny Town has done some good too. Many would never have heard of the work of the Farm School if it had not been for Tiny Town. Thus, many attracted there solely out of curiosity to see a miracle of engineering and building have stayed to see a greater miracle—how the crooked human path may be bent straight. Some have gone away wondering why prisons still exist, when it is proved that a farm school, plus abounding sympathy and love, will so surely turn bad characters into good.

THE CRY OF THOMAS

BY ALICE F. TILDEN

That night the battle raged within my soul;
Each fiber of the elemental man
Strained painfully at each, as though there ran
Swords through my heart, yet left my body whole.
Fear wrestled then with courage, love with hate,
And wisdom writhed, as was for her devised
The stinging scourge of folly recognized,
Till morning dawned and anguish could abate.
And now—the withering wind of all good seed—
There haunts me, echo of that struggle past,
Grim doubt, that fiercest wrung my wearied heart.
Thou who canst help me, if Thou wouldst, at need,
And of rent fragments make a whole at last,
Forgive, console the doubter—if Thou art!



NICHOLAS TCHAYKOVSKY

My Prison Story

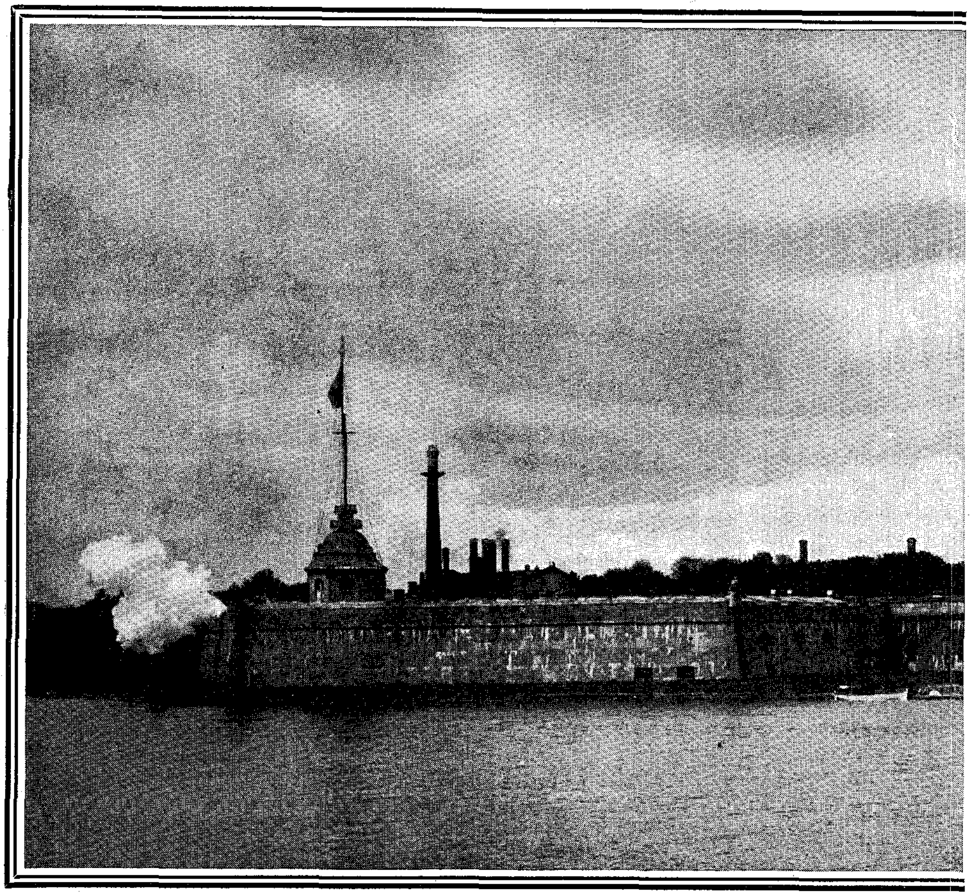
By Nicholas Tchaykovsky

Nicholas Tchaykovsky has long been known in Russia and America as the " Father of the Revolution." This does not mean that he is a Terrorist or Anarchist, as may be readily seen by reading his calm article on " The Russian Revolutionary Movement " in The Outlook for April 28, 1906. His acquittal at St. Petersburg in March of this year was duly recorded in The Outlook. The Government absolutely failed to make out any case against him on the specific charges made by perjured witnesses. It was more than even a Russian court could venture upon, in the face of the sentiment of England and America, to convict a man of character and patriotism merely because he had advocated political reform and the overthrow of despotic methods. In the two articles of which this is the first Mr. Tchaykovsky does not enter into political argument, but tells simply and in what seems to us an intensely human and moving way the experience of his prison life.—THE EDITORS.

THREE years ago, when leaving the United States on the 15th of June, 1907, I did not foresee what was coming to me. It happened, however, that on my return to Europe I had engaged to go to Russia to make a tour through several provinces under an assumed name. When I returned from that tour to St. Petersburg, in November, I was unexpectedly arrested at the Finnish Railway terminus by order of the Ochranve Otdielenie (secret police department), and had to spend eleven months in three different prisons; it was a year and a half before I was released on bail, under the supervision of the police, while waiting my trial. I was at last tried in St. Petersburg on March 8, 1910, along with my colleague, Madame Breshkovsky, and was acquitted by the Crown Court and a jury made up of representatives of the three estates (nobility, middle class, and business).

The Procurer, in his indictment, stated that " the first appearance of Tchaykovsky in his revolutionary career was in the spring of 1869, when he with others had formed a circle known afterwards as the Tchaykovsky Circle. The founders of that circle decided to carry on a systematic propaganda, first among the students, then among workmen, business men, and others, to prepare the ground for the coming Revolution. In 1875 the activity of this circle ceased. owing to steps taken by the Government. Nevertheless, this movement—usually termed ' Going to the People '—struck deep root in the minds of the masses, and in many respects prepared the ground for the further development of the Russian revolutionary movement, and laid the foundation stone for the future Socialist Revolutionary party which sprang up in the later nineties."

Such was the view of the representatives of the Government, which explained why they felt triumphant at having succeeded in arresting me on the 11th of November, 1907. They were absolutely sure of my guilt, and therefore very credulous of the statement of the Ochranve Otdielenie to that effect. This explains also why, in July, 1908, the Assistant Minister of the Interior positively assured a London correspondent, Mr. W. T. Stead, that they were prosecuting me, not for anything done by me in my youth, but for a grave political crime committed recently in Finland. It transpired later that the only ground which the Assistant Minister had was a statement of an official of the Ochranve Otdielenie named Feodorof, who appeared before the examiners as an independent witness. He was styled " a specialist in the affairs of the Socialist Revolutionary party." His principal accusation was that from the 12th to the 14th of February, 1907, I had attended, with Madame Breshkovsky, a congress of the Socialist Revolutionary party in Tammarfors, Finland, where I had not only delivered a speech in defense of the attempt against the Czar's life, but " ardently voted for it." As a matter of fact, on the 13th of February, 1907, I delivered a lecture to the students at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, along with Mr. Durland, on the " Political Situation in Russia," which lecture was reported at the time in the " Yale News "



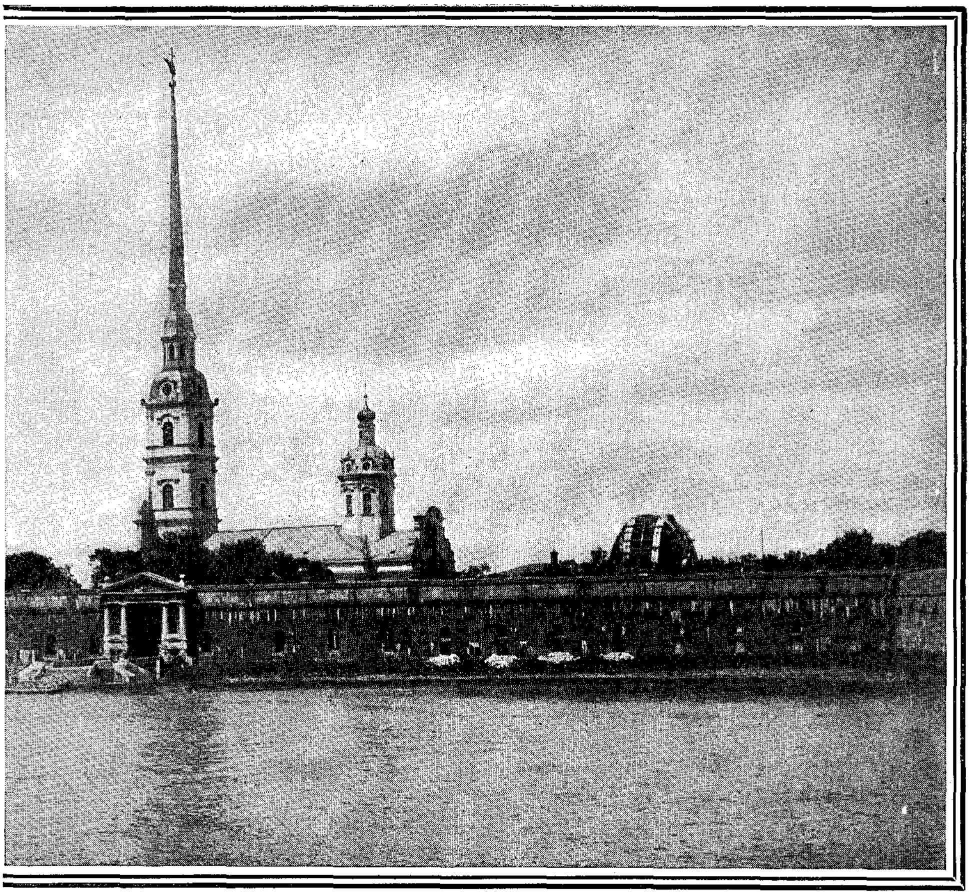
THE FORTRESS OF

and other New Haven papers; and on the 4th of March, 1907, I attended a public meeting at New York, also reported in the American press. Naturally it was physically impossible for me to be simultaneously in the United States of America and in Tammarfors.

This was the chief witness and his chief accusation. The other points were less important and other witnesses still more clumsy. In this way the Russian authorities fell victims to their own credulity as to the unsubstantiated statements of their own servants eager to supply what was wanted. In hundreds of other cases they have succeeded in forcing the court, especially the military court, to credit such statements of the secret police blindly, and to condemn hundreds of political suspects for crimes which they never committed. It was my exceptional good fortune to fall into the hands of the Russian secret police under totally different circumstances. From the very beginning the sympathies of my friends abroad prevented my captors from acting with the speed of court martial procedure, and later on freed the court from the intimidation of the administrative machine.

THE ARREST

St. Petersburg is organized, with regard to police supervision, on the principle of a trap. You may enter it quite easily and safely, but all the exits are so strictly guarded that it is much more difficult to get out than to get in. On my arrival from the provinces at the end of October, 1907, I found suitable quarters for myself and sent my passport to the police, receiving it back in two days without any apparent notice being taken of me. In the course of the next fortnight I did not observe that special attention was given



PETER AND PAUL

me, and when the day of my departure arrived I was quite sure that I had no "tail" behind me. This, however, proved to be incorrect. My difficulties had only begun. As I learned afterwards, I had acquired a tail two days before my departure, and I had been followed closely wherever I went, and all those whom I visited during those last two days were either thoroughly searched or arrested.

On the gloomy morning of November 11, 1907, having paid for my lodging, I went down to the street, where the porter obligingly engaged a cab for me. This was evidently arranged beforehand, and the driver was a spy. Therefore, as soon as I entered the railway station a gendarme touched me on the shoulder and said I was arrested by order of the Ochranve Otdielenie. I realized at once that this was the beginning of a long detention. I was told to step into the gendarmes' room. This was a small apartment at the railway station filled by scores of under officers, and permeated with stale tobacco smoke and the exhalations of human bodies. Here I was asked if I had a passport. I at once produced my passport with the assumed name of Nikiphorof.

"Is it your passport?" I was asked.

"I have been traveling on it," I answered.

"But is it *your* passport?" was the next question.

"No, it is not my passport," was my reply.[1]

Then the order was given at once to search me and my luggage, all my possessions, including an address book, being registered and attached to the proceedings of the arrest. In one of my pockets was a parcel of sandwiches, which was taken out and put on a desk by my side. The officer who entered at the time of the search paid particular attention to that parcel, and when the search was finished and I put it in my pocket, he at once became anxious, and, turning to his sub-officer, asked in a very excited voice, "*What is in that parcel?*" I replied quietly, "It is my lunch."

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[1] Mr. Tchaykovsky's own passport is one given only to the nobility. It never has to be renewed. This one he has carried about his person for more than thirty years.—THE EDITORS.

When my gold watch was registered, I insisted that the number on it should be attached to the description; this evidently was not to the liking of my inquisitors. The watch has been safely restored to me since my liberation, but other small things were missing, such as a penknife, pocket scissors, and so on, which probably were classed as "arms," in the gendarme's estimation.

Moreover, my luggage contained a portmanteau full of legal books which I have never seen since, in spite of my repeated applications, not only to the gendarmerie, but even to the court of law at the termination of my trial. This property was probably considered a trophy of war.

All formalities accomplished, the familiar word "*pojhaluyte*" ("pass on, please") was addressed to me, and I was led to the street, where two cabs and three gendarmes were waiting for me.

IN THE OCHRANVE OTDIELENIE

On arrival at the headquarters of the secret police I was ushered into the anteroom, and invited to sit down on a dirty, rough bench. A number of shabby persons passed to and fro, eying me with inquisitive and cynical looks. At last the clerk appeared and registered me under my assumed name, and I was taken upstairs into the prison. This headquarters of the secret police had been newly arranged; ordinary small rooms being turned into prison cells, the window-frames temporarily fitted with opaque glass, and a spy-hole roughly cut in each door. The entire furniture of my room was one small card-table with the cloth torn off, the pieces of glue still sticking to it, and a chair by its side. The room was cold and the atmosphere smelt fusty and second-hand. I remained there for two or three hours alone. Left to myself, I had time to think over my situation. At last an official appeared, followed by a gendarme officer who approached me and said, "Who are you?" To which I answered, "With whom have I the pleasure of speaking?"

The officer answered, "I am assistant director of the Ochranve Otdielenie."

Then I got up and said politely, "I consider it is premature to answer any questions of this kind until a definite accusation is preferred against me."

The officer replied, "Anyhow, we shall find out who you are, and it is absolutely useless for you to hide your name."

I quite agreed with him that they would certainly find it out very shortly, but I did not think it my duty to help them.

The official ordered a cot to be brought into the room and a fire to be lit in the stove. The next day the same official appeared in my cell and addressed me by my own Christian name and patronymic, and then, looking at me half-sarcastically, said, "You see now there is no reason to conceal your name any longer, as we know it." This was of course a ruse. My Christian name and patronymic had been learned by inquiring of a servant where I had been till the eve of my arrest, but she did not know my full name, and therefore this official was trying to trap me. However, on the third day after my arrest I thought it was useless to continue this game, and when another official who called himself a director of headquarters of the secret police appeared, I asked him what was the usual procedure in case the prisoner did not tell his name?

"We shall keep you in prison for three months and then shall try you as a vagabond and probably send you to Siberia," he answered.

I thanked him for the information, and said I was Nicholas Tchaykovsky. When he heard my name, he exclaimed in an excited voice, "*Then you are the London exile!*"

"Yes," said I.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, expressing a mixture of surprise and pleasure. He offered me writing materials, giving me permission to write to my family, adding, not without sarcasm, that I could have any papers I might ask for, even the "Banner of Labor" (the organ of the Socialist

Revolutionary party). I wrote a letter to my family on the same day stating the fact of my being arrested and trying to put the best face I could on the situation. The letter never reached its destination.

The next day I was ordered to put on my fur coat and I was photographed in the corridor as a criminal would be. During the days and nights that I remained in this dirty room I slept on the couch without any bedding, using my fur coat as a pillow and my overcoat as a blanket. Tea and food were brought to me from the nearest coffee-shop, and the doors were guarded constantly by sentinels.

On the fourth day in the morning I heard again the familiar word "*pojhaluyte*," and on going down to the street I was told to step into a two-horse carriage with the curtains drawn. One who lives in St. Petersburg often sees these carriages, and many recognize them as portable prisons for the victims of political prosecutions. Three gendarmes took their places with me in the carriage, and another carriage full of them followed behind.

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

IN THE FORTRESS

On entering the gates of the fortress and crossing the main yard, our carriages drove behind the mint and arrived at a wooden door. One of the gendarmes rang the bell, and a watchman appeared and opened the gate. The carriages entered the narrow space between the mint and the prison, ordinarily called the Trubetzkoy Bastion. It is a low building of pentagonal form facing the Neva on two sides. It is surrounded by an external wall as high as the building itself, to prevent the prisoners from seeing the outside world. The entrance through a big arch is guarded by heavy iron railings and inside by a sentry in his box.

A special turnkey had to be summoned before the iron door in the railings could be opened, and in the meantime I had to wait, sitting in the carriage. When the turnkey appeared, several gendarmes appeared also at the door, and I was led inside and started forward with the head guard in front of me and another behind. As we proceeded a sentinel, barring our way with his rifle, asked for the countersign, to which the guard answered something very angrily, and we went forward through the guard-room full of soldiers whose guns were stuck in the rack. They examined me with evident curiosity which did not seem entirely hostile. Then I was led upstairs. There I found myself in a vaulted corridor with a series of doors in the deep wall on one side and rows of windows looking into the yard on the other. One of these doors stood wide open, and I was led into this cell—No. 41. At first glance it appeared to be very gloomy, although it was a spacious room twenty feet long and ten feet across, and about twelve feet high to the top of the vault. The window in front, though a yard square, admitted little light, as it was set in the wall, which was three feet thick. The window itself was about nine feet from the floor, and the prisoner, when standing in the middle of the room, could see through it only a narrow strip of sky over the top of the outside wall.

The walls and the ceiling were painted white, not altogether clean, and the floor was yellow. The furniture was limited to an iron bedstead fixed to the wall and to the floor, and a small iron table parallel to it, bracketed to the wall. There was an electric lamp over the table. In one of the corners was an ordinary ironware water-closet, and close to it a water tap over an earthenware sink. That was absolutely everything in the room. When we entered the cell, the chief guard pointed to a suit of prison garb lying on the bed, and said :

" Undress yourself and put those clothes on."

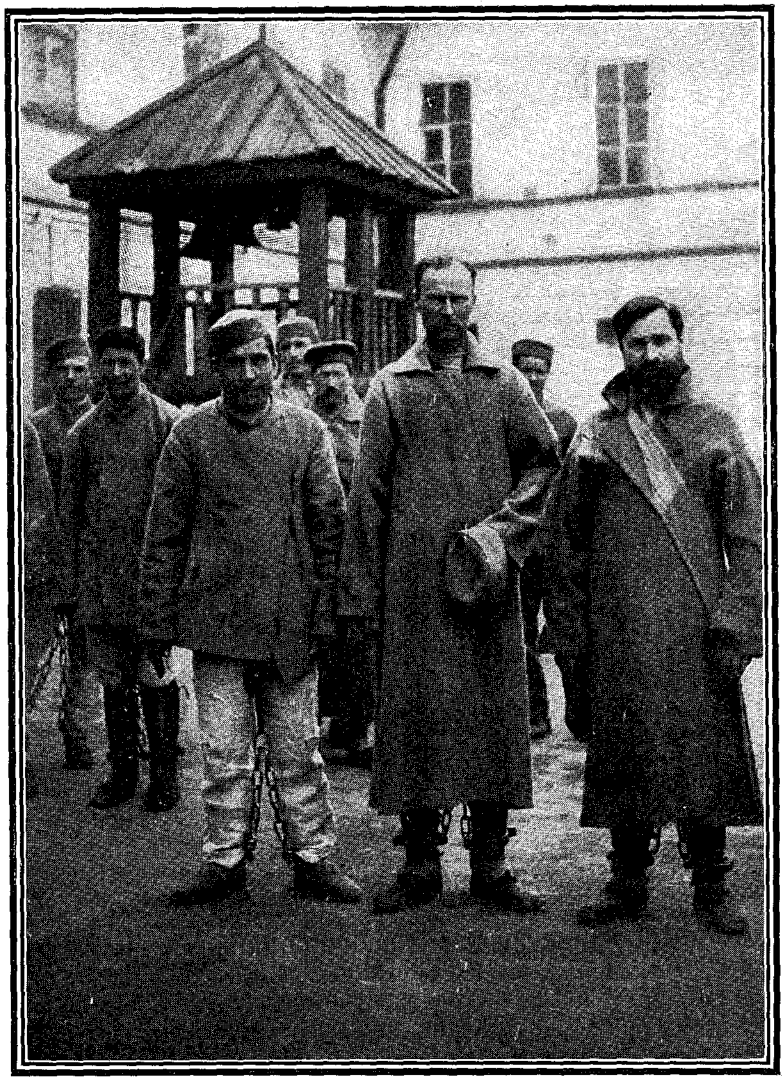
While I was doing this two guards stood opposite me and watched every motion very closely. The sharp and rather cruel features of the chief guard told me that he was a man capable of anything; his nervous face inspired very little confidence from the beginning. In the meantime I was expecting a disgraceful search such as I had been told was usual on these occasions, but, fortunately for me, I was spared this humiliation, and the dressing ceremony passed without incident.

The prison garb consisted of rough but clean cotton undergarments, a thick woolen cloth dressing-gown, and hard leather slippers. A towel and rough handkerchief completed the outfit. The bedstead was covered with a thin mattress and a sheet and ordinary blanket, not of exceptional cleanliness, and with the peculiar odor of old clothes. A pillow, not very soft, completed the bedding. Afterwards I found that on application I could receive a second blanket, a second sheet, and a second pillow; but the softness of the mattress left a great deal to be desired, for I could feel the irons with my sides, and during the early part of my imprisonment I lay awake many hours every night turning from side to side.

When the dressing ceremony was finished, my attention was called to a typewritten copy of the rules of the prison lying on the table, to which I answered that I could not read it without my glasses; and in an hour or so the chief guard returned bringing with him two pairs of my glasses, my toothbrush, my own toothpicks, and my own piece of soap taken from my luggage—the luggage being stored in another part of the fortress. Then I was left to myself.

To those who have never experienced a prison cell, it is very difficult to imagine one's self in these peculiar circumstances. We civilized men and women are used to so many artificial appliances for comfort that we never ask ourselves what would become of us if we were suddenly deprived of these small things, such as pencil, toothpick, penknife, pen, button-hook, comfortable boots, and so on. We use these things without realizing what a great part of our life they are and how great a want they would leave by their absence. When one finds himself deprived of them in a prison cell, he feels like a fish out of water; but of course one gradually adapts himself to these new conditions and forgets, but it takes time.

From the prison rules I learned that the fortress is a place for absolutely *solitary*



IN THE PRISON YARD

confinement; that the prison administration is strictly forbidden to allow any stratagem by which the prisoners can see one another or meet in the corridor, or communicate with one another in any way. The guards are allowed to speak to the prisoners only on business. They never enter the cell or even come to the flap window in the door alone—always in pairs, so that one may hear what the other says in speaking to the prisoner. Whenever the prisoner wants anything, he rings the electric bell, and the nearest guard waits till another one is available in order to open the flap window. After listening to the request of the prisoner the guard answers, "*Khorosho*" (Very well), instead of the official "*Slaushause*" (I obey) used in speaking to a superior officer. Above the flap door there is a small oblong spy-hole covered with glass, with a blind on the outside, which is used by the guards for watching the prisoners. It is arranged in such a way as to be opened without noise, but somehow the nerves of the prisoner are so acute that he feels almost instinctively that he is observed through this so-called "Judas slit."

My cell was situated on the upper floor, and was as dry as a room in a very thickwalled brick building can be, but the cells on the lower floor, in which I happened to be put two or three times temporarily, are decidedly damp and far more gloomy and dark than the upper ones. The outside wall does not permit any sun rays or any sight of the sky through the windows in the lower tier, and the prisoner can see nothing but the dreary brick wall in front of him. The fortress has seventy cells, half of them on the lower tier. On the top of the wall a little wild grass and small shrubs are allowed to grow. They make points of observation for the sparrows spying for crumbs down in the yard. Nothing of this could be seen from the windows in the lower tier.

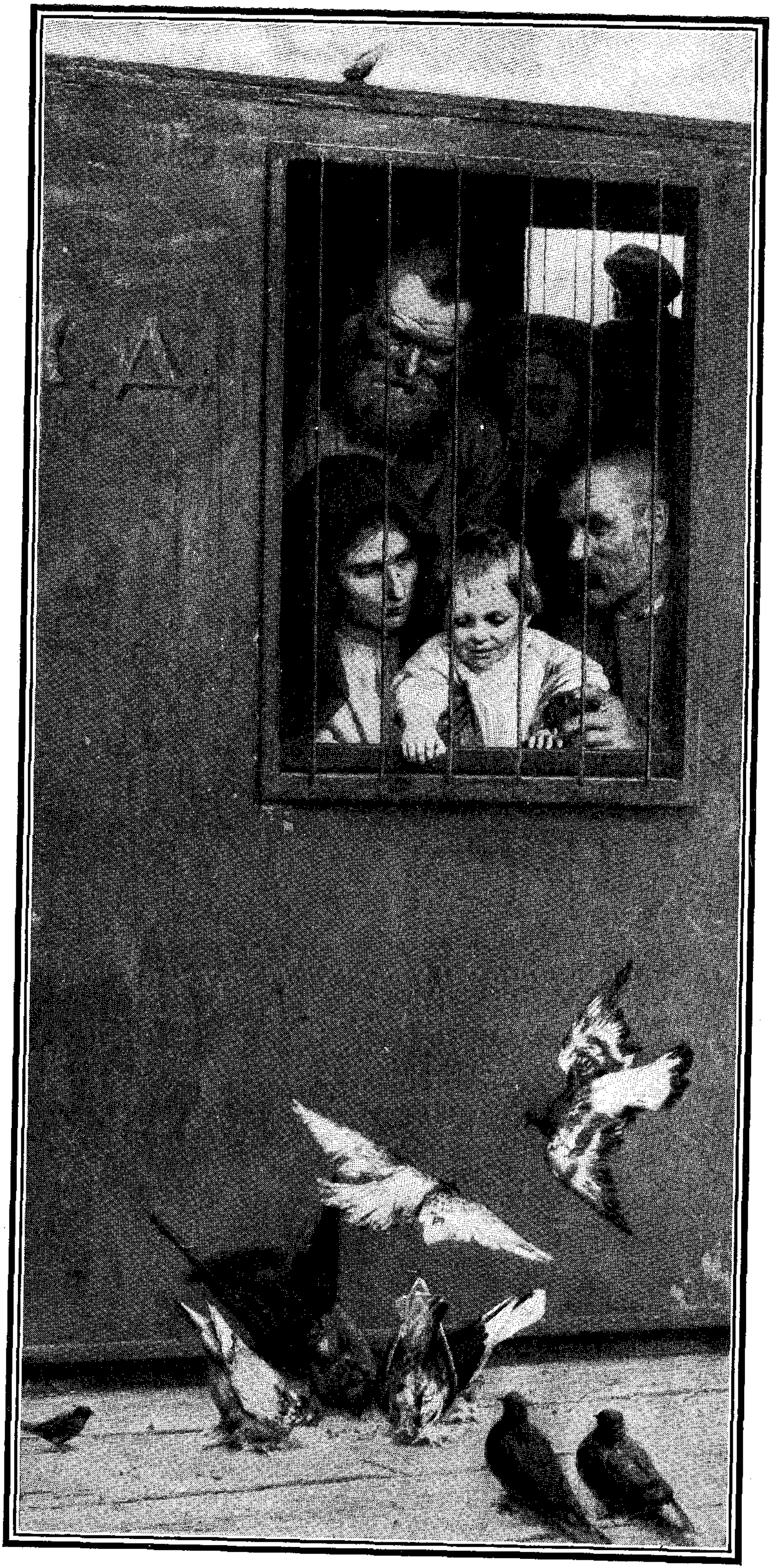
The food consists of a large piece of sour and badly baked rye bread of the kind called "soldier's bread" and a mug of hot water in the morning about eight o'clock. Dinner, at midday, consists of a bowl of soup with pieces of meat cut up in it, and another dish of fried meat and vegetables, all cut in pieces, since it is not permitted to use metal knives and forks, the food being eaten with a wooden ladle. At six o'clock macaroni or rice is served, with a mug of hot water and rye bread again, if asked for. I have been told by the officials that in the fortress thirty kopecks (fifteen cents) per day are allowed for feeding each prisoner, and, according to the scale and amount of the food, this is really about its cost. The cooking is not perfect and not absolutely clean, but it is passable.

The amount allowed in the fortress is perhaps four times more than in the ordinary provincial prisons, to say nothing about the central hard labor prisons, where the food is much worse. Moreover, the prisoners in the fortress are permitted to buy extras at their own expense. Any money that they may possess is handed over to the governor and may be spent for these extras, the accounts being kept in a book which is brought to the prisoner for examination and signature once a month. The chief guard comes every Wednesday morning for orders, and makes a list of things, such as tea, sugar, milk, fruit, etc., and the order is executed by the guards under the supervision of the governor.

Once a day prisoners are taken out for fresh air in the yard of the prison, except every second Saturday, when they are taken to the bath-house instead. According to the number of cells occupied, the time of this recreation is various. When the prison is full, only a few minutes can be apportioned to each prisoner for exercise, because each one has to be taken separately and there is only one yard. At the beginning of my imprisonment I had but ten minutes a day for recreation, which included going to and from my cell—a period quite insufficient for the amount of air and exercise required to keep one in health. Later they allowed me twenty minutes; and finally, when repairs were going on in the prison and only about ten cells were occupied, I had half an hour for exercise.

The yard itself is occupied by a small garden with a few high trees and bushes scattered round a small bath-house in the middle of this pentagonal yard. It is about 100 feet across and 330 feet around. There is a paved walk round the inclosure, and the prisoners are obliged to walk on that pavement, watched by two gendarmes, one at the entrance door and another following the prisoner about the hut in the center and watching him all the time. While walking in the yard I often measured the circumference and the diameter by my paces, reckoning afterwards in my cell what was the space of the yard and what distance I could cover in twenty minutes or half an hour, walking at full speed. In order to make these calculations I made on the first page of my note-book a complete table of comparative measurements of different countries, which I constructed partly from memory and partly from measuring the binding of my books. I came to the conclusion that in half an hour, by walking very briskly, I could cover seven thousand feet.

There is a library in the fortress, made up mostly of old books and periodicals left at different times by former prisoners. It contains a considerable number of books, but most of the works are incomplete. For instance, starting to read Heine's "Travels in Italy," one can follow him through the first volume, only to find that the second one is missing. Or, you read Professor Korseff's three-volume work on the "Modern History of



THE PRISONERS AND THE DOVES
From the famous painting by Yaroshensko

Europe" and find only two to be had. Or, you take a periodical and find the most interesting articles are broken off in the middle. I learned afterwards that prisoners are permitted by special order to receive books from outside, either from a bookseller's or from relatives, provided they are new and contain no pencil-marks. Periodicals a year old are allowed, so that the prisoner in the matter of public news and politics lives a year behind the world. I learned also that after a month's imprisonment I had the right to ask for writing materials. This knowledge was gained by communicating with a fellow-prisoner through the wall. When permission is granted, the prisoner is allowed to order a note-book for himself of any size he may choose. This, and the pen and ink, are taken away from him every night about nine o'clock and brought back with his breakfast in the morning. In the course of nine months I used nine such note-books, each with from one hundred to a hundred and fifty pages. These were all taken to the governor's house, and he was familiar with their contents.

Every second Saturday the prisoners are taken to the bath-house by two guards, who stay there while the prisoner is washing himself.

From the prison rules I learned that prisoners may be visited by near relatives, subject to special permission, provided those relatives have never been mixed up in any political cases.

Twice a week prisoners are offered one ordinary sheet of note-paper and an envelope to write to their relatives, subject to the censorship of the Procurer in whose hands the case may be at the time. Out of sixty-seven letters that I wrote in the course of eleven months in the fortress thirteen were missing. Among those missed were three to my daughter, who was studying medicine, as to her future career. Every letter going out or in is tried by chemicals, and the censorship applied to them is very severe. Here are two which were duly passed by the censor.

On the 31st of January, 1908, I wrote to my daughter:

I hear from Mamma that your health is considerably undermined and that you have had to give up your work in clinics for the time being. I should be very much pained if this were the result of all the troubles and sorrows which my adventures here caused you. I see from this that my endeavors from the very beginning to persuade you and the others that there is nothing very terrible in my position, and that I feel myself after all not very badly off, are in vain. If you were in Russia here yourself, you would be satisfied that he who never happened to be imprisoned is not considered altogether an honorable man. Such is the life here, and he who has any connection or interest in the public progressive life of Russia is bound to consider imprisonment as a part of his citizen's duty. There is nothing very commendable in that; on the contrary, it only shows to what absurdity Russian life is being brought; but, once connected with it by ties which cannot be eradicated from my heart, I must regard this citizen's duty philosophically, and this is the only advice I can give you: Take it coolly, as the English say, or, as in our Russian language it would mean, every grain will gradually get turned into flour—everything will pass, we shall yet travel a good deal, and eventually shall have decent human life. And isn't that what we all require? Is it worth while to live any other life? We are bound to reach the same place as others have, and when this comes we can fold our arms with a quiet conscience and hand over the reins to your generation saying, We have done our part, now it is your turn to do yours.

I mentally kiss and caress your dear intelligent head.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

On the 25th of June, 1908, I wrote to my son, a young violinist:

My Dear Son:

I do not know when I may be able to see you, but in the meantime the years are flying by, and you are passing from youth into manhood.

Nothing would delight me more than to know that you have become a serious artist and a man worthy of such a noble calling. But what I hear of you only half satisfies me.

You have some success—that is only natural, as you have talent and you work conscientiously. It is a credit to your mother, who troubled so much on your behalf.

But do you give to your art at least part of your soul, do you raise yourself with it to those eternal heights, beautiful and lofty, to which the human heart aspires, and which is the birthplace of all art?

Without these strivings, art consists merely of pretty pictures, melodies, form without any deep foundation—it is only sufficient to amuse those who are weary and worn out with life's petty trifles, but not to reveal in every-day life the working of the eternal principles of good and evil, life and death, beauty and ugliness, not to lead people irresistibly to serve the former with all their might, and to struggle against the latter.

In order to serve such art, one must first of all be able to permeate one's self with its high aspirations; and, secondly, one must understand men and their life, not merely in the external aspects of their small motives and petty passions, but in those deep springs which they do not always perceive, but which, after all, guide their lives.

From the fact that you do not find time to work seriously at university lectures in literature, I gather that these things have not touched you, that they only skim on the surface of your mind—which is very sad.

The study and the true understanding of at least a few powerful works in literature and poetry, especially of our own times, offer one of the easiest paths to the understanding of the higher strivings of all true art. But to succeed in this it is absolutely necessary to study, side by side with these works, criticisms on them by well-known writers. Such study is not only fruitful, but enthralling, on condition that you yourself seek truth and revelation without waiting for professors to give them to you. As long as your own mind does not itself begin to create, so long will all glide over its surface. Superficial success, cheap laurels in music in the concert-room, are more harmful and dangerous for a serious artist than lack of success itself. He accustoms himself to mistake the glitter of the superficial impression of the crowd for real life and its deep meaning. Better to run away from such untruthful surroundings than to live in them.

As to the really serious enthusiasm of the public, an artist must treat it with the deepest reverence, and he must see in it not admiration of the artist himself in his power to satisfy the longing of the human soul to soar to those eternal heights, but their actual striving thither, and he must be proud that they intrust such a noble function to him to fulfill.

From my heart I wish you to experience these feelings. I am not an artist, but I have felt the same thing in another domain.

Write to me what you are reading, and how you are working. Have you read Robert Browning's "Abt Vogler"? He was a fine connoisseur of music, besides being a poet.

Your loving Father,
N. W. TCHAYKOVSKY.

WITHIN THE CELL

These were the surroundings of my prison life. Had I been imprisoned for the first time, it would probably have produced upon me a much stronger and more oppressive sensation, but as I had been incarcerated twice in my youth and was acquainted with Russian prisons, I was more or less used to the routine, and it was the monotony of it and the uncertainty of the course my case would take that personally affected me. On Christmas eve I wrote home, "My life runs on as usual: reading, thinking, and walking; walking, reading, and thinking." At the time of the food distribution metal dishes would clink, doors would slam, and numerous steps be heard along the corridors, but afterwards an almost dead silence reigned, and the quiet steps of the guards along the carpeted corridors could be detected only by very attentive listening. The monotonous ringing of the bell in the steeple of the fortress every quarter of an hour vexes the ear, especially of those in the part of the fortress nearest to the Cathedral. The music of these chimes is so monotonous that at times it becomes oppressive, especially for shattered nerves.

The narrow strip of sky which could be seen from the cell was the only connecting link between the prisoner and nature outside. A few stars, and very seldom the moon, with the ragged clouds of a St. Petersburg leaden sky, form the company in which the prisoner finds himself in the night. The sun very seldom looks into these windows, especially in those parts of the fortress which face northeast and northwest. I was fortunate enough to spend most of my time in No. 55,[1] a cell in the southwest corner of the prison, where the outside wall forms an angle and more light is admitted to the window, and the sun peeps into the cell for three or four hours on bright days. For hours and hours I used to stand in front of the sun, exposing my face to it with shut eyes, so eager did I feel for its bright light and the reviving warmth.

The prison doves supplied me with no little pleasure. There was a flock of them—about seventy birds—living in the attics of the prison, and in the daytime they would frequently descend from the roof into the yard to which prisoners are taken for their walk. We were allowed to feed them with the remnants of our black bread. To watch these birds courting each other and fighting for the bread was one of the amusements in my life. In one of my letters to my daughter I described how the male dove, with his raised neck-feathers and the tail scratching the ground, making complicated turns round his lady love, reminded me of a mediæval cavalier, in his high jabot and peruke, plaited hair and swallow-tail coat reaching almost to his heels, fine silk stockings, and shining shoes with metal buckles on his feet, dancing a pirouette round his partner, who, while turning modestly away from him as if she would have nothing to do with him, yet allows herself to be courted.

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[1] Madame Breshkovsky afterward occupied this cell, which is the best one in the prison.

I derived, moreover, a certain artistic pleasure from these doves. I used to pick up their feathers in the garden while taking exercise, drawing afterwards from them very artistic lines which the dove's feathers produced if they were pressed to paper. By putting two such lines alongside each other I have drawn a large number of artistic vases of different shapes and sizes. Moreover, in the summer time I used to collect different leaves in the garden and press them to these pictured vases, thus decorating them with the shapes of natural leaves. By good fortune a sheet of transparent paper once came into my hands accidentally. It was wrapped round a piece of chocolate which I had ordered from the guard and which had not been taken away, as it should have been, according to the regulations. That transparent paper served me for this sort of artistic work. Naturally I cherished it and tried to keep it out of sight of my guardians, which was no easy matter, because my cell was often searched in my absence in the yard. The pockets of my clothes were searched while I was in the bath, and once an incident arose from such a search. I had given a list of books that I wanted to the governor of the prison, and he had returned it to me. I put it in my pocket, and when I wanted to prepare myself for my wife's visit I noted on this sheet of paper a programme of the conversation I wished to hold with her in our short allowance of twenty minutes; so the sheet was covered with notes written across the original list. One day this piece of paper was handed to me by the guard with a special message from the governor that I had better destroy it, after copying what was important on it in my note-book, otherwise it might be considered a secret manuscript and lead to trouble. The fact was that it had been discovered in the pocket of my clothes while I was washing in the bath-room. Another time a small safety pin also fell accidentally into my hands. I had it in my luggage, stuck into some underclothing, and as I had permission to wear my own flannel underclothing, owing to my age, this pin, by some oversight on the part of the guards, remained in it when it was brought to my cell. As no metal, especially anything sharp, was permitted in the cells, I naturally treasured this addition to my scanty inventory in case I should need it for scratching something, and I hid it every time I left the cell, in my sleeve. But once when I changed my clothes I could not find that pin. The walls, bedstead, and tables were covered with writing scratched on by different means by the prisoners. I even found among the names some of persons I happened to know, learning thereby that they had been confined in this cell; and I also learned of the sentence to ten years' hard labor of one of those men, written by himself. The authorities naturally tried to obliterate these inscriptions, and once a year they scrupulously painted them out. Prison conditions incite a desire to do forbidden things, and I confess I myself felt very much inclined to leave some trace of my existence in this place.

A small incident happened about a looking-glass. Mirrors are not allowed, and for the first two or three months I did not see my face at all. Looking at one's face in the glass is evidently such a habit of civilized man that I felt uneasy at not being able to see how I looked. I tried to see my face at the bottom of the earthenware mug, and to a certain extent I succeeded, but it was very dim. I tried to look into a mug full of water, placing it in the shadow and allowing as much light as possible to fall on my face; but I was still unsuccessful. Finally I found that when the ventilator of the window was opened, by pulling myself up I could bring my face to the level of the glass and could see myself clearly in it. Once I said to the governor when he visited my cell, "I think I am looking pale and require some more fresh air."

He asked me how I knew, as I had no mirror. "Yes," I said, "I have a mirror," and explained to him how I lifted myself up to the ventilator.

He laughed at the time, but I saw clearly that he did not like it.

It is no wonder, therefore, that all metal things are forbidden in prison cells, and if any old nail or even a brass button is found in the possession of a prisoner it is immediately taken away. Even the tin foil in which chocolate is wrapped is confiscated immediately on delivery of the chocolate, because, it was said, prisoners could manufacture lead pencils out of it. I confess I tried it after this, but did not succeed.

The iron railing in the window had a cross-bar, and that bar was a favorite resting-place for the sparrows to catch the last rays of the sun, and it gave me considerable pleasure to watch these quarrelsome little birds. They would fight for these seats between the bars. The strongest one would try to get the most favorable place. In the daytime, when both ventilators were open, they would come in to pick up the pieces of bread thrown by me to the window-sill, which was as wide as the thickness of the wall. I always watched them quietly from the further corner of the cell, without showing any signs of my presence, and at first one would only peep through the ventilator and examine the room hastily. Then another one, emboldened by the example of the first, would endeavor to snatch the nearest piece of bread, and finally not one but half a dozen would come to the inside space and even fly into my cell and pick up crumbs from the floor.

The doves were prevented from coming into the cells by thick wire netting, but the sparrows could pass through it. I never succeeded in domesticating the latter, but in summer time I had great pleasure in observing them.

I made myself a set of chessmen from pieces of the black rye bread, and used to play chess with myself for hours when I felt my brain too tired for mental work. The library contained a handbook on chess, and I was able to improve my knowledge and skill in this game.

I suffered from sleeplessness, and my nerves were very easily excited at the least break in the prison routine, so that once when I received notice that I was to be called to the gendarmerie at headquarters a very uncomfortable palpitation of the heart and excitement seized me. In order to counteract it I began to walk briskly up and down the cell and to breathe deeply, raising my arms at the same time above my head, and, to my surprise, I found that after a quarter of an hour of such exercise my heart began to work normally and my nervous excitement ceased. This led me to the conclusion that such deep breathing might be used as an artificial means of soothing the nerves and making the brain work more regularly by helping the heart to drain the brain. I used this means afterward as a regular exercise in gymnastics which I took every morning, and I found it so beneficial for my brain work that I wrote about it to my daughter, who had become a doctor by that time, calling her attention to this method.

Somehow the weak state of my nerves in the beginning became known outside the prison, and a suggestion was circulated through the press that I should have a physical examination by outside medical authorities. I must mention with gratitude the names of two very well known doctors in St. Petersburg—Professor Bekhteref, a specialist in nerves, and Dr. Volkoff, who were admitted to the fortress and examined me very thoroughly in the governor's quarters. They found a very neurasthenic state of the nervous system and several secondary defects in my body. They prescribed more fresh air and exercise; after which I had my recreation increased from twenty minutes to half an hour. These doctors visited me at the request of my wife, supported by that of the press.

(To be concluded next week)

AT THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN IN DAVIS SQUARE, SOUTH PARK, CHICAGO

Chicago's Answer

By J. Horace McFarland

President of the American Civic Association

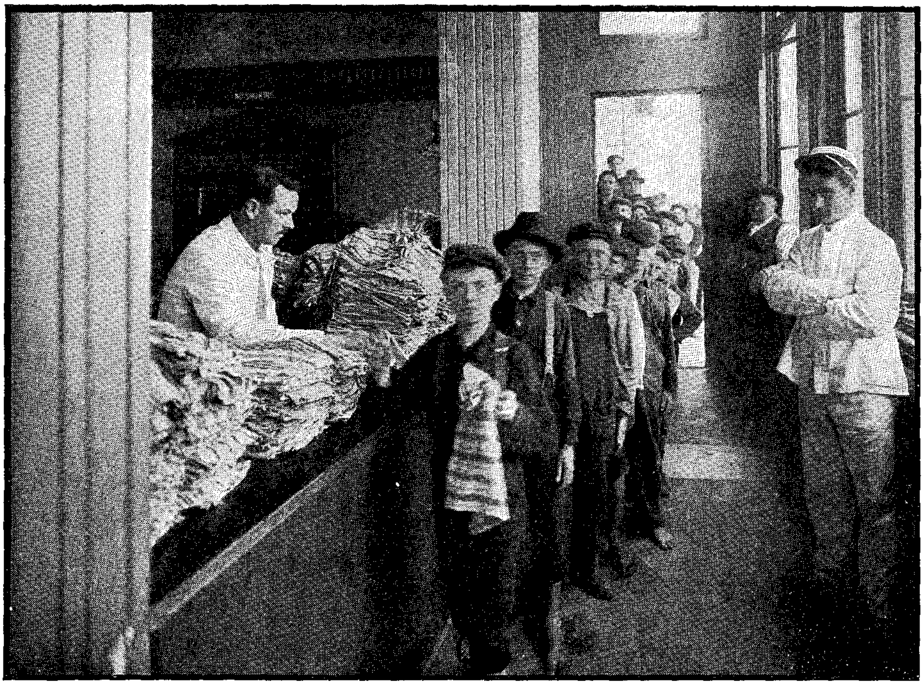
"And Jehovah said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper?"

To understand Chicago's answer to this age-old question, which answer is to my mind her greatest present glory, one must first understand the occasion for the question.

Chicago, the second city of America, includes a population of approximately 2,649,000. Of the employed population, 1,100,000, it is estimated that 89 per cent are artisans, laborers, clerks, operators, and the like. That is, they are not of those in the community who can choose their own hours of labor or places of residence. They are, to be sure, technically "free Americans," but in so far as their daily livelihood is concerned, their freedom is distinctly restricted. A very considerable portion of this large number of human beings is free to labor, and then to eat. If they labor not, they eat not; and the margin, the reserve, for existence without labor is usually small.

Moreover, to this class of citizens the economic range of place of living and of hours of labor is, as I have indicated, not considerably within their own power to control, despite the organizations called "unions." Their opportunity for that daily recreation, that change, which we call "play" in childhood, and used to think was at least unnecessary, if not disgraceful, in those of adult years, is closely circumscribed by the scanty margin of their livelihood and hours, and by the practically enforced places of their residence. The stockyards worker is really not at liberty to go daily to a spacious suburban residence, nor do his earnings continue should he take "a day off."

Further, the nationality of the members of this vast army of workers has an important relation to their supposed freedom. Chicago has many citizens to whom English is an unaccustomed language and to whom America is a new home. Of our institutions they have little knowledge previous to their arrival in the country, and they are not informed either particularly or accurately by any public agency in the United States. They must do mostly as



GETTING THEIR BATHING SUITS AT DAVIS SQUARE

they can, not as they would like, even if they really knew what they would like in this new and strange country.

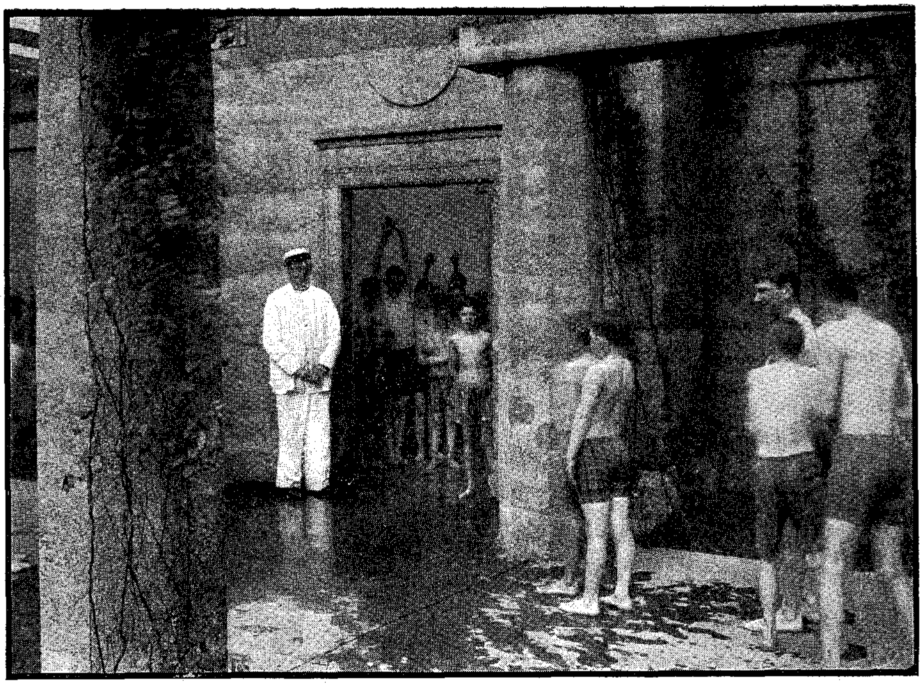
I try to fancy what would be my own course if I was induced by alluring reports to emigrate to Russia, for instance, knowing practically nothing of its language or customs, having but little money above my bare transportation—and that necessarily to be changed into a strange coinage—and being practically an unskilled worker. I think I would do as most of the immigrants do—associate quickly with any compatriots I could find, and crowd into one of their homes at almost any inconvenience, if I could. The English language would have a grateful sound to a bewildered American in Russia, even if it fell only from the lips of a " tough " or a saloon-keeper, or was spoken by the inmates of an already overcrowded and squalid boarding-house.

So nationality also complicates the situation. The Slav, the Lithuanian, the Russian Jew, crowds in upon other Slavs, Lithuanians, and Russian Jews, for conversation, information, guidance—in short, for society. That it is often the blind leading the blind does not remove any difficulties from the economic situation. These foreigners are here, they must work, we need their labor—and, incidentally, they must live. Yet more incidentally, they also fall sick and die, or are injured or killed " industrially," having sometimes previously engaged our officials of justice, and often our charitable agencies, in a somewhat expensive endeavor to care for them. Further, when the head of such a family is thus removed, his nearly helpless family remains.

Even more of an incident, a by-product, so to speak, is the assumption by these " outlanders " of voting citizenship through naturalization; and the vote of a Greek peasant, just his five years and no more in America, having absorbed barely such suggestion of information as to American institutions as will enable him to pass the test applied by a weary or an indifferent judge, is exactly as efficient as is the vote of Dr. Eliot of Harvard!

Then, too, it is not among the workers and the immigrants that " race suicide " especially prevails. So there are children, many of them, in Chicago, and the children are to be " Americanized " in some fashion.

The impulse for change and recreation of which I have spoken is felt by all. It



AFTER THE BATH AT DAVIS SQUARE

is the social impulse as well, and it is necessary to existence—almost as necessary as is food. Who has not experienced the added pleasure and benefit of absorbing food and drink under congenial social conditions? Watch the gang of ditch-diggers nearest, and note how groups gather with their dinner-pails to do what you do in your home or in your club.

The first American answers to the social needs of these people are bad answers. The crowded and unwholesome tenement, in which proper social life and proper physical development are impracticable, is one most uneconomic reply, and it predicates another. It is in the American saloon that the tired worker who must live sordidly, or the dazed foreigner who hungers for association, may find light, cheer, equality, and a sort of comfort, while he is being drugged with strange drinks. His daughter finds the dance-hall, or worse; his children have the gutter, or, if luxuriously provided with money, the "nickel theater" or the "penny arcade."

And these answers—of the Evil One—are quick and convenient. The facilities for such relaxation as the agencies of evil afford are not far from any one in most American communities, and certainly not far nor infrequent in crowded, busy, polyglot Chicago.

Slowly has civilized and Christian man come to see that he is his brother's keeper, perforce. If he keeps him not in health and social happiness because of God's law of love, he must keep him in disease and deficiency through man's law of taxation. All the crime, all the sickness, all the bodily deficiencies in a mutual government of, by, and for the people, react in cost upon all. I pay my share of the cost of tenement living and saloon recreation in Chicago, involuntarily, just as I am assessed for a portion of the cost of the vile existing conditions in the Pennsylvania coal regions. I may not recognize the charge, but I pay it as inevitably as I pay my share (or more than my share?) of the cost of government through the action of a protective tariff.

There! The political economy side of this story is written down, and I'm glad of it. It needs to be considered if we are to understand Chicago's answer to the question of Cain, which is a great, resounding Yes! And, to avoid any misunderstanding, let me say that the question applies to all the communities of

GYMNASTICS AT MARK WHITE SQUARE

America as well as to Chicago. I know of little towns of less than three thousand in which misery dwells, because there is no answer—yet. Many communities are replying, but I think Chicago's affirmative is more direct and efficient. It is the way of that wonderful city to be direct and efficient, no less in good than in evil, thank God!

Now go with me on a hot July Sunday and see what is happening in Chicago. It is not simply a warm day—it is hot, and the air pulsates and shimmers as it rises in waves of humid discomfort from the radiating surfaces of the paved streets and the thickly set buildings and factories.

We head toward the populous industrial South Side, and cross the reeking river. Our route avoids the great boulevards, along which live the few who may choose their habitations, for we are to see the habitations of the many who do not have that choice. These habitations—we may hardly dare to call them homes—of the unfree workers are not the cool-looking boulevard homes. They line the hot streets that have no suggestion of anything but dust, dirt, labor, and squalor.

But a sound of shouting, a joyous and care-free sound, attracts us, and we follow its direction to where, right in the reek of the stock-yards, there is a glint of green. A thronging multitude is seeing that bit of grass, and using it. We enter, listening amazed to the polyglot babel of tongues, and behold a scene not, I think, matched anywhere else.

It is but a little "play park," as it is officially designated, this ten-acre Davis Square. Lest that perfectly truthful designation be misunderstood by some who

IN THE SHOWER HOUSE AT DAVIS SQUARE

do not yet realize what part "play" has in community health and net economic efficiency, I will say that it might be called a People's Country Club, "and then some!" For here the multitudinous People—those from the four quarters of the globe who come to labor in the stockyards and the mills and the factories of great Chicago—are doing things, and their wives and babies, their children and friends, are with them, also doing things, in pleasure and not of compulsion.

First, there is grass to see, and to walk upon, or rather roll and loll upon. Do you, my lawn-loving and lawn-owning reader, understand just what this means to the Slav or the Italian, a year or more from his native green fields, and just a minute or so from dirty cobblestones and a twice-heated and thrice-crowded portion of a squalid and grassless habitation?

Here must be noted a somewhat paradoxical condition. It is a very hot day, this July Sunday, and your impulse and mine, home-having reader, is to seek any possible shade. But these workers of a great city, after six days of toilsome vibration between crowded factory and overcrowded habitations, desire space, open air, grass, and such sight of blue sky as is possible, and they get out of the shade into the open. Their sweat to-day is that of recreation and not of toil.

So that sound of shouting came from an open field, and we quickly see that baseball is engaging the attention of a happy multitude, the game being most unprofessional, and surely most interesting to the participants and spectators. We note, too, that upon another open grassy area there are proceeding some strange games and dances—those of the lands of the players and the dancers, here happily made possible.

A low, homelike, and most attractive building is part of the "play park." It is officially a Field House, and no country club field house anywhere better serves its purpose. I call it a house of civic wonders; but another shouting center draws us too quickly through its open center to now see its details. This time it is the shriller sound of boys' voices that takes us to a great open swimming-pool, crowded with splashing, joyous juveniles.

An inquiry of a kindly attendant tells us of an hour's limit for each admitted "gang" of the comfortable capacity of the pool. The waiting boys are lined up, each to receive a sterilized suit and towel when the gong strikes. It is a jolly throng, and I am glad to get "in the push"—and it is a real push! The boys chaff me, and I hear at once, "Get on to de guy wid de camera!" Listening to the talk—and all the boys talk "American"—I overhear one eight-year-old whispering to his neighbor, "Gee! if I gits in dis time, it'll be de sevent' to-day!" He knows the rules—one swim only in one day—but he worms through in the crush. The attendants are wisely more concerned with the safety of those in the water than with an occasional repeater.

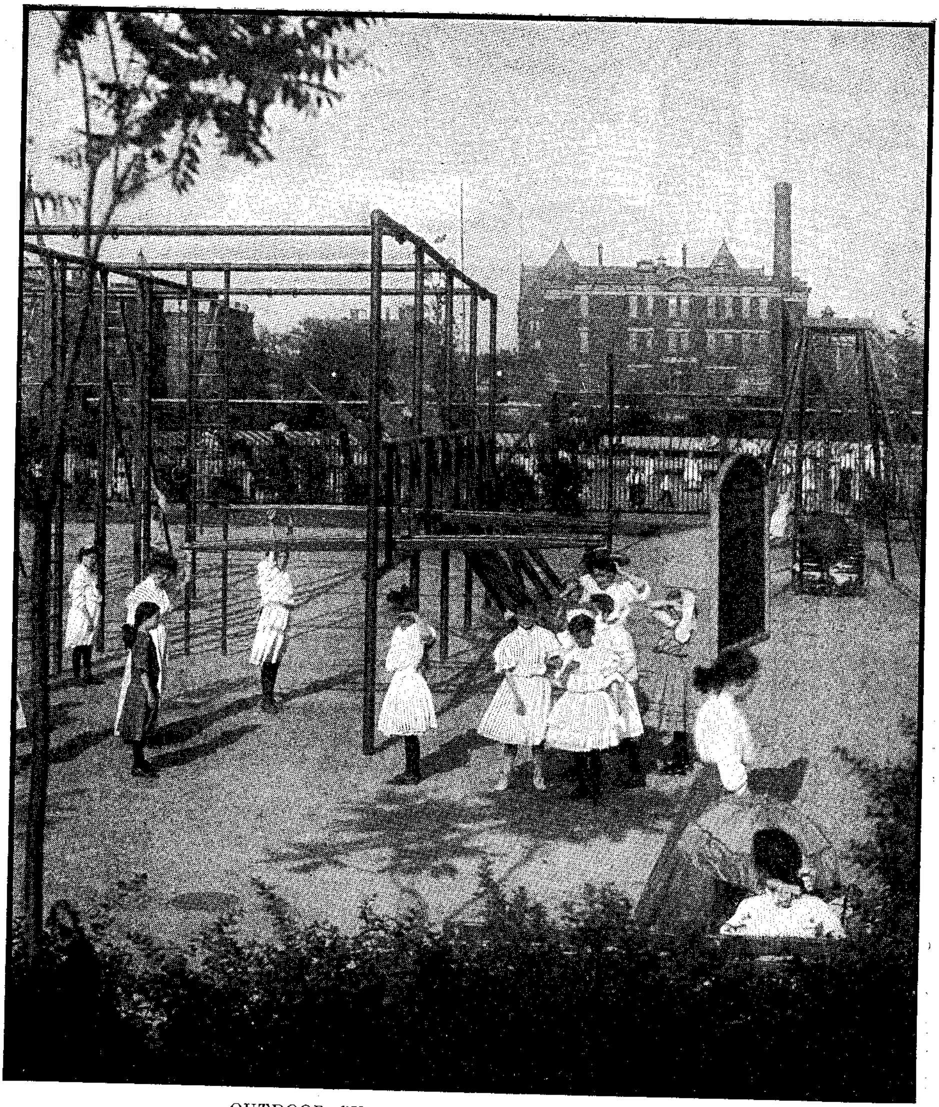
A ten-minute bell rings, warning the "gang" in the water that it must vacate and be dressed in that time. Do the boys hurry out? Hardly! The fun, the diving, the splashing, increase. Two minutes is ample time to waste on the unimportant details of wriggling out of a wet bathing suit and into a scanty street suit, with a towel-wipe between!

From the bathing-pool on either side we see other forms of recreative play proceeding. There are open-air gymnasiums for both men and women, admirably equipped, capably attended, and doing a heavy business to-day. Most attractive, however, is the "little children's playground," where chubby children—and some sadly not chubby—are doing all sorts of stunts. The wading-pool is hardly more of a delight than the semicircular sand-courts close by, for here one gets into the heart of the matter, seeing tired-looking foreign mothers who are "visiting" with others, but whose eyes are continually turning to the very little babies delightedly playing in the fascinating warm sand. These babies, thank God! are not gasping out their little lives to-day in germ-laden "homes," but instead are drinking in vitality, while mother and father and brother and sister are all happily active or contentedly passive near by. For a penny, too, the baby may have pure milk to drink —milk municipally safeguarded and provided.

Some one mentions ice-cream as a possibility, and that cooling hint takes us back to the field house, where it promptly becomes a yet more cooling reality. There is a "refectory," and a nickel brings me a generous portion of municipally-made ice-cream of delicious quality—I have never tasted better. Simple food and pure milk —as I have said, life for the babies!—are accessible at cost prices. And the "cost" is not the cost to a concessionaire, including his profit, but to the South Park Commissioners, courageously and successfully operating directly all the utilities and facilities that will build into health and happiness for the people.

Before going outdoors we may glance profitably at the other indoor facilities of this field house of the people. There is a fine assembly-room, which hints at the needs of evenings. Several "club-rooms" excite inquiry, which is answered to the effect that these rooms are reserved for any proper social purpose for any date upon application by any person. Think of it, you who deplore the saloon and yet know that it serves an otherwise neglected social need—here is the first definite and practical civic substitute. For Mrs. Rosinsky, as I see on the bulletin-board, is going to have her daughter's wedding in Room 13 next week, and the South Side Social Club has arranged a little dance in Room A for Tuesday night.

I have almost forgotten the shower baths included in this field house. The hot, weary, toil-grimed workers in the near-by stock-yards do not forget them, it seems, for the superintendent of this Davis Square "play park" tells me, with obvious pride, that "yesterday [Saturday] 2,762 men used the showers after four o'clock in the afternoon." Saloons do not have shower baths, so far as I



OUTDOOR GYMNASTICS AT ARMOUR SQUARE

know, and men bathing and cleaning and cooling themselves in a municipal place, of which they know themselves to be part owners, are restoring and not depleting the energies that make their livelihood possible.

There is a reading-room, with books and magazines, and also a child-size reading-room, with a pleasant-faced young woman to help the boys and girls who are inclined to adventure in literature. There are no debasing "penny arcade" facilities, and these children are not being poisoned in mind or body.

There is no charge for all this, and only one limitation. Read the rule for it: "The assembly halls and club-rooms are reserved for the use of clubs and assemblies for almost any moral purpose, including dances —politics and religious services excepted."

Now this is a hot July Sunday, and there are three hundred and sixty-four other days in a year, some just as hot and some just as cold in Chicago. What of the rest of the year? Read again the official statement: "The buildings are open for the use of the people every day in the year. . . . The shower baths are in use every day in the year. . . . The swimming-pools (outdoor) are open from about June 1 until about October 1, two days a week being set aside for women and girls. . . . All gymnasiums and playgrounds are in the care of trained instructors, who conduct classes in gymnastics, dancing, and games indoors from October to May, and games, athletics, and sports outdoors from May to October." I find that a score of trained—and most kindly, interested, and courteous—attendants remain "on the job" the year round. Because they see what happens, they are optimists all. There are policemen too, but doing mighty little policing in the familiar sense.

I have written of Davis Square. If it were the only "play park" in Chicago, it would be a credit, but inadequate, even though it has a record of use in a single year by 752,782 of "the public." But it is only one of *ten* such centers on the South Side, and one of the four smallest. In each there is the same minimum equipment as I have mentioned, while several include, because of greater area, additional facilities for making men and women over into happy and productive citizens. Sherman Park for instance, and Ogden Park as well, are both of sixty acres extent, and both have great and lovely lagoons for boating, and greater play-fields for all sorts of outdoor fun. McKinley Park, of seventy-five acres, adds other facilities.

These "play parks," too, are well scattered. They spot Chicago's South Side map of industry, habitations, and highways with oases of green as grateful and more important by far to more people than ever had eyes gladdened as they neared a Sahara palm patch. The greater parks—Washington and Jackson notably—supply vast and delightful areas as beneficently useful, and the intersecting parked boulevards, such as Michigan Avenue and those of Garfield, Western, and Grand, give quick relief of trees and grass as well as of open space, diffusing oxygen and chlorophyll instead of germs and smoke.

All taken together, these South Side park enterprises, equipped and maintained in a definite, even if unstated, attempt to answer the question of Cain, and giving upward of six million park visits each year, make the answer an encouraging Yes! That it has required large expenditures to do this, that houses have had to be razed to get the open spaces where they are needed, does not make the answer less, but more, emphatic. Chicago plans now to avoid the high cost of "hind-sight," for she looks ahead for more play parks and more boulevards and more grass and more field houses, to meet the more people coming who are thus to be more adequately Americanized.

In Chicago's municipal organization it happens that there are several park districts and several park bodies. The play parks of which I have written in this attempt to find Chicago's answer are on the South Side. A tremendous population, an imperial city in itself, including more people and work and wealth than is under many a king abroad, lies in that section known as the West Side. Though under another set of commissioners, the same ideals prevail here, not yet so fully developed. There have been provided so far but three of what are here called "small parks," and they are therefore vastly important. In each case they are in places of excessive congestion of working population. What they have done is best stated in the words of the President of the West Chicago Park Commission:

"The small parks have become a vital factor in community life. They have become organized neighborhood social centers, uplifting the social, moral, and physical life of the community. The swimming-pools and shower baths, the playgrounds and the gymnasiums, the outdoor and indoor recreation, all make for a better physical life; the dances and clubs promote a better social life, while the concerts, lectures, and entertainments stimulate the intellectual and moral life."

Again, in begging for money to make more of these oases, Mr. Smulski writes:

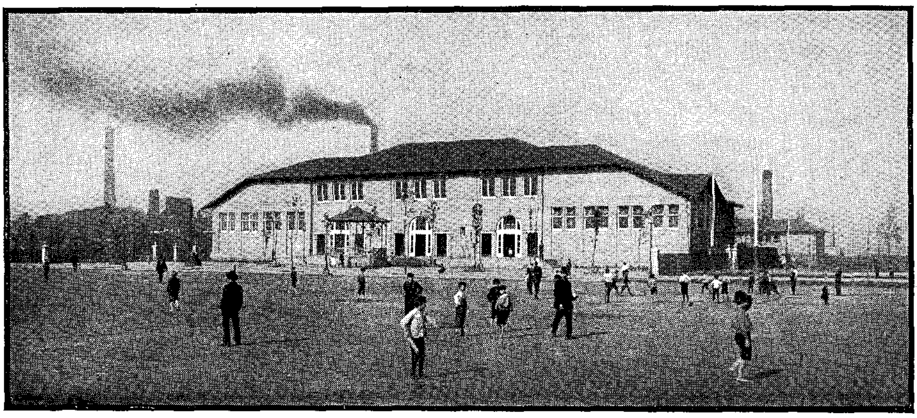
"To the wage-earner, the clerk, the mechanic, the artisan, and the laborer . . . to him, to his wife, and particularly to his children, the small park has become the center of education and recreation, the breathing-spot of pure air, where the grass, the flowers, the trees, the gymnasium, the reading-room and the lecture-room preach daily a sermon appealing to the better nature and inspiring them to be good, pure, and ambitious . . . a place where the filth and grime of the tannery, the shop, and the ditch are removed and forgotten, and all the nobler impulses and incentives appeal to the reason and the heart. . . . Every dollar expended for small parks in the crowded districts of a large city is an investment that will not only bring good returns, but will pay munificent dividends in undefiled manhood and womanhood."

Now I have written, and pleaded, and preached, and pictured in many patient magazines and cities, but I have not been able to reach the concrete eloquence of this devoted man on the job—the job of fighting the forces of evil and deterioration in a great city.

In my Chicago journeyings I have had one most pleasing experience. It was in connection with the opening of the field house in Small Park No. 2, which park had been carved right out of the heart of Chicago's Ghetto, some fifty-seven densely crowded houses having been demolished to get room for its scant three acres of space. The date for the opening was Washington's Birthday, but as I was to talk in a Western community of Washington's immortal work on the plan for his Federal City, I was a day too soon for the actual opening. I was, however, just in time to see the unique and significant preparations.

The manager was everywhere at once, and, like all the other Chicago park workers I have met, a very dynamo of enthusiasm and energy. There were a thousand boys—mostly of the lineage of Abraham—at a flag rehearsal. They were to sing, and all to tail on to the rope which should, on the birthday of the Father of his Country, first raise to the chill February wind the flag of the free over this beneficent field house that meant so much to the neighborhood. The clothes of the boys were not notably elaborate, but their eyes! how they glistened! and how their shrill voices joined in the National anthem! So here was patriotism being tied right into pure milk, and shower baths, and a reading-room, and all the other beneficences.

I was with Mr. Teller in spirit the next day, and I have his letters to show just what did occur. That grandest of American women, Jane Addams, explained "The Child and the Park," and then there were other addresses, but, most of all, the boys and girls and directors of the other small parks were there to show how things were to be done. Mat tumbling, a Highland fling, a swimming drill, songs, and folk-dances—all these came in the events of the day. Continues Mr. Teller: "At 2:30 P.M. there were twenty-five hundred here. We had a parade, the event of the neighborhood. . . . Then came thirty-one boys of the 'Children of the Republic George Washington Club,' carrying the playground flag, each grasping a bit of it while carrying a small American flag in the other hand. . . . Then we tied the flag to the rope of the pole, and twenty-five hundred children cheered as it went up. The band played the 'Star-spangled Banner,' and then, amid a hush in which you could hear a pin drop, these thirty-



THE BALL FIELD AT DAVIS SQUARE

one boys lined up and saluted the flag, saying: 'I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the country for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.' . . . We handled four thousand people that day, and did not have one chair broken. Is not that evidence of how they acted?"

Later I learned that within two weeks fifteen hundred were enrolled in the gymnasiums. At an Arbor Day celebration five thousand children were present, and the next day some of them came again, expecting to see some evidence of growth in the trees they had seen planted! Since, a complete circulating library and a domestic science department have been added to the working facilities of this municipal man-factory. To his own credit, and to the vast joy of the thronging children and their equally thronging parents, be it noted that Governor Deneen made a patriotic address on July 3 at this new and lively little park.

Now I have written naught of any individual or private uplift agencies in Chicago. I am not here bringing forward Hull House, or Henry Booth House, or telling of the Saturday Afternoon Walking Clubs. It is with Chicago's municipal and direct attention to the question of Cain, and then only in a hinting at the spirit which marks that attention, that I have dealt. That spirit shines in the faces of the park workers; it speaks forth in the words of the foreign-born Park Commission president, from whose official reports I have quoted.

That it is a fine and high spirit I insist. It says nothing, you will observe, of the sacredness of untrodden grass, nor does it in the least approach that anomalous state of mind which has caused in New York City some outcry against the use of a little portion of Central Park for the direct benefit in playgrounds of the sadly neglected children of the metropolis. Chicago has outdistanced her seaboard bigger sister in humanitarian endeavor in a municipal way, and no one there rises in wrath because those of clear sight are trying to make the people's property most useful to the people.

There are "social centers" elsewhere, and some other cities approach Chicago's park and playground efficiency. Yet the fact remains that here, where the need is great, and where least might have been expected from a supposed spirit of commercialism, is the finest answer in all America to the Question of Cain.

IN THE OPEN

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Here life has sung
With loving tongue;
The sun-lit moon,
The sweet warm light of afternoon,
The flaming spurt of the cardinal flower,
The wan white rose,
The winter gale and April shower.
The least of these, God knows,
Had I the power
To fashion prayerfully with joyous hand
To such awakening music that the soul
Of sleeping man could hear,—and understand,—
To-morrow might I glimpse the goal
Of those great hearts that guard the silent land!

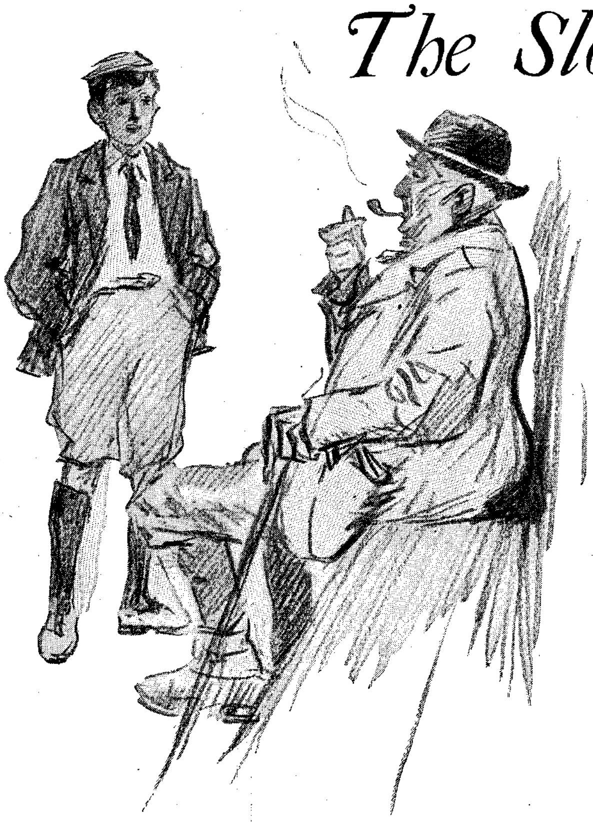
The Slowcoach

A Story of Roadside Adventure

By

Edward Verrall Lucas

With Pictures
by
L. Raven-Hill



"ROBERT MADE FRIENDS WITH AN OLD LABORER"

CHAPTER XV

THE ADVENTURE OF THE RUNAWAY PONIES

THE distance from Evesham to Elmley Castle, a little village under Bredon Hill, is only five or six miles, and the Slowcoaches were comfortably encamped in a field there by six o'clock; for at Evesham they did no more than walk through the churchyard to the beautiful square Bell Tower with its little company of spires on the roof. Mary bought a guide at a shop at the corner of the market-place and read the story.

This Bell Tower, with a gateway and a wall or so, is all that remains of a Benedictine abbey which was built by the Bishop of Worcester in the reign of Ethelred. The Bishop, it seems, had a swineherd named Eoves, who one day while wandering in the Forest of Arden ("In which the scene of 'As You Like It' is laid, Hester, and which used to cover all the ground where Evesham now stands") was visited in a vision by three radiant damsels. He returned at once and told the Bishop, who, on being led to the same spot, after a preparation of fasting and prayer, had the same vision, and at once recognized the damsels as the Virgin Mary and two Angels.

At that time the meaning of such heavenly visitations was plain, and the Bishop at once set about building an abbey on the spot. He appointed himself the first abbot, and named it after his swineherd Eoves—Eoves'ham.

The abbey was large and prosperous, but the Danes destroyed it in one of their raids, and it had to be rebuilt on a more splendid scale. Then came Henry VIII and his quarrel with the Church of Rome, and the abbey was confiscated and given as a grant to Sir Philip Hoby, one of his

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friends, who at once (being a man of the type of the Rev. Francis Gastrell) raised what money he could on it by turning it into a quarry for stones. And that is why so many old houses in this neighborhood have carved stones in their walls.

The party then returned to the market-place and walked down to the bridge, where they joined Kink and set out for their goal.

Elmley Castle is one street, with a ruined cross at one end and the church at the other, and the great hill over all. The cottages are as white as snowdrops and they have heavy thatch roofs. The women wear large blue Worcestershire sunbonnets. The only shop is a post-office too, so that Robert was able to send his telegrams very easily.

After supper some of them walked through the churchyard (which has a very curious sun-dial in it) to the meadows beyond, in search of the castle, the site of which is mentioned on the map but is quite undiscoverable now; while Robert made friends with an old laborer smoking his pipe outside the great tithe barn, and asked him about the road up Bredon, as it was his project to sleep on the very top of the hill the next night.

But the old man changed their plans completely; for he convinced Robert that the Slowcoach would never get to the top without at least two more horses to help, and even then it would be an unwise course to take because there was no proper road and it might be badly shaken.

It was therefore arranged that the older and stronger children should take their lunch to the top of the hill and eat it there, and that Kink, with Hester and Gregory, should go round the hill, which rises all alone from the plain like a great sleeping monster, on the flat roads, and meet them on the other, or south side, at Beckford, in the afternoon; and they should then go on for five or six miles farther to their camping-ground near Oxenton.

The night was uneventful except for a rather startling visit from a peacock, which stood just inside the boys' tent and uttered such sounds as only a peacock can.

Both parties started early the next morning. Gregory and Hester, being for the first time alone as owners of the Slowcoach, were very proud and excited, and Gregory insisted upon Janet giving him two shillings in case of any emergency, although Kink had plenty of money. The nice old women in the Worcestershire sunbonnets came to see them start, and, well supplied with stone ginger beer from the Queen's Head—Queen Elizabeth's head, as it happens—off they went, Gregory beside Kink, and Hester inside reading Hans Andersen's story of the nightingale.

The others, after waving good-by, set their feet bravely towards the slopes of Bredon Hill—no small undertaking, for it is very steep and the day was hot. But the pathway is pleasant, first passing by the gardens of the great house, where burning blue on the wall they saw their visitor of the night; and then through a deep lane to a hillocky meadow, and so up to the turf of the higher slopes, where the views begin and where it is very agreeable to rest.

But Robert urged them on. "It is quite flat at the top," he said, "and there is a tower at the very edge, and a perfect place for a picnic."

Here we will leave them, climbing pantingly up, and follow the Slowcoach, as Moses drew it steadily along the lanes at the base of the hill, between the high hedges. At first, as I said, Kink and Gregory walked; but after a while they both sat in front, just over the shafts, and Gregory held the reins (he called it driving), and they discussed life—which means that Gregory asked a thousand questions and Kink did his best to answer or ignore them.

"It's not true, is it, that when all the cows in a field stand up it's going to rain?"

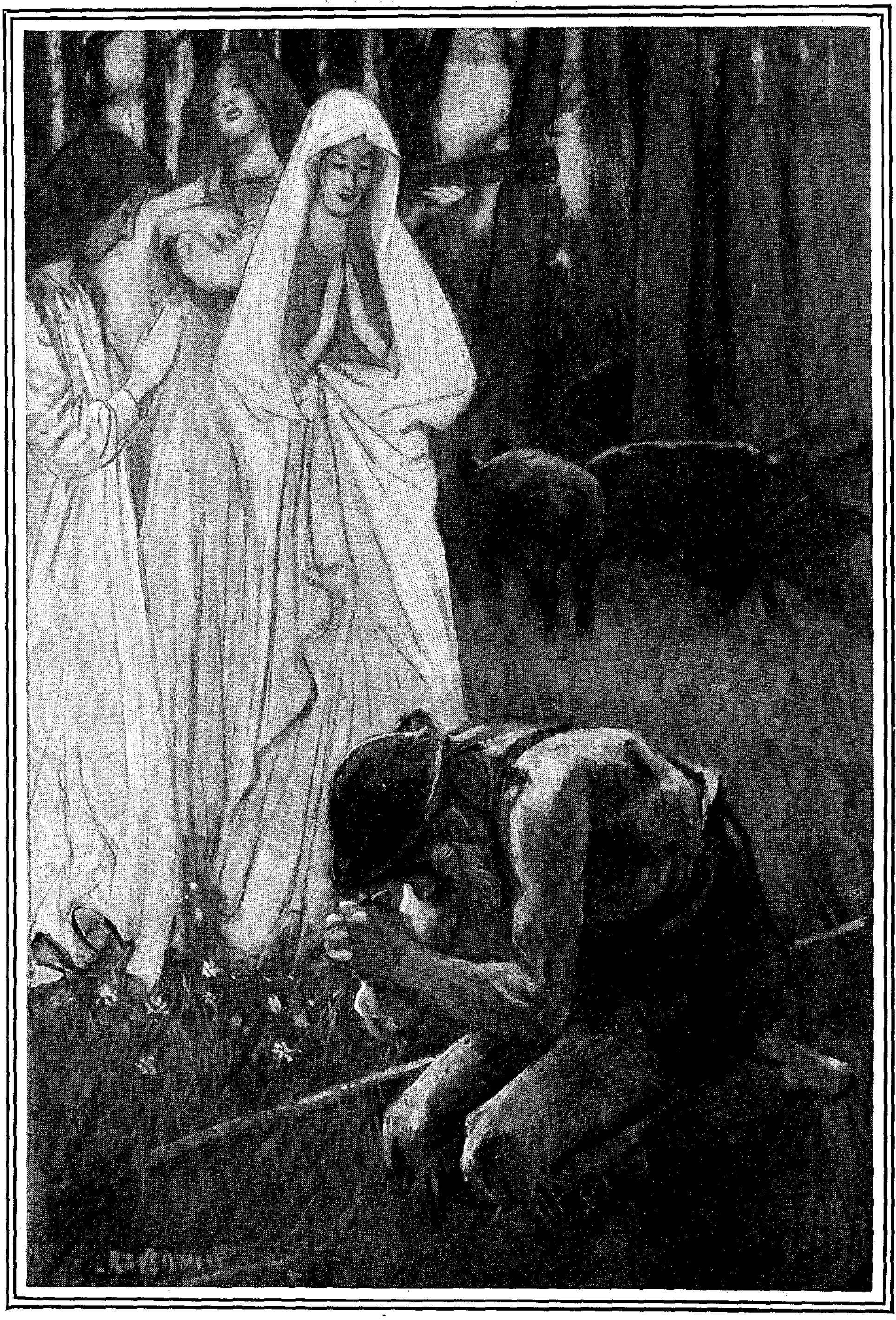
"Don't you think Bredon Hill would be a ripping place to start to fly from?"

"Shall we stop and cook our dinner, or have cold things?"

"It's not true, is it, that whenever you see a white horse you see a red-haired girl? I suppose that means only in London, where there are so many people?"

"Do you know that you can't walk over London Bridge without seeing a white horse?"

"Do you think that Moses is ever going to have a stone in his shoe so that



"VISITED IN A VISION BY THREE RADIANT DAMSELS"

I can get it out with my knife? Couldn't we drive him over a very stony place?"

"You can't really tell the time by dandelions, can you?"

And so forth, till Kink's head would have ached if he had not trained it not to.

Gregory was rattling on in this way when suddenly they heard a screaming and scrambling and thudding behind them, and a moment later a chaise with a little girl in it, drawn by a pair of gray ponies, dashed past at a fearful pace, only just avoiding the caravan, and disappeared in a cloud of dust; and then after a minute or so came a tremendous shattering crash, and all was still.

"It's a smash-up," said Kink, urging Moses into a trot. "We must help them;" and at the same time Hester's white face appeared at the window and implored Kink to drive faster.

In a minute or so they saw a moving mass at the side of the road, which they knew to be the broken chaise, and a farm laborer holding the head of the one pony that was on its feet. Kink tied Moses to a gate-post and ran to the man's help, telling the children to wait a moment. Both were rather frightened, and they stood hand in hand by Moses and watched.

They saw Kink lift something from the chaise and lay it on the grass. Then they saw him hacking at the harness with his pruning-knife until the pony was free, when the man led it to another gate-post and tied it there. Then Kink hacked again and drew the carriage away from the pony that was lying on the ground; and then he and the man lifted the bundle once more and came with it very carefully to the Slowcoach, Kink calling out to Gregory to open the door and put some pillows on the floor.

When Kink and the man reached the Slowcoach, Hester saw that they were carrying a girl of about her own age, who was lying in their arms quite still, with her eyes closed. They placed her gently on the cushions, and Kink dashed a little water on her face.

After a moment or so she opened her eyes and asked where she was.

"You're all right," said Hester. "You've had an accident. We're taking care of you."

Then the little girl remembered. "The ponies!" she cried. "Are they hurt?"

"I'm afraid one of them is," said Kink. "But never mind now. The great thing is that you weren't thrown out. Keep quiet now, Missie, and we'll look after everything."

But the little girl would not be silenced. "Which one is hurt?" she asked. "Which one? Is it Marshall or Snelgrove?"

"I don't know," said Kink. "They're both alike."

"Oh, no, they're not," said the little girl. "Marshall has a white star between his eyes. Oh, do say Marshall's all right! Marshall's my very own."

"I'll go and see," said Gregory, and he ran off, and came back to say that Marshall was the one that seemed to be all right, but Snelgrove had broken his leg and couldn't move.

"Oh, I'm so glad about Marshall," said the girl; "but poor Tommy, how sorry he'll be!"

"See if you can get up, Missie," said Kink. "I want to know if you're hurt anywhere."

The little girl sat up and then stood up. "I feel all right," she said, "only very giddy."

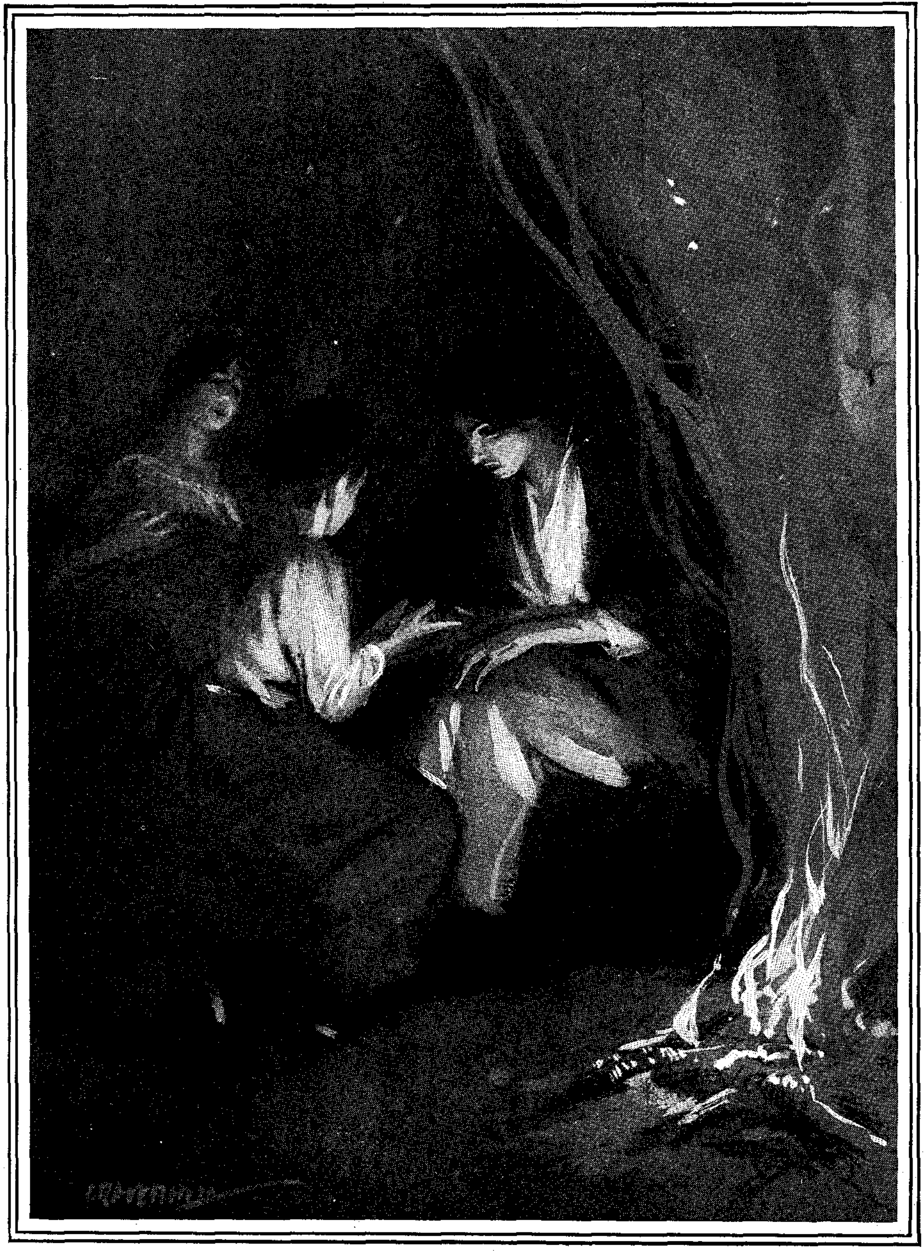
Kink uttered a sigh of relief. "Drink this cold water," he said. "That will make you much better. And now tell us all about the accident, because we shall have to let your people know."

"Well," said the little girl, "mother and I were driving to Ashton to see Aunt May; and mother had just got out to leave the 'British Workman' at old Mr. Dimmock's, when the ponies took fright and ran away. I held the reins as long as I could, and when I saw your caravan in front I screamed to warn you, and then there was a terrible crash, and I don't remember anything else."

"And what will your poor mamma be doing?" said Kink.

"Oh, poor mother!" said the little girl. "She'll be so nervous! But she'll be coming after us as fast as she can, because she saw them start off."

"Then, I think," said Kink, "the best thing to do is for us to leave this man here to mind the ponies and tell your mamma you're all right; and we'll go on



"I SEE A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING. WHITE SATIN. FLOWERS. BRIDESMAIDS"

to Ashton as quick as we can, and send back some help. We'll take you to your aunt's, Missie, and the man will tell your mamma what we've done when she comes up. I'm so glad you're not hurt."

So Hester and Gregory were left with the little girl, who told them her name was Patricia Mordan, and she was ten, and they lived near Fladbury, and she had a King Charles spaniel; while Kink urged Moses towards Ashton, which was only a mile or so away.

Hester put the kettle on the Beatrice stove, thinking that tea was the best thing, and Gregory sat down and looked at their guest, and thought what a splendid adventure it was to tell the others about when they met them later.

Patricia, who was now in a deck chair, examined the caravan in a kind of ecstasy. "What a lovely place it is!" she said. "Do you really live here? How scrumptiously exciting!"

"My bed's over there," said Gregory.

"Where do you stop at night?" Patricia asked.

"I have to go to the farmers and get leave to camp on their land," said Gregory.

"And is it just you two and the driver?" Patricia asked.

"Oh, no," said Gregory; "there are five others, but they are walking over Bredon Hill. They said we could not walk so far, which is rot, of course; but I'm glad we didn't, because then we shouldn't have been here to save your life."

"Mother will be very grateful to you for being so kind," said Patricia. "Poor mother! she'll be so frightened about me. And Tommy, how dreadful for him to lose Snelgrove!"

"Who's Tommy?" Gregory asked.

"Tommy's my brother," said Patricia. "He's twelve. Aunt May gave Snelgrove to him and Marshall to me last Christmas. They've never run away before. I wish we had a caravan."

"Caravans are very jolly," said Gregory. "Things are always happening, too."

"I'd rather have a sweet gray pony than a caravan," said Hester, bringing a cup of tea.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BLACK SPANIELS

Gregory, who was looking out of the door and meditating an escape from so much dampness, and a conversation on the whole matter with Kink, exclaimed suddenly, "Hullo, I guess this is your mother."

"Yes, it is," cried Patricia, standing up and waving her handkerchief to a lady seated in a milk-cart, which was being driven after them at a tremendous pace. "I wondered who she'd get to bring her here, and it's young Daniel Wilson. Tell your man to stop, please."

Mrs. Mordan, whom Gregory thought both a nice and a pretty lady, leapt out of the milk-cart and ran up the steps of the Slowcoach, and mother and daughter hugged each other for quite two minutes, while Gregory looked at young Daniel Wilson and Hester began to cry afresh—this time because she was happy.

Mrs. Mordan was happy too. The grief she had felt for the accident and the injury to poor Snelgrove, whom she had left in agony by the road, passed away when she found her little daughter unhurt. She sat holding Patricia's hand, and asked Hester a number of questions and gave her a number of thanks all together.

Gregory meanwhile had got out and was asking young Daniel Wilson how ponies are shot; and what he did about getting milk to the station when the snow was two feet thick; and if the cows often kicked the buckets over.

"It's not us," said Hester; "it's Kink who was so useful."

"Who is Kink?" Mrs. Mordan asked.

"Our gardener," said Hester, "but he drives the caravan for us;" and gradually she told the whole Slowcoach story.

By this time they were at Ashton, and, after giving instructions about looking after the ponies—sending for a veterinary surgeon and so forth—Mrs. Mordan showed Kink the way to Aunt May's house, which they reached just before two.

Aunt May was standing by the gate, with four black spaniels about her, looking anxiously down the road—a tall lady with gray hair and top boots, and a little whip in her hand.

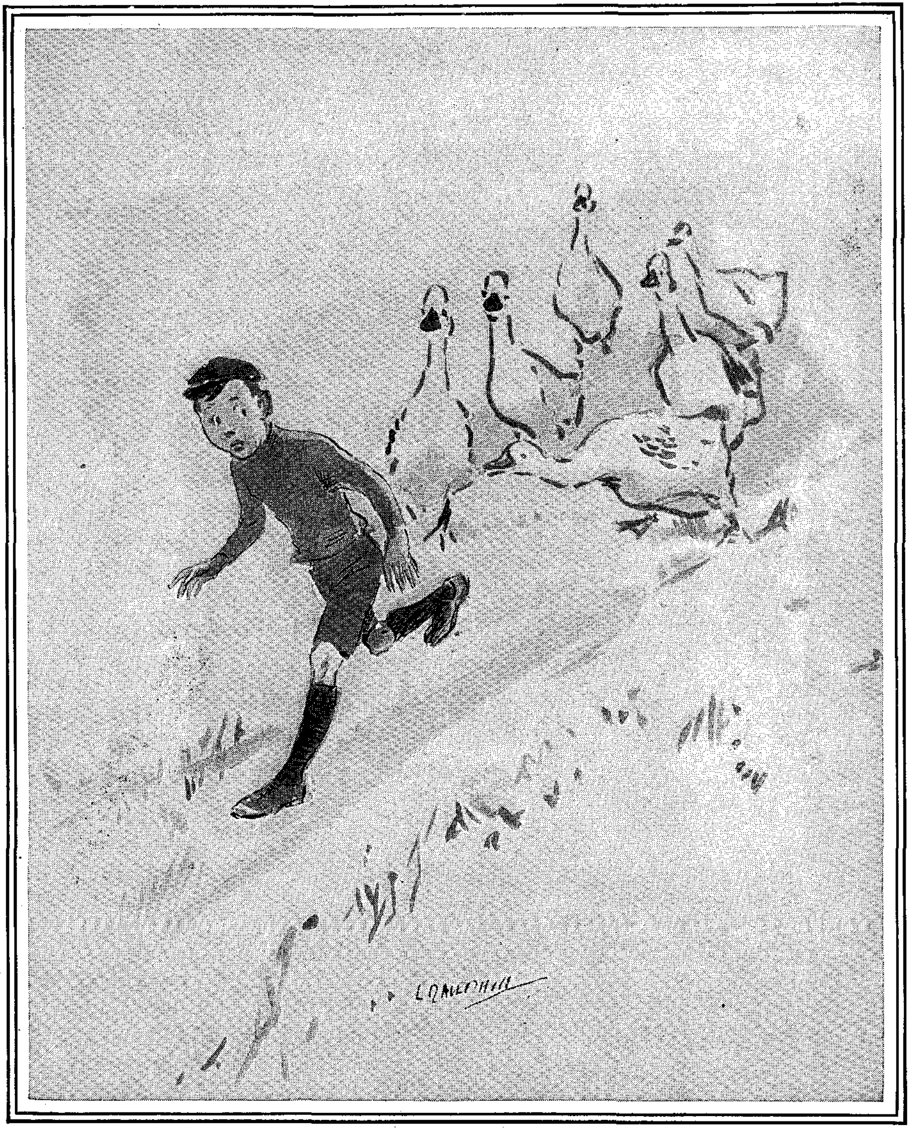
"No," she said, as Kink stopped at the gate, "I don't want any chairs or kettles mended, or indeed anything from you at all."

Kink, however, said nothing, but went to the back of the caravan and helped Mrs. Mordan and Patricia down.

"My precious Lina!" exclaimed Aunt May, when she saw them. "Whatever has happened?"

"I'll tell you about it indoors," said Mrs. Mordan. "These kind people are going to stop here for lunch, if you've got enough."

"Of course there's enough," said Aunt May; "but I thought you were gypsies or tinkers or something objectionable. You're not a tinker, are you?" she said to Gregory.



"THERE IS SOMETHING VERY HORRID ABOUT THE APPROACH OF A FLOCK OF GEESE"

"No," he said, "but I'd like to be a gypsy."

And so they reached the house, which was an old-fashioned one, all among dark trees, with a very soft lawn in front of it.

Aunt May told Kink to go round to the back and be sure not to let Diogenes and the dogs fight, and then she began to call at the top of her voice for Simpkins.

After a while Simpkins appeared—an elderly bald man in a dress suit, who was evidently the butler.

"Simpkins," said Aunt May, "there will be two more to lunch, and there's a caravan at the back belonging to this gentleman here"—indicating Gregory, who immediately grew three inches all over—"and please give the driver a good dinner."

"Yes, my lady," said Simpkins, and Hester and Gregory at once began to look at her with round eyes, for they had never before met any one who was titled—I mean to speak to, although they had seen the Lord Mayor (who is of course a baronet) in his carriage only last November 9.

"And, Simpkins," said Aunt May, "take Mr. — What is your name?" she asked Gregory.

"Gregory Bruce Avory," said he.

"Take Mr. Bruce Avory to the Pink Room, and get him some hot water."

"Yes, my lady," said Simpkins, and Gregory grew another inch all over.

And then Aunt May led the others upstairs.

Gregory finished his washing first, and walked to the dining-room, which opened on to the lawn, and was very bright and sweet-smelling. The walls were covered with pictures, and there were roses in blue bowls wherever a place could be found for them.

By the wall, in a row, were four round baskets, and directly Aunt May came in the four black spaniels, who were with her, went each to his basket, and lay there quietly, with his head resting on the edge and his eyes on his mistress. Their names were Mars, Saturn, Orion, and Mercury; and from time to time Aunt May called one to her and gave it a little piece of food, while the others' eyes glittered with expectation.

"Now," said Aunt May, "let's get on with our eatin', for I'm sure you're all hungry, and I know I am. Patricia, dear, do you think you can eat solid things, or shall we get something else?"

Patricia, however, declared that she could eat anything.

"Mr. Bruce Avory," said Aunt May, "you're drinkin' nothing. Would you rather have lemonade or barley-water?"

Poor Gregory! he knew what he wanted—lemonade—but he didn't know whether he ought to address Aunt May as My Lady or Your Ladyship or Lady Rusper. He had tried to get a moment with Hester to ask about it, but without success.

"If she was only our aunt!" he thought, and then said, without using any name at all, that he would like lemonade.

Lady Rusper made them tell her the story all through once again, "right from the beginnin'," as she called it; and just as Hester had got to the end of her part of it a boy arrived leading Marshall, and Patricia leaped up and rushed across the lawn to fondle her pony. Then she dashed back for a piece of sugar, and was off again. The boy said that the blacksmith, who was also a farrier, had seen Marshall, and declared he was quite sound; but Snelgrove was done for completely, and the trap was too badly smashed ever to be of much use.

"Put Marshall in the stable," said Aunt May, "and have the trap brought here."

At the news about Snelgrove, Patricia began to cry again.

"Well," said Aunt May, "we must see what can be done. I dare say there are more ponies in the world. But I suppose we shall all be driven to motors before long. It's a great shame. I spend most of my time detestin' the things; but they've got to come. And now," she said to Hester, "tell me all about your home and your caravan;" and Hester again told that story, saying "Lady Rusper" with an ease that made Gregory gasp.

After lunch they all went to the stables, where in a loose box, beautifully snug in the straw, lay another black spaniel, Venus, with three puppies ("Oh, the darlings!" cried Hester) snuggling to her.

"Do you think your mother would let you keep a spaniel?" Aunt May asked.

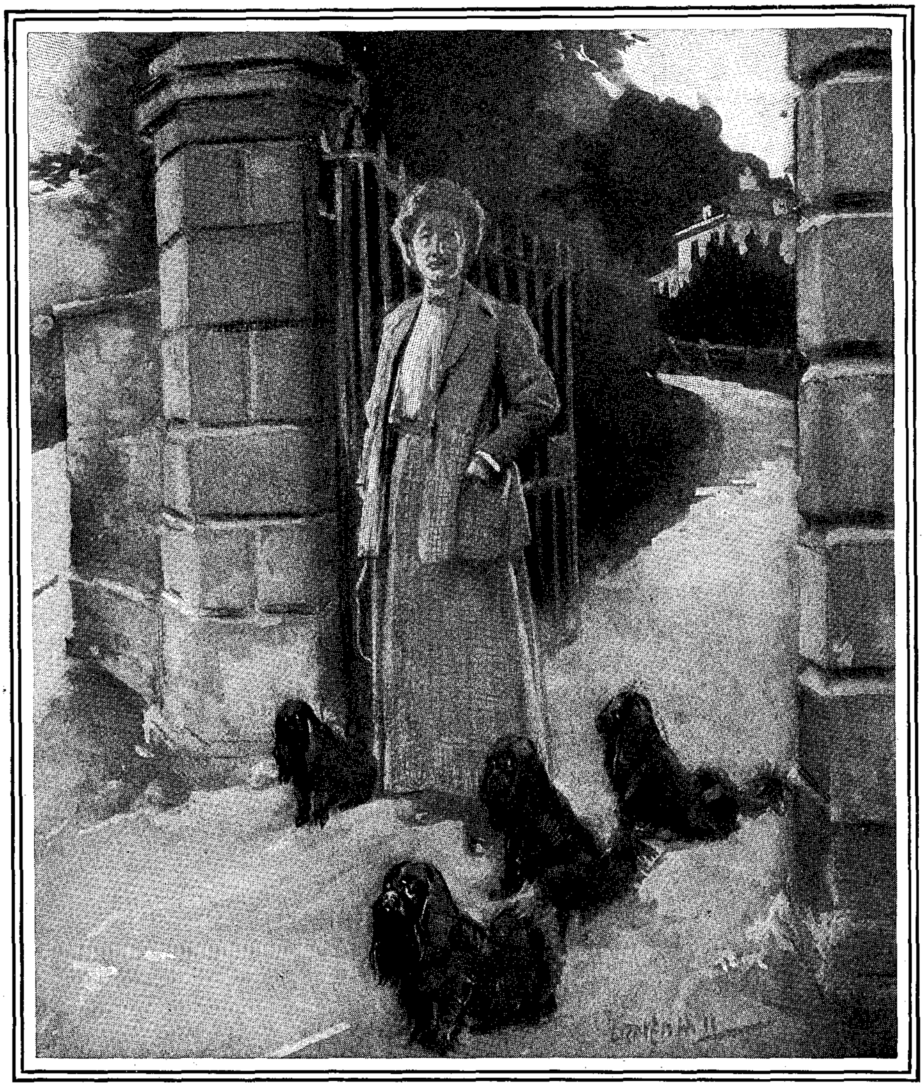
"Oh, yes, now we've got Diogenes as a start," she answered.

"Very well, then," said Aunt May, "if you'd like one of these, you shall have it directly it's old enough to be sent away—as a memory of to-day, and as a thank-offerin', too. Which would you like?" she added. "Psyche, Cicero, or Circe? This is Cicero, this is Circe, and this is Psyche."

"Why do all their names begin with S?" Gregory asked; and it was not till he told Janet about it that he understood why it was they had all laughed so.

"And if you may keep two," Aunt May went on, speaking to Gregory, "I shall send you one of the next litter. Vesta is going to have puppies soon. You must write and let me know. And now, if your man has finished, I expect you'd like to be gettin' on, or the others will be nervous about you."

And so, after Hester had chosen Circe, they all said very affectionate farewells and the Slowcoach rumbled forth again.



"AUNT MAY WAS STANDING BY THE GATE"

Meanwhile, what of Janet and Robert and Mary and Jack and Horace? They had had no adventures at all—nothing but scenery and a pleasant picnic.

Robert had been rightly told about the summit of Bredon Hill, for there the grass is as short as on the South Downs, and there is a deep fosse in which to shelter from the wind.

The hill at this western point ends suddenly, at a kind of precipice, and you look right over the valley of the Avon and the Severn to the Malverns. Just below on the southwest is Tewkesbury, where the Severn and the Avon meet, after that becoming the Severn only all the way to Bristol and the sea. In the far southwest rises the point of the Sugar Loaf at Abergavenny, and the blue distance is Wales—the country of King Arthur and Malory.

To the northwest is the smoke of Worcester, and immediately beneath the hill, winding shiningly about, is the Avon, running by Bredon village and the Combertons and Pershore, past Cropthorne (where Mr. MacAngus was even now, perhaps, painting) and Wood Norton (where the Duke of Orleans, who ought, Hester held, to be King of France to-day, lives) to

Evesham, and the weir where they had rowed about, and so on to Stratford.

Robert's maps, fortified by what he had picked up from the old man last night, told them all these things; and told them also more or less what the "colored counties" were that they could see; for of course Mary wanted to know that: Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire. After lunch Mary sang the beautiful Bredon Hill song to them; and so they descended to the level ground and to Kink and Hester and Gregory, little expecting to find them with such exciting things to tell.

From Beckford to Oxenton the great story lasted, eked out with questions and answers as it proceeded. Thus, Horace wanted to know why Kink had not sprung to the horses' heads and checked them in their wild career.

"We couldn't see them," said Gregory; "they were coming up behind and we were sitting in front."

Horace was dissatisfied.

"What frightened them?" Jack wanted to know; but Gregory could not say. Patricia had not explained.

"Fancy not knowing what frightened them!" said Jack.

The fact was that both Jack and Horace were a little overtired and perhaps a little jealous of the eventfulness of the Slowcoach's day.

They camped, as had been arranged, in the fields of a friendly farm under Oxenton Hill, and during supper, which was Irish stew and exceedingly good, Hester had to tell the whole history again, with interruptions from Gregory, and then very early they went to bed, all quite ready to get there except Hester, who felt that she ought at once to write an account of the day for her mother.

But she was not allowed to by Janet. "To-morrow," said Janet, "we shall go through Cheltenham, and you must get up early and write it so that we can post it there."

And so they went to sleep, and Hester dreamed all night that ponies were running away with her towards a country entirely peopled by black spaniels and governed by a gray queen in top-boots.

As for Gregory, his dream was that he was Lord Bruce.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LOST BABY

They entered Cheltenham at about half-past eleven, and were having lunch on the top of Leckhampton Hill, on the other side of it, by half-past one. Robert had not allowed any stop in Cheltenham except for shopping. "We don't want towns," he said, "except historic ones."

"But this is historic," said Jack; "Jessop was at school here."

The pull up Leckhampton Hill was very stiff, and they were all glad to take lunch easily, and since Robert had arranged a short day—only three or four miles more, to a very nice-looking spot on the other side of Birdlip—they rested with clear consciences; and, as it happened, rested again in the Birdlip hotel, where they had tea in the garden overlooking the Severn Valley, on the top of just such a precipice as Bredon.

It was half-past three before they started again on their next five miles, and they had done about three of them, and had just passed Teddington, when Gregory, who was walking with Kink beside Moses, suddenly dashed ahead toward a bundle which was lying in the middle of the road.

He bent down over it, and then began to shriek for the others to come too.

"What is it?" cried Jack, as they raced up.

"It's a baby!" Gregory said, wild with excitement. "A real baby!"

Janet, who had been behind, sprang forward as she heard these remarkable words, and easily reached the bundle first.

"So it is," she exclaimed, picking it tenderly up and opening the wraps round its face.

It was a swarthy mite, very tightly bound into its clothes.

"What an extraordinary thing!" said Mary. "Fancy finding a baby on the road!"

"It has probably been abandoned," said Hester. "Very likely it is of noble birth, and was stolen by gypsies and stained brown, and now they are afraid of pursuit and have left it."

“How could it be of noble birth?” Gregory asked. “Look how hideous it is!”

“Looks have nothing to do with high lineage,” said Hester. “There have even been very ugly kings.”

“It isn't hideous,” said Janet. “It's a perfect darling. But what are we to do with it?”

“If it's a boy,” said Gregory, “let's keep it and make it into a long-stop. We want one badly.” (Gregory, as I have said, hated fielding.)

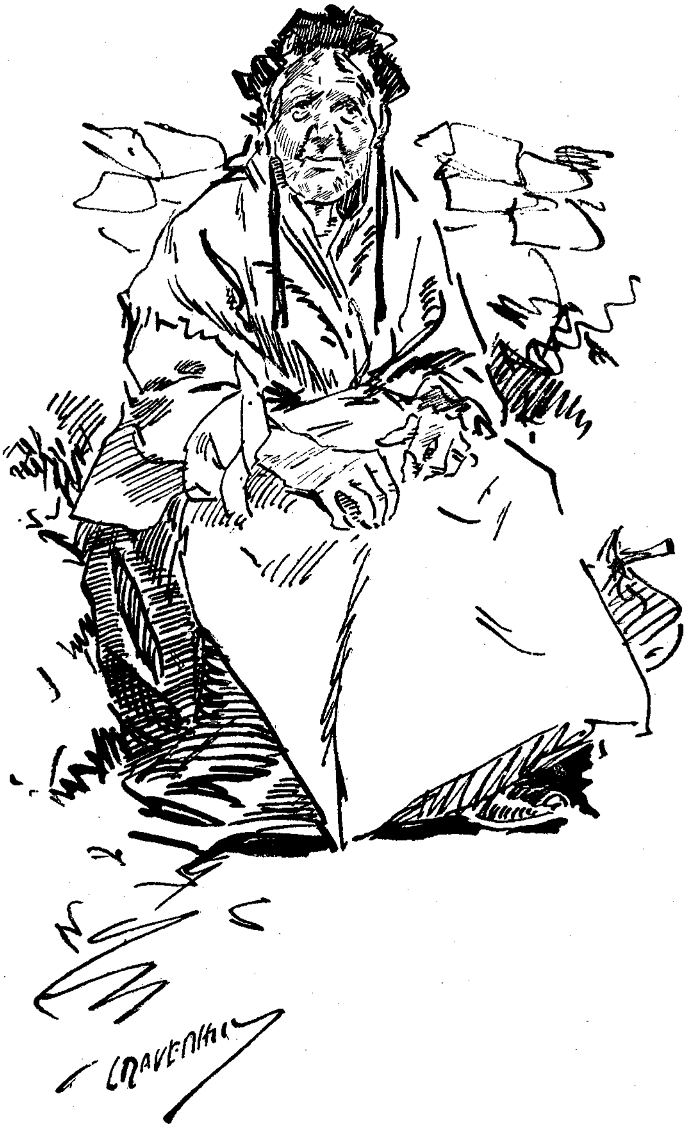
“Let's adopt it,” said Hester. “Mother often says how she wishes we were still babies.”

“Don't let's adopt it if it's a girl,” said Gregory.

“It doesn't matter what a baby is,” said Hester, “whether it's a boy or a girl. The important thing is that it's a baby. When it gets too big, we can let it go.”

“I'm dreadfully afraid,” said Janet, “that we shall have to try and find out whose it is and give it back now.”

“Well,” said Mary, “we needn't try too hard, need we?”



“AN OLD WOMAN SITTING BESIDE THE ROAD”

"How are you going to try, anyway?" Jack asked, with some scorn. "You can't stop every one you see and say, 'Have you lost a baby?' This old man just coming along, for instance." .

"Wouldn't a good way," said Robert, "be to write a little placard:

FOUND,
A BABY.
Inquire Within.

and stick it on the caravan?"

They liked that idea, but Janet suggested that it would be best to ask Kink first.

"There's only one thing to do," said Kink, "and that is to hand it over to the police at the next place we come to."

"Police again!" said Horace. "You're always talking of the police."

"Well," said Kink, "that's what they're for. And if you think a minute or two, you'll all see what a trouble a baby would be. We shall reach Oxenton in a little while, and we can leave the baby there."

But, as it happened, they had no need to, for there suddenly appeared before them a caravan covered with baskets which was being urged towards them by a young woman who tugged at the horse's head in a kind of frenzy. As she drew nearer they could hear that she was wailing.

"It must be her baby," said Janet, holding the bundle up; but the woman did not see it, and Janet told Jack to run on quickly and tell her that they had the baby and it was not hurt.

Jack did so, and the woman left the horse to be cared for by the man and boy who walked behind, and ran to Janet, and seized the bundle from her, and hugged it so tightly that the baby, for the first time, uttered a little cry.

"Where did you find it?" the gypsy woman asked; and Janet told her the story.

"It must have rolled out of the van while I was in front with the horse," said the gypsy. "We didn't miss it. We've had to come back three miles at least."

By this time the two caravans had met, and the man was brought up by the woman and told the story, and they all expressed their gratitude to Janet for nursing the child so kindly.

"Bless your pretty heart!" the gypsy woman said again and again, while her husband asked if there was anything that they could do for her and her party.

"I don't think so," said Janet. "We liked to take care of it, of course."

The gypsy man asked a number of questions about the Slowcoach, and then suggested that he should show them a good place to camp and make their fire for them, and he added: "I'll tell you what, you all come and have supper with us. I'll bet you've talked about playing at gypsies often enough; well, we'll get a real gypsy supper—a slap-up one. What's the time?"—he looked at the sun—"Nearly five. Well, we'll have supper at half-past seven, and we'll do you proud. Will you come?"

Janet considered.

"Of course, Janet," said Robert.

"Why don't you say yes?" said Gregory.

Hester shrank a little towards the Slowcoach, and Janet went to talk to Kink.

She came back and thanked the gypsy, but said that they would not all come, but the boys would gladly do so.

"I'm sorry you won't be there," said the man. "But we'll give the young gents a square meal—and tasty, too! Something to relish! What do you say, now," he asked Gregory, "to a hedgehog? I don't expect you've ever eaten that."

"Hedgehog!" said Gregory. "No, but I've always wanted to." And, in fact, he had been thinking of nothing else for the last five minutes.

"You shall have it," said the man. "Baked or stewed?"

"Which is best?" Gregory asked.

"Stewed," said the man. "But if you'd like it baked— Or, I'll tell you. We'll have one of each. We got two to-day. This shall be a banquet."

The gypsies really were very grateful folk. The boy got wood for them; the man made their fire, much better than it had ever been made before, and lit it without any paper and with only one match.

It was at last arranged that they should all share the same supper, although the woman should sit with the girls and the boys with the man. And so they did;

and they found the hedgehog very good, especially the baked one, which had been inclosed in a mold of clay and pushed right into the middle of the fire. It tasted a little like pork, only more delicate.

"When you invited us to come to supper," Robert said, "you asked what the time was, and then looked at the sun and said it was nearly five. And it was—almost exactly. How do you do that?"

"Ah," said the gypsy, "I can't explain. There it is. I know by the sun, but I can't teach you, because you must live out of doors and never have a clock, or it's no good."

"And can you tell it when there's no sun?" Robert asked.

"Pretty well," said the man.

"How lucky you are!" said Horace.

"Well, I don't know," said the man. "What about rain? When it's raining hard, and we're huddling in the van and can't get any dry sticks for the fire, and our feet are soaked, what are you doing? Why, you're all snug in your houses, with a real roof over you."

"I'd much rather live in a caravan than a house," said Horace.

The man laughed. "You're a young gent out for a spree," he said. "You don't count. You wonder at me," he continued, "being able to tell the time by the skies. But I dare say there's one, at any rate, of you who can find a train in that thing they call Bradshaw, isn't there?"

"I can," said Robert.

"Well, there you are," said the gypsy. "What's luck? Nothing. Every one's got a little. No one's got much."

"Oh, but the millionaires?" said Horace.

"Millionaires!" said the gypsy. "Why you don't think they're lucky, do you?"

"I always have done so," said Horace.

"Go on!" said the gypsy. "Why, we're luckier than what they are. We've got enough to eat and drink—and no one wants more—and along with it no rent and taxes, no servants, no tall hats, no offices, no motor cars, no fear of thieves. Millionaires have no rest at all. No sitting under a tree by the fire smoking a pipe."

"And no hedgehogs," said Gregory.

"No, no hedgehogs. Nothing but butcher's meat that costs its weight in gold. Take my advice, young gents," said the gypsy, "and never envy anybody."

Meanwhile the others were very happy by the Slowcoach fire. The gypsy woman, hugging her baby, kept as close to Janet as if she were a spaniel. Their name was Lee, she said, and they made baskets. They lived at Reading in the winter and were on the road all the rest of the year. The young boy was her brother. His name was Keziah. Her husband's name was Jasper. The baby's was Rhoda.

"Then it is a girl," said Janet.

"Of course," said the mother. "How could it be anything else!"

Hester was very anxious to ask questions about kidnapping, but she did not quite like to, and was in fact silent.

The gypsy woman noticed it after a while and remarked upon it. "That little dark one there," she said. "Why doesn't she speak?"

Janet said something about Hester being naturally quiet and thoughtful.

"Oh, no," said the woman, "I know what it is; she's frightened of me. She's heard stories about the gypsies stealing children and staining their faces with walnut juice; haven't you, dearie?"

Hester admitted it.

"There," said the woman, laughing triumphantly. "But don't be frightened, dearie," she added. "That's only stories. And even if it ever did happen, it couldn't again, what with railway trains and telegraphts and telephones and motor cars and newspapers. How could we help being found out? Why," she continued, "so far from stealing children, there was a boy running away from school once who offered us a pound to let him join our caravan and stain his face and go with us to Bristol, where he could get on to a ship as a stowaway, as he called it; but Jasper wouldn't let him. I wanted to; but Jasper was dead against it. 'No,' he said, 'gypsies have a bad enough time as it is without getting into trouble helping boys to run away from school.' That shows what we are, dearie," she added to Hester, with a smile.

"And don't you ever tell fortunes?" Hester asked.

"I won't say I've never done that," the gypsy said.

"Won't you tell mine?" Hester asked. "I've got a sixpence."

"Just cross my hand with it," said the woman, "but don't give it to me. I couldn't take money from any of you."

So Hester, with her heart beating very fast, crossed the gypsy's hand with the sixpence, and the gypsy held both hers and peered at them very hard while Janet nursed the baby.

"This," said the gypsy at last, "is a very remarkable hand. I see stories and people reading them. I see a dark gentleman and a gentleman of middling color."

"Yes," said Hester. "Can't you tell me anything more about them?"

"Well," said the gypsy, "I can't, because they are only little boys just now. But I see a beautiful wedding. White satin. Flowers. Bridesmaids."

The gypsy stopped and Hester drew her hand back. It was terribly romantic and exciting.

Before the woman said good-night and went to her caravan Hester took her sixpence to Kink and asked him to bore a hole in it. And then she threaded it on a piece of string and tied it round the baby's neck.

The gypsy woman was very grateful. "A beautiful wedding," she said again. "Such flowers! Music too."

"Wasn't it wonderful?" Hester said to Janet before they went to sleep.

"What?" Janet asked.

"The gypsy knowing I was fond of writing."

"No," said Janet, "it wasn't wonderful at all. There was a great ink stain on your finger."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE OLD IRISHWOMAN

When they awoke the next morning, the gypsies had gone—nothing remained of them but the burnt circle on the ground which any encampment makes and a little rubbish; but at the mouth of the boys' tent lay a bundle of sticks and two rabbits.

Kink looked at the rabbits with a narrow eye. "Better hurry up and get them eaten," he said, "or one of those policemen that Master Campbell is so fond of may be asking awkward questions. And it wouldn't be a bad thing," Kink added, "to have a good look round and see if there's anything missing."

"Oh, Kink," said Janet, "how horrid you are to be so suspicious! And after all their gratitude, too!"

"Yes," said Kink; "but gypsies is gypsies. They were gypsies before they were grateful, and I reckon they'll be gypsies after."

But in spite of his examination he found no signs of any theft.

They were away soon after breakfast, which seemed a little flat at first after the excitement of last night. But they soon lost that feeling in hunger. It was a very windy day, with showers now and then; but it was bracing, too, especially on this very high road, hundreds of feet above the sea level.

Robert pointed out how straight it was, and told them it was made by the Romans eighteen hundred years ago, and it ran right through Cirencester (which they called Corinium) to Speen (which they called Spinæ). Its name was then Ermin Street. And it amused the children to imagine they too were Romans clanking along this fine highway.

It was after lunch that they came upon an old woman sitting beside the road just beyond Tredington. Long before they reached her they heard her moaning and groaning.

"What is it?" Janet asked.

The old woman moaned and groaned.

"Are you ill?" Janet asked.

The old woman groaned and moaned.

"Kinky," said Janet, "come and see if we can help her."

Kink murmured to himself and came to her.

"What's up, missis?" he asked.

"It's my poor heart," said the old woman, with an Irish brogue. "I'm very queer. It's near death I am. For the love of Heaven give me a ride in the beautiful caravan."

"Where do you want to go?" Kink growled at her.

"To Alverminster," she said. "To see my daughter. She lives there. She's been married these five years to a carpenter and has just had another baby, bless it's wee face! But me poor heart's that bad I can't go another step."

Kink drew Janet aside. "She's an old

humbug," he said, "and she smells of gin. Better let her be."

"Oh, Kinky," said Janet, "how can we! The poor old thing, and her daughter waiting to see her!"

"Daughter!" Kink snorted. "She's got no daughter. She's trying it on."

"How horrid you are!" Janet said. "I mean to give her a lift, anyway."

"It's against my advice," said Kink. "Anyway, promise me you won't give her any money."

"Very well," said Janet, and she invited the old woman to sit in a chair at the back of the caravan.

"The saints protect you for your kindness," said the old woman, getting to her feet and making her way up the steps with more ease than Janet had dared to expect. "The saints protect you all—all except that suspicious ould gossoon wid the whip," she added, glowering at Kink, who was by no means backward in glowering at her in reply.

"If you had such a thing as a drop of spirits," said the old woman to Janet, who had taken a seat beside her, "I should be all right. The doctor says that there's nothing like a little stimulant for such flutterings and spasms as worry me."

"I'm afraid we haven't," said Janet; "but I could make you a cup of tea."

"There's a darlin'," said the old woman. "It's not so helpful as spirits, but there's comfort in it too."

Her sharp little eyes followed Janet as she moved about and brought together all the tea requisites.

"You're a handy young lady," she said, "and may Heaven send you a fine husband when the time comes. Ah, it's myself as a girl you remind me of, with your quick, pretty ways."

"Where did you live when you were a girl?" Janet asked.

"In a little village called Kilbeggy," said the old woman. "My father was a farmer there until the trouble came upon him. But it's little enough happiness we had after that, and niver a piece of meat passed our lips for years. Nothing but potatoes and bread. And you're eating meat twice a day, I'm thinking, all of you. Ah, it's a strange world, and a very gay one when you're rich. I was rich once, me darlin'."

"Were you?" Janet asked in surprise.

"Oh, yes," said the old woman, "I was rich once. Me husband was a licensed victualer in Harrow, and we kept our own wagonette. Many's the time I've driven it meself into London, to a stable in the Edgware Road, where I left it to do me shopping. It was an elegant carriage and a white horse not so unlike your own, only smaller."

Janet handed her the tea.

"Thank you, me darlin'," said the old woman. "I'm feeling better already. That's a beautiful locket you're wearing—it is the very image of one that belonged to me poor little Clara that died."

The old woman began to cry. Janet was greatly distressed. "I can't help it," said the old woman. "My poor little Clara! I kept it for years and years, and then it was taken from me by my landlady's son, a good-for-nothing blackguard, in lodgings off the Pentonville Road." She sobbed afresh. "I've never been happy since," she said.

"Oh," Janet exclaimed, "do take this. I don't want it, I'm sure, if it would make you happy."

"But it's robbing you of it I am," said the old woman, as her hand closed on it.

"I'd much rather you had it," Janet replied.

"Heaven bless your kind heart!" said the old woman.

They jogged on, and she continued to look around her and to ask questions. She asked all about Janet's home and parents.

"Could you," she said at last, "lend me a shilling, my dear? It's to buy the little baby some mittens, his poor hands get that cold. I don't want you to give it, but couldn't you lend it me *only* for to-day? I'll post you a beautiful postal order to-night, which my daughter's husband will get for me, or a beautiful set of stamps, if you'll give me the address of the grand house you'll be staying in at Stratford."

But Janet was firm; she had promised Kink.

"Not for the poor little mite's cold hands?" said the old woman.

It was very hard, but Janet had to say no.

The old woman said no more for some

time. Then suddenly, "Have you ever seen the King, God bless him?" she asked.

"Yes," said Janet, "I saw him once. It was on his way to open Parliament."

"Then you can tell me," said the old woman, "something I want to know; for I was arguing it with my daughter's husband the last time I was here, and I want to convince him. He says—my daughter's husband, that is—that the King has thick hair on the top of his head, God bless him, and I say he hasn't. So, if you have seen him, you could tell me."

"Oh, no, I can't," Janet said. "It was a long time ago when I saw him, and he was in a carriage, too."

"What a pity!" said the old woman. "But haven't you a portrait of him anywhere?"

"No, I'm sure we haven't," said Janet. "Perhaps we ought to have! It would be more loyal, wouldn't it?"

"Never mind," said the old woman; "only it would put my mind at rest." And then suddenly she began to laugh. "Why," she said, "how silly we are! Of course you've got portraits of him, lashin's of them, darlin'."

"Where?" Janet exclaimed.

"In your purse," said the old woman. "On the blessed money. On the shillings and sixpences, my dear."

"Of course," said Janet, laughing too, and she drew out her purse and looked at the money it contained. There was half a sovereign and half a crown and some smaller coins; but by bad luck all were old ones, of the last reign.

"What a pity!" said the old woman again. "But perhaps one of your brothers or sisters has some more. Not the old blackguard driving, of course."

"Yes," said Janet, "I'll see," and she descended the steps, and soon after returned with a new shilling.

The old woman took it and examined the head. "I was right," she said, "God bless him! He's as thin on the top as my own poor father was, rest his soul! Well, my dear, and now I'll say good-by," she added soon after, as she rose to her feet and gave the shilling back. "If you'll make that old spalpeen stop, I'll get down, for me daughter's cottage is just over there, across the fields. Thank you very kindly for the tea and your sweet company. Good-by, good-by," she called, "and the saints protect you all!" and she hobbled off through a gate in the hedge.

At Alverminster Gregory insisted upon buying some acid drops, and went to Janet for a penny. But when she came to feel for her purse, it was not to be found. She hunted everywhere in the caravan, but in vain.

"When did you have it last?" Kink asked. "You haven't bought anything to-day."

"No," said Janet, "but I had it out when the old Irishwoman was there."

"I guessed she'd get some money out of you," said Kink.

"Oh, Kink!" said Janet; "she didn't. And after I had promised, too! All she wanted was to see the King's head on a coin."

"What for?" Kink asked.

"To see if he was bald on the top or not," said Janet. "She had had an argument with her daughter's husband about it. Which just proves that you were wrong in thinking she had no daughter."

Kink smiled an annoying smile. "Well," he said, "what then?"

"We found a coin," said Janet, "and found that the King was bald on the top. That's all."

"And shortly afterwards she got out?" Kink asked.

"Yes, soon afterwards."

Kink laughed very heartily. "Well," he said, "I could see she was an old fraud, but I didn't think she steal anything or I wouldn't have let her in the caravan at all."

"Steal!" Janet cried. "Why do you think she stole it? It's very horrid and unjust of you."

"Then where is it?" Kink asked. "That stuff about the King's head was a trick. It's a clear case. We must go to the constable's house."

"Oh, no," said Janet, "we won't. She was a poor old thing, and her heart was bad, and she was very unhappy, and I don't mind about the money."

"She's an old vagabond," said Kink, "and her heart's as sound as mine. She want's locking up."

"I won't have it," said Janet again. "If she did steal it, it was very wrong, but she has had very bad luck. Don't let's think any more about it, but pay for the sweets and get on."

Poor Janet, no wonder she wanted the matter dropped, for there was her locket to be explained if any of the others noticed it and asked questions. She was very silent for some time and walked alone, thinking hard. This was her first experience of theft, and it hurt her.

The children, as it happened, never did notice the absence of the locket, but they kept the memory of the old woman very green. Nothing after that could be missed without some reference to her.

"Where's the corkscrew?" Robert would say. "I suppose Kathleen Mavourneen's got it."

"It's no use," Jack would remark, "I can't find the salt. Erin go bragh!"

CHAPTER XIX

THE LETTER TO X

They reached Cirencester at five o'clock, and at once turned to the left to the Fairford road, intending to camp just outside the town till Monday; and it was here that Gregory had his first rebuff in his capacity as Requester of Camping Grounds. He brought it upon himself by refusing to let Mary accompany him, and, indeed, refusing advice altogether.

He marched off to the farm-house, which could be seen in the distance across the meadows, full of assurance; but misfortunes began at once. No sooner was he well in the first meadow than a flock of geese suddenly appeared from nowhere and approached him. There is something very horrid about the approach of a flock of geese. They are not really dangerous, but they lower their heads and hiss and come on so steadily and are so impossible to deal with. A dog can be hit with a stick; but you can't hit a goose. There were no stones to throw, and the stupid, angry birds came every moment nearer.

Gregory did not wish to go back, and did not want to appear frightened in the eyes of the others, who were very likely watching, and he therefore had nothing to do but run as fast as he could for the farther gate and scramble over it.

Here he paused a moment, to be in no way reassured by the sight, much too near the path, of a number of bullocks. In the ordinary way Gregory did not mind bullocks—did not, in fact, think about them—but just now he was flustered and rather nervous. However, he walked steadily forward and got safely past the first. Then, with his face kept straight and brave, but his eye anxiously peering through the back of his head to see what the first was doing, he approached the second and got past that all right. But the third gave him a wild and, as it seemed, furious look, and this turned him cold; and then he was perfectly certain that he could feel the others close behind him breathing hot on his neck, and once again he broke into a terrified run, and so gained the next gate, over which he may be said to have fallen rather than climbed.

On the other and safe side he paused again, and again looked for the enemy. Seeing none, he once more started forward.

This was the last meadow, and the farm was at the end of it, and Gregory was quite close to it when suddenly there appeared, right in his path, with a challenging tail in air, a large dog—a collie.

Gregory stopped and the collie stopped, and the two looked at each other carefully.

Gregory remembered all that he had ever heard about collies being treacherous and fierce.

He advanced a step; the collie did not move.

He advanced another step; and then, to his horror, the collie began to advance too, lifting his feet high and dangerously.

Gregory forced himself to say "Good dog!" but the collie still advanced.

Gregory said "Poor fellow!" then, and the collie at once did something perfectly awful: he growled.

Gregory had no courage left. His tongue and lips refused to obey him. He felt his knees turning to water.

How he wished he had let Mary come too. Dogs always liked her. Why was it that dogs liked some people and not others? he asked himself. Ridiculous. No one liked dogs better than he, if this ass of a collie only knew it.

Meanwhile the collie, still growling, drew nearer, and Gregory felt himself pricking all over. Where would it bite him first? he wondered.

But just as he had given up all hope a voice called out sharply, "Cæsar, come here!" and the collie turned and ran to where a tall, red-faced man was standing.

"What do you want?" the man then said to Gregory, with equal sharpness. "You're trespassing."

Gregory was frankly crying now—with relief; but he pulled himself together and said he wanted to see the farmer.

"I'm the farmer," said the man. "What is it?"

Gregory explained what he had come for.

"No," said the farmer, "not on my land."

Gregory said that other farmers had said yes.

"I don't care," said the farmer, "I say NO."

Gregory longed to ask if there was another way back, but he had not the courage, and he turned and made again for the gate of the bullock meadow.

The bullocks were still near the path, so he climbed softly over the gate, as he feared they might hear him, and crept round by the hedges to the next gate without attracting any notice.

Had he only known, he might have gone safely by the path, for one bullock was saying to another, "There's that little duffer going all that long way out of his course just for fear of us. What do you say to trotting down to the gate and giving him another scare?"

"No," said the other. "It's not worth while. He's very small, too, and these horns, you know—they are a bit startling. Besides, there are all those flies by the gate."

"True," said the other; "but it makes me smile, all the same."

So Gregory got out safely, and, performing the same maneuver with the geese, he reached the caravan and Janet's arms without further misfortune.

They were of course disappointed at the result of his mission, and walked on another half-mile, much farther from Cirencester than they had wished to be, to the next farm.

There Mary and Hester made the request, which was at once granted; and the farmer and his wife were so much interested that they both walked down to the Slowcoach and examined it, and the farmer advised its being taken into a yard where there was a great empty barn and backed against that; so that they had the whole of the barn as a kind of anteroom, and a most enchanting smell of hay everywhere.

"All I ask," he said, "is that you don't burn the place down with your cooking."

The pot was then filled and placed on the fire. Kink skinned the rabbits and Janet and Mary put them in, while Jack and Robert and Horace walked into Cirencester to buy eatables and picture postcards and send off the telegram.

That evening after supper Janet suggested that it might be the best opportunity they would have to write the letters to X, of which they had often talked; so they made themselves comfortable in the caravan and on the barn floor, and each wrote something, not after the style of the Snarker's game at Oxford, but quite separately.

Janet wrote:

Saturday evening, July 8th.
In a barn near Cirencester.

Dear X—We thank you very much for the caravan, which is much the most beautiful present that any one can ever have had. We have now been in it nearly ten days, and we like it more every day. We have called it the Slowcoach. The party is seven, and Kink, who drives. We have with us Mary and Jack Rotheram and Horace Campbell; but whether you know who they are or not, of course I don't know. I hope some day you will tell us who you are. I am

Yours sincerely,
JANET AVORY.

Mary Rotheram wrote:

Dear Mr. X—

Then she crossed out the Mr., because, as she said, it might be a lady, and began again:

Dear X—I am not one of the Avories, and the caravan was therefore not given to me, but my brother and I have been so happy in it that I want to say thank you for it quite as if I were an Avory all the time. We live near them at Chiswick, you know. It has been a supreme holiday, with hardly any rain and no real troubles, although even the strongest people must sometimes get a little tired of walking on dusty roads and having to wait for meals. We each have a special duty, and I am the head cook, but Janet is really better at it than I am. Our only real disappointment is that caravaning makes you so tired that there is no chance of cricket, for

we brought cricket things with us, but have never been able to use them. We might have done so at Salford, perhaps, but the river was so very tempting that we rowed about instead. Yours sincerely and gratefully,
MARY ROTHERAM.

Jack Rotheram wrote:

Dear X—My sister Mary has said who I am, but she has not explained how it is I am here. It is because my brother William and I tossed up for it. He called Heads, and it was Tails, so I won at once. And then he said threes, which means the best out of three, and this time he called Tails and it was Heads, so that settled the thing absolutely. He was, of course, most frightfully sick about it, but the next time the Avories go out in the caravan they are going to ask him and not me, which will put the thing right. It is a ripping caravan, and I am sure I thank you very much, although it's not mine. Your truly,
JOHN IFORD ROTHERAM.

Robert, who was not a sprightly writer, merely described the course they had followed, which we all know. The only news he had to give was at the end: "So far, up to the time of writing, my pedometer registers fifty-six miles; which is, of course, only what I have walked, and not what we have done, for we all take turns to ride for fear of getting too tired and being seedy. The caravan has done altogether one hundred and forty miles, and since we were in it ninety miles exactly."

Horace, after great difficulty, wrote:

Dear X—I am having a tophole holiday in the caravan you gave the Avories. I am the Keeper of the Tin-Opener.
Yours truly,
HORACE CAMPBELL.

Hester wrote:

Dear X—I have long wanted to write to you and tell you that we adore the Slowcoach, which is the name we have given your caravan, and think you were awfully clever to think of it and to make it so complete. We have not had to buy anything, and the only thing you forgot was the license; but Uncle Christopher remembered. I love walking behind the Slowcoach and seeing the world pass by. But the evenings are the most alluring, and I like to wake up at night and hear the birds and animals just outside the window, although on the first night I was frightened. We had one evening with real gypsies, but Janet would not allow me go inside their caravan, because of fleas and things. But I could see through the door that it was not so attractive as the Slowcoach. I wish this journey would never end, but I fear it has to do so on Tuesday, which draws nearer every moment. I am
Your grateful and admiring friend,
HESTER MARGARET AVORY.

P. S.—I hope we shall never know who you are, because anonymous things are so much more exciting.

P. S. 2—We have met many motors, and they are always coming up behind us and making us jump and blinding us with dust, but we have never envied them.

Gregory wrote painfully:

Dear X—Thank you most awfully for the Slowcoach. It is very good and suitable. I am the Keeper of the Corkscrew, and also the Requester of Camping Grounds.
Your affectionate
GREGORY BRUCE AVORY.

(To be concluded in the Magazine Number for December)

CONTENT

BY L. H. C. BUELL

Deep in the pine wood's fragrant peace,
My soul is free from the fret of men,
Free from the voice of striving life,
That here in this cool and shadowy glen
Finds no echo of pain nor woe;
Here only the thrush's melody rings
Through the balm-laden air of this cloistered glade;
Here only the wind in the pine tree sings
Its lullaby low to the nesting birds,
And, deaf to the noise of the toiling world,
Whose lives are spent in strife and heat,
I live my life of deep content
In my fragrant, shadowy wood retreat.

THE NEW BOOKS

No novel of the season, so far as we know, has more of the charm attaching to gentle humor and sure portrayal of character than Miss Alice Brown's "John Winterbourne's Family." We doubt also whether any of the author's many praiseworthy books is, taken all in all, more enjoyable than this, her latest story. She has always, we judge, been more successful in infusing life into her fictitious men and women than in construction and plot-weaving. In the present novel the plot is subordinated to the people—and we think with decidedly happy results. There are at least five or six men and women in the story who engage the attention of the reader and who stand out with individual traits and temperament. Chief among these is John Winterbourne himself, a scholar who has fled from his responsibilities and wants only to be let alone while he reads the great works of the great writers of antiquity and enjoys the glory and beauty of out-of-door life. But his peace is invaded by the wife from whom he had separated in a friendly way, and she brings in her train two adopted daughters of singularly unlike dispositions. In the end John Winterbourne, and others also, find that one's own life cannot be separated from the interest of others and the duty owing to others. The story is not in the least didactic, but is cheerful and has many quaint and unusual turns. This is a book to read in a leisurely way, and will well repay such a reading. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.)

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston's novel "The Masquerader" was an extremely clever bit of work; a kind of modern fairy tale; ambitious, but not incredible in the hands of so skillful a manager of what may be called the properties of fiction. Her latest novel, "Max," is another piece of work of the same kind; not so clever nor so full of dramatic incident as the earlier story, but very adroitly worked out. It would be unfair to describe the plot, for the interest of the story turns entirely on the surprise, if it is a surprise, which greets the reader at the end. The first half, describing Montmartre and bohemian life in Paris, is charmingly done; the second half is too much in the air; there is too much sentiment and theory, too much language; but the three balls are kept flying in the hands of this dextrous literary juggler, and no one of them comes to the ground. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

The depth of feeling in France is significantly revealed in M. René Bazin's new story, "The Barrier," which falls below some of his earlier novels in point of dramatic interest, but shows a profound religious feeling. A young Englishman of old family and great estate becomes a Roman Catholic. He falls in love with and confides in a French girl of very beautiful character and genuine religious experience. There is no definite solution of the problem or the relation of these two young people at the end of the story, but the indications are all favorable for their ultimate marriage. Reverence, reticence, fine feeling, good taste, and a delightful manner are characteristic of "The Barrier" as of all its predecessors; but, like M. Bourget's "A Divorce," it reveal a tendency on the part of the novelist to make his art a little too subordinate and his advocacy a little too emphatic. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.)

Mr. Will N. Harben's stories of country life in Georgia are always simple and unaffected, racy of the soil and people, and quaintly humorous. "Dixie Hart" is equal to the very best of his work in this direction. It is more entertaining than one or two of his later novels, perhaps because it does not attempt to deal too seriously with tragic and emotional themes. The people of northern Georgia as they are shown in the books of Richard Malcolm Johnston and Mr. Harben are as distinct in their manner of speech and as original in their slow, sly humor as are the New England people portrayed in the stories of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett. Mr. Harben's novels are homely and devoid of the highest refinement of art, but they are extremely attractive because they give us the common life of the common people, and because also they tell of fictitious events that are both amusing and interesting. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

"A Successful Wife," by G. Dorset, has been popular as a serial story. It is most skillfully written, the style is absolutely that suited to the character of the woman narrator, without a single break, so far as we have observed. But, while one admits the truth of the picture in many of its details, one cannot but question what, in the author's mind, is the meaning of success. Certainly Esther Carey devoted herself to her erratic husband to the full limit of her nature, but what did she accomplish? Her own discipline, and the extremely problematic worldly success of her husband. If another chapter or two had been written, Stephen Kirkland, in spite of his appreciation of the "golden silence" preserved by his wife, would surely have thrown up his literary career, deserted politics, or failed financially for the sake of a pretty face or some sudden whim. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

Fun and courage are the keynotes of Norman Duncan's story for boys called "Billy Topsail and Company." The coast of Newfoundland is the scene of adventures by sea and in trade, and events move as rapidly and as effectively as any boy reader could wish. There is a fine tonic quality in this simple story of hardships borne bravely and as a matter of course. Boys will learn from Donald's experience that perils feared are far more terrible than perils faced. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.)

Dr. Eugene Coleman Savidge, of New York City, has written a biographical novel, entitled "The American in Paris," which has distinct merit not only in itself but also as a contribution to our better understanding of how the French Republic rose into being. Dr. Savidge, who knows whereof he speaks, portrays vividly, yet tersely, the events of the siege of Paris, of the Commune of 1870, and of what followed. We find in the book not only a lively romance but a number of observations on the events of a generation ago which make us feel almost like placing this novel on that shelf which contains the histories of France rather than in the bookcase crowded with "just plain novels." Certainly Dr. Savidge's work does deserve place alongside other helpful so-called historical romances. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.)

In many so-called nature books one misses the snags that make the water sparkle and attract the attention of the boatman gliding down the stream. The flow of words and gentle emotions is too smooth, and the consequence is we go to sleep. A book that shows a knowledge of snags and their uses is Winthrop Packard's "Wood Wanderings," reprinted articles from the Boston "Transcript." Read this almost startling description, and then listen to your own red squirrel out in the elm tree: "I used to see him going up and down the trunks of trees, sputtering and exploding his way along in a jerky unrhythm. He would go up the trunk as a light-weight, motor-skipping runabout goes up a steep hill, trembling all over as he fizzed along with barking explosions." Could he be better described, the little chatterer? With bits of exquisite description, touches of technical knowledge, and thorough sympathy with all outdoors, Mr. Packard records his delightful observations. The pictures in the little book are by Charles Copeland. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.20.)

If any one doubts the immediate practical importance of the question of Conservation, let him read "The Conservation of Natural Resources in the United States," by President Charles Richard Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin. The man who is struggling to make both ends meet; who finds his food, his clothing, his fuel, his light, his rent, eating up his income and gnawing into his savings, has a desperate interest in Conservation even if he not aware of it. He knows he is interested in saving; and Conservation is saving spelled Nationally. It is saving from waste, and saving from privilege. Thus, even from the point of view of the individual's present need, Conservation is a vital matter. From the point of view of patriotism Conservation is equally important. It is a question that concerns every man who has even a little thought as to what is to become of his country and his children's country. From the widest point of view—that of fundamental human morals—Conservation is also a matter of grave concern. There are some resources that do not need conservation; air, for example, is practically inexhaustible. But even our atmosphere will in time be affected by our use of other resources. As for some of our resources, men are living now who will probably see them exhausted. The most perfect fuel available—natural gas—will probably disappear in a generation; the waste of that resource has been and is still appalling. A billion feet of natural gas, equivalent in heating value to about sixty-five thousand tons or a million bushels of coal, is wasted daily. In one field alone there is burning as a "giant flambeau" enough natural gas to light ten cities the size of Washington. The waste of other resources—coal, phosphates, minerals, water, forests, etc.—continues, each wasted in criminal fashion and each in a different way. Conservation does not mean non-use. It seems as if this statement needed continual repetition. It means, first of all, the stoppage of inexcusable, useless destruction. It means, too, proper use. It includes, for instance, the proper covering of iron in structures so that it should not be corroded. It includes, also, intelligent cultivation. It includes, in addition, such control as to provide for equitable distribution. Dr. Van Hise's book is not a brief for any political faction or party; it is not an argument, except as a clear statement of facts is an argument. It is a store of information and an interpretation of facts. For the student of Conservation it is indispensable; but it is more than a book for the student; it is a book for every intelligent American who can understand clear English and who wants to be informed about matters that are of grave consequence to himself and his children. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.)

If the nature lover needs a quiet, restful, and yet informative book to glance at in that precious quarter of an hour before he goes to sleep at night, let him try "A Labrador Spring," by Charles Wendell Townsend. The first reason why this book is restful, we suppose, is because few people have been in Labrador, and whatever is said concerning that land has the charm of novelty. Second, it has the charm of the land's own detachment. Labrador lies so far away, it is so far off the beaten track of travel, and its climate is so suggestive of the eternal calm of snow and winter that, when we read about it, as in Dr. Grenfell's recently published volume, or as in this volume, there comes a quietude quite of its own kind. As to the book's informative value, it may be said that people do not very much care what kind of flowers grow in Labrador, or what kind of birds fly above those flowers. Most people do not. But we question very much if the real nature lover who begins "A Labrador Spring" will not turn page after page of the book until he comes to the end. (Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

"The Iliad of Homer" done into English in the hexameter verse of the original—as a type of which Longfellow's "Evangeline" is best known to English readers—has been attempted by Mr. Prentiss Cummings with remarkable courage in face of a prevailing belief that it cannot be done satisfactorily to scholars. Not the entire twenty-four books of the poem, however, but its main story, with its most celebrated passages, is included in Mr. Cummings's two volumes. The spirit of the Iliad is best expressed in such a prose translation as that of Lang, Leaf, and Myers. Less of it is apparent in the present metrical version. Still, it tells the story well enough for the ordinary reader, and with an agreeable swing. It is, however, rather too free to content the scholar. The five opening lines show this:

"Sing, O goddess, the song that tells of the wrath of Achilles—
Wrath to Achaians accursed, and fraught with sorrows unnumbered;
Many a mighty soul to Hades it hurried untimely,
Many a hero dead made prey to dogs, and a banquet
Fed to the birds of air—but the will of Zeus was accomplished."

This might have been made much closer to the original, as follows:

"Sing, O goddess, the wrath, the ruinous wrath of Achilles,
Peleus's son, for numberless woes did it cause the Achaians;
Many the valiant souls of heroes it hurled into Hades,
Whom unburied it made the booty of dogs, and it feasted
Birds of prey, but the will of Zeus wrought out its fulfillment."

It is, indeed, as Mr. Cummings says, "no holiday task" which he has attempted, and he has succeeded fairly, if not fully. He is right in holding that Homer cannot be completely reproduced in any meter but his own, and that full success in this, though difficult, is not inherently impossible. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.)

The Cole Lectures given at Vanderbilt University in 1909 and 1910 form two inspiring volumes. The former series, by Dr. Charles McT. Bishop, has for its theme, under the title of "Jesus the Worker," his ethical leadership as the Ideal Man. The great truth to which the course of thought leads up, though a primary truth in the New Testament, is still far from being naturalized in Christian life as commonly lived. Religion and morality, found fused together in Jesus' life and teaching, are disjoined in the thought and life of the majority of Christians, content with the morality of custom and convention, and recreant to his ideal of religious morality bent on imitation of the Eternal Goodness. In Jesus' consciousness of being the beloved child of God, says Dr. Bishop, "religion and morality cease to be even diverse phases of life. Ethics is religion, and religion is ethics." Those only who agree with Jesus in this have so accepted his moral leadership as to understand what Christian morality really is. But this is what an Anglican bishop, Dr. Gore, has recently said most Christians do not yet seem to understand. Most timely and needful is Dr. Bishop's exhibition of their lost ideal. The latter series, by Bishop W. F. McDowell, entitled "In the School of Christ," presents some vital phases of the present opportunity and task of the Christian ministry. Central in this, as in the preceding series, is the personality of the Master of the school. Chosen by him to hear what he says, to see what he does, to learn what he is, his disciples are sent forth by him with a message, with a programme, and with a personality, as new men, incarnating the Master's spirit. The Bishop significantly says, "We can understand the incarnation only by practicing it," and again, "To those who have practiced the atonement the work of Christ is like an open way." He urges, as a living demand, "a redefining of the Christian life in its personal aspects and characteristics," in order to wage successful war on the moral laxity and social wrongs of the present time. These two volumes thus jointly promote revival of Christian morality in morally efficient religion. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25 per vol.)

The London "Morning Post" has occupied a field of daily journalism of its own kind. The Major Pendennises of London society have always turned to the "Post" first of all papers, and to that page wherein were spread out with great detail "Court Intelligence" and other intelligence concerning high-class society. To tell the truth, the "Post" reported society doings very well if we compare its dignified and authoritative but brief announcements with the lengthy, wearisome, and trivial twaddle now filling not only so-called "society papers" but also invading some more serious journals. Having intrenched itself in this respect, the "Morning Post" also intrenched itself in another and more important. It aimed so to report and interpret current events as to appeal to the intelligent but conservative man of affairs. It also attempted to be the most respectable of English dailies in other domains. Behind every movement there is a man, and behind every paper there is one man in particular. Behind the "Morning Post" for half a century was Sir Algernon Borthwick, later Lord Glenesk; and the book by Mr. Reginald Lucas on "Lord Glenesk and the Morning Post" sets forth in sometimes rather tiresome detail what his lordship was and did in the world. The book is well padded, but its account of an interesting man, and in particular its account of recent affairs in England, make us willing to overlook the padding. Mr. Lucas writes simply and straightforwardly, but with no marked felicity of style. (The John Lane Company, New York. $6.)

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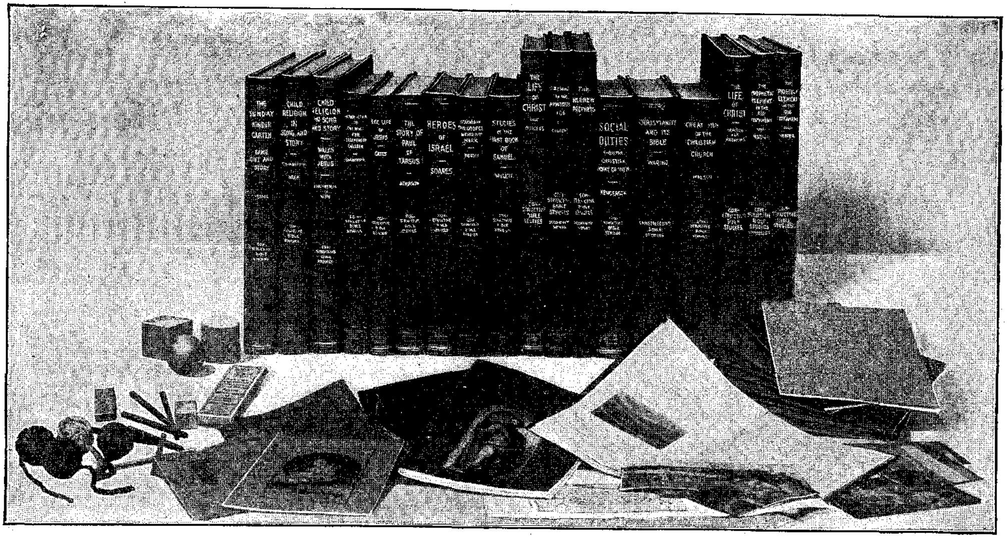

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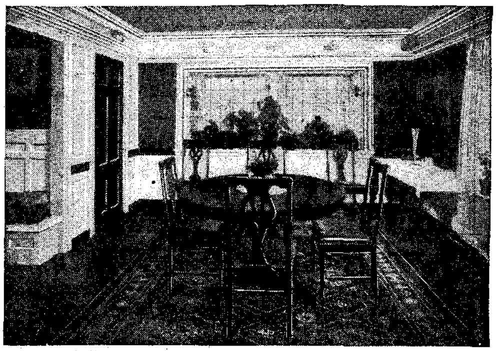

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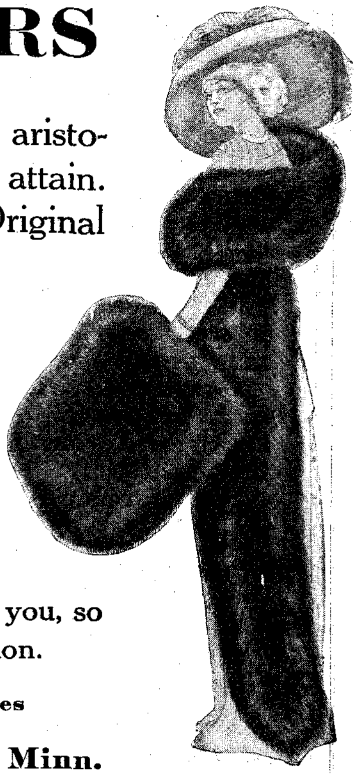

Plymouth Furs give to the wearer an aristocratic individuality impossible otherwise to attain. They are the standard furs of America. Original in conception and perfect in workmanship, they are made from selected grades of rich and lustrous prime pelts.

Style Book O Free on Request

The new Plymouth Style Book "O" is the recognized authority on fur styles. It shows hundreds of new copyrighted styles for Men, Women and Children, at prices ranging from $5 to $8000. When writing state the kind of fur that interests you, so that we can send you definite and detailed information.

Repairing and renovation of furs at reasonable prices

Plymouth Fur Co., Dept. O Minneapolis, Minn.

Reg. Trade Mark

Handkerchiefs

For Men and Women

The following are all of absolutely pure linen (which is the only kind we ever carry) and the assortment includes a large collection of attractive designs.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

Hand Embroidered Initials, 25c, 35c, 50c, $1.00 and 1.50 each.
Plain Hemstitched, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c and $1.00.
With Fine Embroidery, $1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 5.00, and 10.00 each.
Real Lace Handkerchiefs, $1.00, 2.50, 5.00, 10.00, 25.00 and up.

Men's Handkerchiefs

Plain Hemstitched, 25c, 35c, 50c, $1.00 and 2.00.
Hand Embroidered Initials, 25c, 40c, 50c and $1.00.
French Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, $1.00 to 8.00 each.

Mail Orders receive our prompt attention.

James McCutcheon & Co., 5th Avenue and 34th St., N. Y. Opp. Waldorf-Astoria